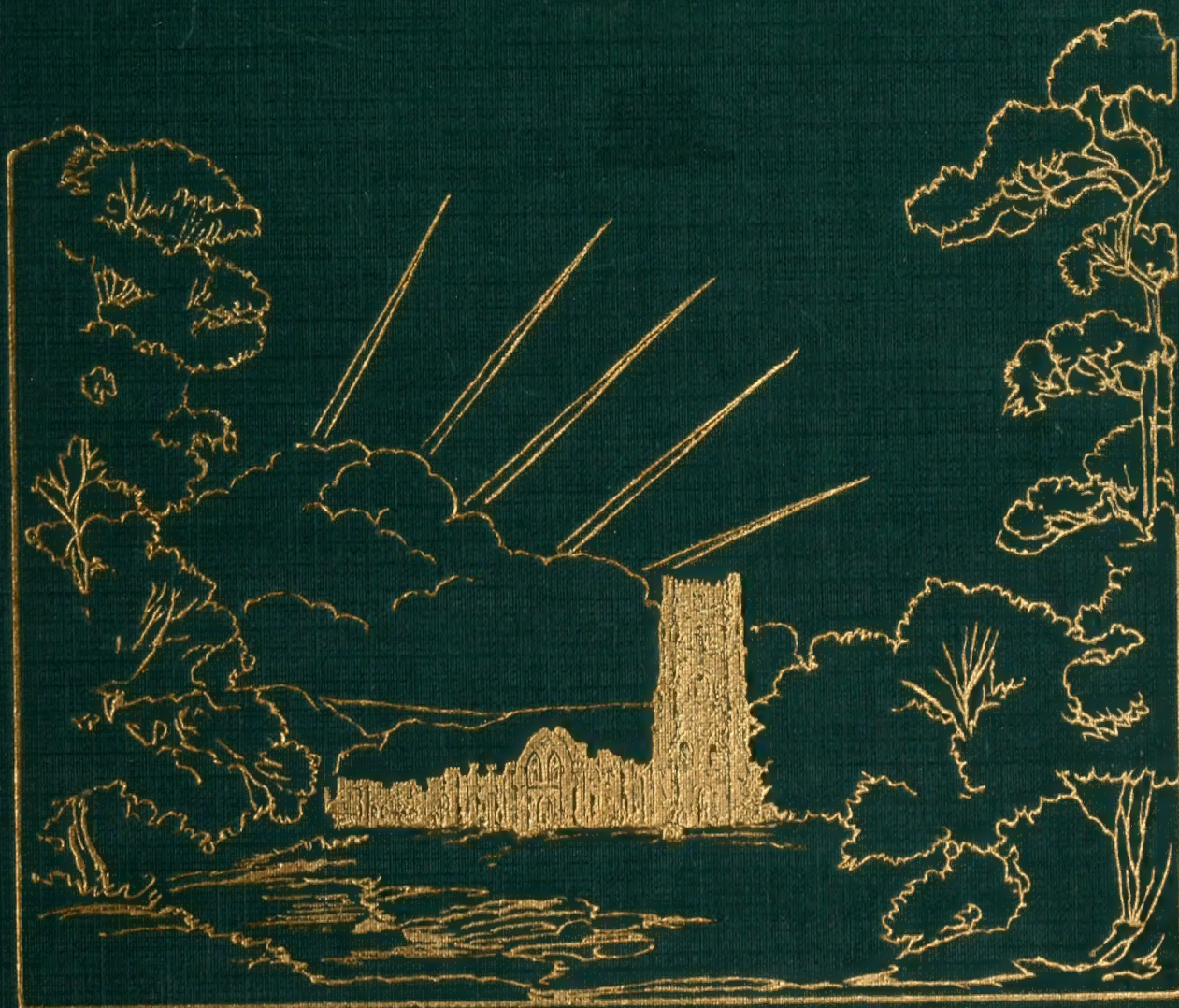


HUTCHINSON'S BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL

EDITED BY
WALTER HUTCHINSON M.A.F.R.GS.





From the Printing by]

ON THE RIVER CONAN, ROSS-SHIRE.

The River Conan, though comparatively short, is famous for its salmon-fishing. It rises out of Loch Chroisg and flows eastwards into Loch Lulchart. The scenery is very beautiful, and every bend of the river forms an attractive subject for the landscape artist.

[H. C. Beggs.

HUTCHINSON'S
B **BRITAIN**
B **BEAUTIFUL**

EDITED BY
WALTER HUTCHINSON, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I.
(BARRISTER-AT-LAW)

A POPULAR AND ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT OF THE
MAGNIFICENT HISTORICAL, ARCHITECTURAL, AND
PICTURESQUE WONDERS OF THE COUNTIES OF
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND

ABOUT
2,000
BEAUTIFUL
ILLUSTRATIONS
MAINLY IN
2 COLOURS.



NUMEROUS
MAGNIFICENT
COLOURED
PLATES
AND
MAPS.

VOL. IV

EXQUISITE SCENERY • MAGNIFICENT RUINS • GRAND OLD CASTLES
HISTORIC PLACES • BEAUTIFUL CATHEDRALS • ROMANTIC LANDMARKS
LITERARY HAUNTS • RUGGED COASTS • ANCIENT MONUMENTS, ETC.

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		A corner of Stonehenge	2139	Scarborough Castle	2215
		Near Swallowhole	2140	Howden Abbey: choir ruins	2216
		The White Horse of Westbury	2141		



Photo by

THE SQUARE, MOUNTMELICK.

W. Lawrence.

Mountmellick—the Bogland of the Marsh—is a busy industrial town on the Owenars River, 6 miles north of Maryborough. The Quakers, who were early settlers here, contributed largely to the prosperity of the town.

QUEEN'S COUNTY

SITUATED centrally in the country, Queen's County has the scenery and characteristics of the greater part of the inland counties of Ireland. The Slieve Bloom Mountains redeem it from any charge of monotony and flatness, an area of characteristic bog supplies a typically Irish touch, and over it still lingers that air of departed greatness which lends so much charm to a visit to the distressful island which is now launched on its own career.

But in actual memorials of its somewhat troublous past Queen's County is not very rich. Its castles, abbeys, and churches have too often felt the heavy hand of the spoiler to have preserved much of their ancient splendour, and more than one important ecclesiastic foundation, in its day a centre of light and learning, has utterly disappeared. Yet the surviving monuments, military and otherwise, are full of interest, and not only to archæological or architectural experts.

There is not much to be said for the Arlington of our



Photo by

BRIDGE STREET, MARYBOROUGH.

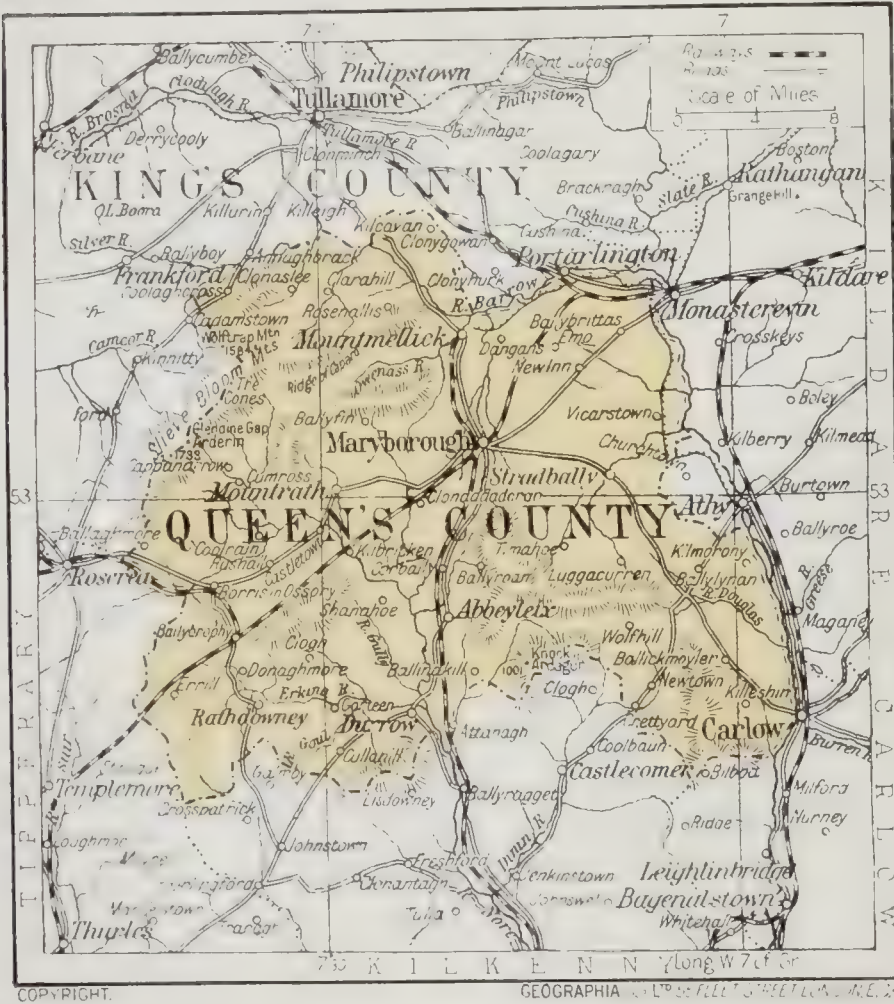
Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The capital of the county, Maryborough is a town of modern appearance standing on a tributary of the Barrow. The streets, which contain many buildings of considerable size, may claim that they make up in dignity what they lack in picturesqueness.

history books whose initial helped to coin the word "CABAL," but he has at least the merit of providing the uncouth "Cooltetoadera" with the respectable name of Portarlinton. The town derives a certain amount of historical interest from the fact that it was selected as the home of a colony of French Huguenots who sought asylum in the country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but it has nothing noteworthy to show, its nearest *Schensurdigkeit* being the ruined Lea Castle, a typical old Irish stronghold which had a lively career in the four centuries of its existence. Like so many of the country's ancient fortresses it was "slighted" (i.e. rendered harmless) by Cromwell's troops in the victorious campaign of 1650.

But though Lea Castle is still an impressive fragment, it cannot compare as a "spectacle" with what is left of the ancient feudal fortress of Dunamase, perched on the lofty and conspicuous rock

of the same name. The rock is indeed an extraordinary oddity of nature. Its sheer precipices are quite a sufficient defence on three sides, and on the fourth man concentrated all his efforts on completing nature's work by erecting mighty walls, studded with strong towers. Little remains of the castle but the keep to give any idea of its former splendour, and the chief object now of a fairly arduous climb to the summit of the rock is the wonderful view there unfolded. It is "in the highest degree magnificent," to quote Hall's Ireland: "the spectator stands in the centre of an amphitheatre; gazes over fine and fertile valleys; and notes how bountifully nature has endowed the land. At his feet are huge masses of masonry, scattered



MAP OF QUEEN'S COUNTY.

in picturesque confusion—which form a strange contrast to the tranquil beauty of the surrounding scene. The fortress seems to have been built for eternity—yet there it is—scarcely one stone upon another."

A few miles south is Timahoe, which possesses one of the most interesting of the Irish Round Towers. The ordinary type is plain to the point of severity, but this one has a remarkably elaborate doorway, with carvings of human heads and other unusual features.

The melancholy story of mediæval Ireland, its frequent invasions and incessant internecine conflicts, is forcibly brought to mind by the sad and dilapidated ruin of the monastery of Aghaboe.

Another attractive ancient relic is the Church of Killeshin, away in the south-eastern corner, not far from the point where Queen's County, Carlow, and Kilkenny meet.



Photo 1

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, PORTARLINGTON.

W. Lawrence.

Formerly known as Cooltetooodera, the town took its present name from Lord Arlington, when it became his property in the reign of Charles II. Of the two churches, St. Michael's is usually known as the French Church, from its having been used by a number of French and Flemish refugees who came over in the seventeenth century.



Photo 2

PORTARLINGTON CASTLE.

W. Lawrence.

Once a place of considerable strength, Portarlinton Castle is now nothing but a picturesque ivy-clad ruin, crowning a hill near the town. Among the several fine mansions in the neighbourhood are Barrowbank House, Woodbrook, and Lawnsdown.



Photo by

THE RIVER BARROW AT PORTARLINGTON.

[Valentine & Sons Ltd.]

The Barrow rises in Slieve Bloom Mountains, and has a southerly course of 119 miles to Waterford Harbour. It forms the boundary between Kildare, Carlow, Wexford, and King's County on one side and Kilkenny and Queen's County on the other.



Photo by

BARROW BRIDGE, PORTARLINGTON.

[W. Lawrence.]

At Portarlington the Barrow, which here forms the boundary between Queen's County and King's County, is crossed by two bridges, one of which is shown on the right of the photograph.

RADNORSHIRE

THIS county holds a high place in the affections of those who seek for beauty unspoiled and undefiled in a modernised and commercial world, for the tide of industrial progress has largely swept by it and it still enjoys a certain remoteness which has preserved it from the invasions of the tourist as well as the trading armies. True it is that Birmingham has made waterworks of one of its most charming river valleys (not entirely to its detriment), but in general its woods, hills, and rivers are more or less in their native state and offer scenery which, without being grand or imposing, is full of varied attractions and singularly free from the contamination of industrialism.

New Radnor lies at the southern base of the heights known collectively as "Radnor Forest."



Photo by,

A VIEW ON THE WYE VALLEY.

[Herbert Felton]

For 10 miles of its course the Wye is a wholly Radnorshire river, and for another 20 it forms the county boundary. Some of the finest scenery on this famous salmon stream is to be found within the county. At Doldowlod and below Builth the river is enclosed in a beautiful wooded gorge. On reaching Boughrood, however, it loses its mountainous character and the valley opens out into lowlands.

Though a diminutive village, it has a long pedigree and a notable history, beginning with the Norman Conquest and attaining national fame in 1188, when, to quote Giraldus Cambrensis, "Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, a venerable man, distinguished for his learning and sanctity, journeying from England for the service of the holy cross, entered Wales near the borders of Herefordshire. The archbishop proceeded to Radnor, on Ash Wednesday. . . . A sermon being preached by the archbishop upon the subject of the Crusades, the author of this Itinerary . . . arose the first, and falling down at the feet of the holy man, devoutly took the sign of the cross."

But there is very little to recall such glories or the important part played by New Radnor in the incessant border warfare of the centuries after the Conquest. Its old Norman castle is a doleful

and fragmentary ruin, and as for the "town" itself, there is no difficulty in believing the report that at the time Owen Glendower wrecked the English stronghold he made bonfires out of the houses and left sorry ruin in his track.

Old Radnor too is a mere village, though its church has some architectural pretensions. But a more famous church is that of Glaschw, of which Giraldus had a good deal to say, possessing as it did "a portable Bell, endowed with great virtues, called Bangu, and said to have belonged to St. David. A certain woman secretly conveyed this bell to her husband (who was confined in the castle of Raidergwy . . .) for the purpose of his deliverance. The keeper of the castle not only refused to liberate him for this consideration, but seized and detained the bell; and in the same night, by divine vengeance, the whole town, except the wall on which the bell hung, was consumed by fire."

Just on the Herefordshire border is that place of ancient peace, Presteigne, which occasionally stirs



in its sleep to take some part in the legal activities of the county, in and around which are several ancient memorials of considerable interest, including the ruins of Stapleton Castle and Willey Abbey. It also possesses some of the houses which were described a century ago as "very respectable edifices," and a church part of which may have been in existence prior to the Norman Conquest. It also has its historical associations. The "Radnorshire Arms" Hotel is an Elizabethan house which tradition relates was built by a brother of the regicide John Bradshaw, who himself lived in what is now the Rectory. Not far away, too, is the spot called the "King's Turning," from an incident vaguely referred to in the following extract from the parish register:

"In the time of Oliver Cromwell, Nicholas Taylor, Esq., lived at the lower Heath in this parish; and when King Charles the First fled before Oliver Cromwell, then in the neighbourhood of Hereford, he dined and slept at the Union Inn in Leominster, the first day, and the next two nights he slept at Mr. Taylor's (a short distance from the King's Turning): from thence he rode



Photo by]

A RADNORSHIRE COTTAGE.

[Herbert Felton.

Taken as a whole the Radnorshire dwellings are very well-built. Writing a hundred years ago Malkin says: "Their cottages in general seem to be substantially weatherproof." The older dwellings, of which a few remain, were "rude but substantial dwellings, constructed of the large schistose flagstones of the district, with a chimney shaft of some pretensions terminated by string courses."



Photo by

MAESLLWCH CASTLE, GLASBURY-ON-WYE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Maesllwch or Maeslough Castle dates from 1829, and is the seat of the De Wintons. It stands on the River Wye, 4 miles south of Hay, in a situation described by Gilpin as "the finest of its kind in Wales."



Photo by

ABEREDW ROCKS, WYE VALLEY.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

The village of Aberedw stands at the confluence of the Edw and Wye, 4 miles south of Builth. These bold rocks, which stand out in a series of terraces 700 and 800 feet above the Wye bed, are of interest to geologists as a remarkable outcrop of the Silurian system.

over the hills to Newtown, and so on to Chester."

The Welsh name of Knighton is *Tref y Clawdd*, the "town on the dyke," a reminder of the fact that Offa's Dyke is still the most memorable ancient monument in these parts. The origin of this great military work has been described by the poet Michael Drayton in six lines:

"Offa, when he saw
his countries go to
wrack,
From bick'ring with
his folk, to keep
the Britons back,
Cast up that mighty
mound, of eighty
miles in length,
Athwart from sea to
sea, which of the
Mercian strength



Photo by,

IN THE ELAN VALLEY.

(A. R. Horsford.)

The Elan rises on the east border of Cardiganshire and flows south-east to the Wye near Rhayader. By flooding the valley a large reservoir has been constructed, to supply water to Birmingham, 80 miles away. The photograph shows a path in the woods.

A witness though it
stand, and Offa's
name does bear,
Our courage was the
cause why first he
cut it there."

Considerable sections of this mighty barrier can be seen and studied in the vicinity of Knighton, particularly on Frydd Hill.

The town itself is essentially what might be called a "pleasant" place in a hilly, wooded region, rich in beautiful if quiet scenery. The remains of ancient encampments in the neighbourhood show that long before it became part of the official "marches" it was debatable ground between contending nations, and of course



Photo by,

AT LLANDRINDOD WELLS.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

One of the most important towns in the county, Llandrindod Wells is an inland watering-place famous for its beneficial mineral springs, which have been known for over 200 years.

it has its memories of Owen Glendower. What part of Wales has not? Did he not rout at Pilleth the forces of Sir Edmund Mortimer and make that estimable gentleman his prisoner?

Conspicuous among the natural beauties of the county are the valleys of its rivers, notably those of the Ithon and (of course) the Wye. On a little tributary of the former is the village of Abbey Cumhir, whose name recalls an ancient and celebrated monastic foundation of which some slight remains still exist. Leland's notice of it is as follows: "Comehere, an abbey of white monkes, stondith betwixt ii great hilles in Melemrith in a botom wher rennith a litle brook. It is a vii miles from Knighton. The first foundation was made by Cadwathelan ap Madok for LX monkes. No chirch in Wales is seene of such length as the fundation of walles ther begon doth shew; but the third part of this worke was never finischid. Al the howse was spoiled and defaced be Owen Glindour."



Photo by]

THE WYE AT DOLDOWLOD.

[Herbert Felton.

This photograph shows a beautiful stretch of Wye Valley scenery at Doldowlod, a little hamlet $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west of Rhayader.

Owen's bad behaviour, however, ultimately proved of unquestioned advantage to the local folk, who required a handy supply of building-stone!

Further south, the well-known spa of Llandrindod Wells has attractions for the crotchety and afflicted as well as those quite sound in wind and limb. It lies amidst charming surroundings and wears a very modern look, which belies the fact that the virtues of its waters were well known in the eighteenth century, when a premature attempt to rival Bath was stifled, apparently from want of capital and the distractions caused by the Napoleonic Wars.

Though Radnorshire has none of those most entrancing of its reaches which have made the fortune of the district between Ross and Chepstow, there is hardly a point in the many miles of the course of the Wye which is not plentifully endowed with all the essential features of good riverside scenery.



By permission of]

[London, Midland, & Scottish Railway.

LOVERS' LEAP, LLANDRINDOD.

Llandrindod stands on the River Ithon, 7 miles from Builth. The position of the town has made it an important centre for holding various conferences and conventions affecting the combined provinces. Most of the surroundings are open heathland, but, as the photograph shows, the neighbourhood is by no means lacking in beauty spots.



Photo by

RHAYADER FALLS AND DAM.

[A. R. Horswood.]

The market town of Rhayader is beautifully situated among the hills in the valley of the Upper Wye. The Penygareg Dam stands 945 feet high, and is part of an immense system of waterworks in the neighbourhood built to form three lakes of a total capacity of 11,000 million gallons of water



Photo by

RHAYADER FROM THE RIVER.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

At Rhayader the Wye is little more than a rapid mountain stream, and just below Rhayader Bridge, from where this photograph was taken, a salmon ladder has been constructed to aid the fish in their annual migration up the river.



Photo by

ON THE RIVER CART AT RENFREW.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The county town of Renfrew is a place of considerable antiquity, having been made a royal burgh as early as 1396. It stands on the River Cart close to its junction with the Clyde, and has been immortalised by Burns in the "Gallant Weaver" song—
"Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea."

RENFREWSHIRE

THE county falls naturally into three divisions, a coastal area bounded by the Clyde and the sea, an undulating central area which rises gradually to the third section, a ridge of hills separating Renfrewshire from its southern neighbour, Ayrshire.

It need hardly be said that the proximity of Glasgow has had a profound effect on the scenery and character of the two first divisions. Apart from a considerable area which is literally an extension or appendage of the suburbs of that great city, the next "belt" comprises a ring of industrial and manufacturing towns which play an important part in the economic life of the county and the kingdom, but can hardly be recommended as tourist resorts, and are not very likely to appeal to readers of a work such as this. They stand emphatically for the triumphs, such as they were, of the nineteenth century.



Photo by

CATHCART CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Originally a place of great strength, the castle stands, nearly surrounded by the river, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Langside. The building was inhabited up to 1750, when the owner, Maxwell of Williamwood, removed to another residence.

But this belt is not entirely bereft of archaeological or romantic interest. Renfrew, for instance, though destitute of "sights," in the strict sense of the word, derives a certain historic glamour from the happenings of which it has been the scene, and its great neighbour can go one better.

Paisley has become one of the largest towns in Scotland, and is certainly one of the busiest and most thriving. In any history of British industry its name would frequently recur. But with these aspects of the place *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL* is not concerned, and it must frankly be admitted to be sadly lacking in features likely to commend themselves to its readers.

The outstanding exception is the church of the ancient abbey, which became one of the richest and most celebrated monastic houses in the country.

The history of that foundation is, shortly, this. The abbey was founded by Walter the Steward in the second half of the twelfth century. Before it had existed fifty years it attained national renown through coming into possession of the bones of St. Mirren, the patron saint of the town, and shortly afterwards it added to its fame by becoming the burial-place of members of the Stewart

family, who subsequently provided Scotland and England with a royal line. It was destroyed by the English in 1307 and subsequently rebuilt; but at the time of the Reformation it was suffered to go to ruin with the exception of the nave, which was always the parish church. It is only in quite recent times that the work of restoring this great fane to its ancient splendour was undertaken.

One of the most interesting features of the



church is the Chapel of St. Mirren, founded and endowed in 1400 by James Cranford and his wife. It contains an altar-tomb of Marjory, daughter of King Robert the Bruce, who was accidentally killed in 1326. The monument was discovered in fragments in the cloister-court rather more than a century ago, and we learn from Fullarton that when first restored it was popularly known as "Queen Bleary's Tomb," a reference apparently to an ophthalmic affliction of her son, Robert II, who was called "King Bleary."

Fairness demands that a tribute should be paid to the public buildings of the town, most of which date from the nineteenth century, and are among the most reputable specimens of the architectural work of that era.

Not far to the south of Paisley are the interesting though fragmentary remains of Crookston Castle, memorable for its associations with the Darnley family. An ancient poet, pleased by the ruin itself, its situation, and the doleful (but probably baseless) tradition that from its walls Mary Queen of Scots beheld the rout of her army at Langside, gave utterance to the following choice lines:



Photo by]

THE LINN, GLENIFFER.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Celebrated in Tannahill's songs, the Braes of Gleniffer are a picturesque range of hills, 3 miles south of Paisley. Their surface is covered variously with wood and heath and pasture, and broken up by a number of beautiful ravines, each with its warbling stream.



Photo by

STANLEY CASTLE, NEAR PAISLEY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The ruins of Stanley Castle stand close to the banks of the waterworks reservoir, 2½ miles south-west of Paisley. Owing to its proximity to Gleniffer Braes, this ancient fortress has been included in Tannahill's songs.



Photo by

CARTHLAND, LOCHWINNOCH.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The old town of Lochwinnoch is pleasantly situated near Castle Semple Loch, 10 miles south-west of Paisley. The photograph shows one of the many fine mansions in the vicinity.

" Here, raised upon a verdant mount sublime,
 To Heaven complaining of the wrongs of time,
 And ruthless force of sacrilegious hands,
 Crookston, an ancient seat, in ruins stands ;
 Nor Clyde's whole course an ampler prospect yields,
 Of spacious plains, and well-improven fields. . . ."

But if Mary did not witness the Langside disaster from Crookston, it is tolerably certain that she was here for a short time after her marriage with Darnley. The actual battlefield has long since been swallowed up in the suburbs of Glasgow, and therefore lies outside the scope of this article.



Photo by

A GLIMPSE OF THE INVERKIP GLEN.

Valentine & Sons Ltd

The parish of Inverkip, at the western extremity of the county, contains much fine coastal and inland scenery. Among the prettiest of the several little streams that wind their way among the heath-clad hills are Shaw's Burn, Kelly Burn, and the Kip and Daff, the two latter falling into the sea at the village of Inverkip.

The shores of the Clyde and its Firth are studded with the famous ports which have contributed so much towards making the river one of the great shipbuilding centres of the world. In doing so, they have, of course, sacrificed most of their looks, though no amount of industrial development can deprive them, fortunately, of what has always been their chief asset—an unrivalled view of the busy Firth and the glorious Highlands beyond. "One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with Greenock," wrote an eighteenth-century contributor to *Chambers' Gazetteer*, "is the proximity of the Highlands. But a few miles off, across the frith of Clyde, this untameable territory stretches away into Alpine solitudes of the wildest character; so that it is possible to sit in a Greenock drawing-room amidst a scene of refinement not surpassed, and of industry unexampled,

in Scotland, with the long cultivated Lowlands at your back, and let the imagination follow the eye into a blue distance where things still exhibit nearly the same moral aspect as they did a thousand years ago."

What constitutes "refinement not surpassed" is very much a matter of opinion, and Argyllshire and Dumbartonshire would be wounded in their deepest feelings to learn that in this year of grace their "moral aspect" was the same as ten centuries ago; but otherwise the comment is as just to-day as when written.

Gourock is the oldest of these Clyde ports, its maritime activity dating from 1494, when King James IV made an agreement with "Nicholas of Bour, maister, under God, of the schip called the



Photo by]

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

GENERAL VIEW OF GOUROCK.

Gourock is a small seaport and watering-place standing in a bay of its own name 2½ miles below Greenock. On the other side of the bay to the right is Kilcreggan, while in the distance is the entrance to Loch Long.

'Verdour,' whereby it was provided that "the said Nicholas sail, God willing, bring the said Verdour, with mariners and stuff for them, to the *Goraik* on the west bordour and sea, aucht mylis fra Dunbertain."

After Gourock the coast sweeps southward, forming the eastern side of the Firth of Clyde, and at the mouth of the Daff is Inverkip, famous for perhaps the most remarkable witch trial of which any record has come down to us. It was one of those none too rare occasions on which the poor deluded victim actually *boasted* of performing all sorts of impossible feats.

There is some interesting hill scenery on the Ayrshire border of the county, but the gem of the region is Castle Sempill Loch, noted as the scene of many a historic curling-match and full of exciting local history—witness the ruined towers in the vicinity.



Photo by

THE GRYFFE, BRIDGE OF WEIR.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Bridge of Weir is a small industrial village on the River Gryffe, 7 miles west of Paisley. The Gryffe rises among the highlands near Greenock and flows 7 miles westward to the River Cart at Walkinshaw.



Photo by

GREENOCK FROM MAXWELLHEUGH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Considering the commercial importance of this seaport and its position as the sixth largest town in Scotland, it is hard to believe that in the seventeenth century it was little more than a small fishing village. The more modern outskirts of Greenock are in strong contrast to the teeming thoroughfares of the old town.



Photo by]

WATERFALL IN THE GLEN, BRIDGE OF WEIR.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

There is no lack of beauty spots in the neighbourhood of Bridge of Weir, and this pretty dell and waterfall are typical of the many delightful bits of woodland scenery, which relieve landscapes that might otherwise appear monotonously flat.

COUNTY ROSCOMMON

THE Western Province of Connaught possesses five counties, four of which, Leitrim, Sligo, Mayo, Galway—we are travelling anti-clockwise—surround, insomuch as three parts are concerned, the fifth. Roscommon on the eastern side rubs shoulders with the Leinster counties of Longford, King's County, and Westmeath. It is truly neighbourly, is Roscommon. Its shape is ungainly; a stretch of imagination will liken it to Africa, and it is flat, undulating a little, with a few hills to the north. The Bralieve Mountains are on the Leitrim border, where the little Arigna rises, and hastily joins the greater Shannon; Castel Mountain tops 1,300 feet; not a Slieve Donard nor a Galtymore, but



Photo by

(W. Lawrence.

THE OLD GAOL, ROSCOMMON.

This photograph of the typical Irish country town of Roscommon was taken on fair day, and shows the busy scene in the square in front of the old gaol, where farmers from all over the countryside meet to sell their cattle and farm produce.

credible, while the more modest Curlews form a light barrier between it and Sligo. You cross the river that links Lough Gara to Lough Key, where is the town of Boyle, to reach the Curlews. From this Lough Gara in the north to the very southern point of the county the whole eastern border is water, nearly all of that, too, the noble Shannon and its spacious and inleted lakes. A good section of the south-western border is marked by the River Suck, which rises in Lough Flyn and the low hills of the Mayo side, and empties itself in the Shannon. Roscommon, especially in the eastern half, is well watered, with streams and a few lakes, and, of course, the Shannon lakes on the border, Loughs Boderg and Forbes, and the 20 miles, or near it, of Lough Ree.

The county is a fairly large one; Ireland's counties are generally fairly spacious, with exceptions. It possesses, in round numbers, 600,000 acres, about the same as Down in the north, and Warwick-

shire. However, here the resemblance, statistically, ceases, the populations of the three counties showing a density of 99 souls per square mile, 214, and 1,700 respectively for Roscommon, Down, and Warwickshire. This population of Roscommon has of course, with the majority of the rural Irish counties, diminished, from the usual causes, the unfruitfulness of the soil, the glamour of the industrialised east—alas! how swiftly the glamour fades!—and the call of that wonderful country beyond the grey Atlantic rollers, carving deep inlets in Connaught's wild coast.

The county town, Roscommon, the Wood of St. Coman, is very small; only about two thousand mouths to be fed. An authoritative guidebook treats it rather curtly—"a neat little country town with little beauty of situation to recommend it." That may be so; still, it is a pleasant place, and



Photo by

RUINS OF CASTLE ROSCOMMON.

W. Lawrence.

Roscommon Castle was built by John d'Ufford in 1268, and occupies a large site on the slope of a hill overlooking the town. One of the most important fortresses in the kingdom, it suffered severely during the seventeenth century at the hands of the Irish and Parliamentary troops, and is said to have been uninhabited since 1691, when it was set on fire after the battle of Aughrim.

certainly, whatever its present may be, or whatever the lap of the gods may hold for it, the past has been filled with stirring incident. For its spiritual guidance and welfare there was Felim O'Connor's Dominican Priory. Felim was King of Connaught, and he founded his priory in 1257. There is a mutilated effigy on an old tomb, which is said to be his burial-place; it may be so. It is but right and fitting that the tomb of the founder of a religious house should be known and honoured. Before his days there was another house, for Canons Regular, an early foundation of the middle eighth century by St. Coman. The great pride of the town is its castle. A Justiciary of Ireland, John d'Ufford, built it in 1268, and it was a great affair, quadrangular, not much under an acre in extent within the walls. At the angles were round towers, and two others protected the gate. It is one of the great castles of Ireland, and remained in good condition long after the majority had reached



[W. Lawrence.]

INTERIOR, ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, ROSCOMMON.

The Church of the Sacred Heart is, from an architectural point of view, one of the finest buildings in the town. Roscommon takes its name from St. Coman, who founded a monastery here for Canons Regular about the year 746.

Photo by.



Photo by,

KING FELIM O'CONOR'S TOMB, ROSCOMMON ABBEY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

A Dominican priory was founded at Roscommon in 1257 by Felim O'Connor, King of Connaught. The photograph shows the tomb of the founder under an arch in the north side of the choir. The figures at the base represent ancient Gallowglasses.

a state of crumbling old age. It knew plenty of fighting, too. In 1566 it was captured by Sir Henry Sidney. In 1642 by the Irish, and from them it was taken by Reynolds commanding the Parliament army. It was partially burnt in 1691, possibly by Irish refugees from the scene of Ginckel's triumph at Aughrim, 20 miles away, over the Galway border.

Near the little town of Castlerea is the Castle of Ballintober, another quadrangular design of great power, held by the O'Conors, but now a ruin, and its stones, hoary as the old fighting men, have been taken away and turned into homes for peaceable citizens. Thus is the sword turned into a ploughshare.

Near Ballintober, about 10 miles away, is Rathcroghan. Here is one of the three royal



Photo by

BOYLE ABBEY.

W. Lawrence

The picturesque ruins at Boyle, standing by the side of the river to the north of the town, are the remains of a Cistercian monastery founded here in 1161 by Abbot Maurice O'Duffy. The beautiful west front and several Early Pointed arches and Norman windows are still to be seen.

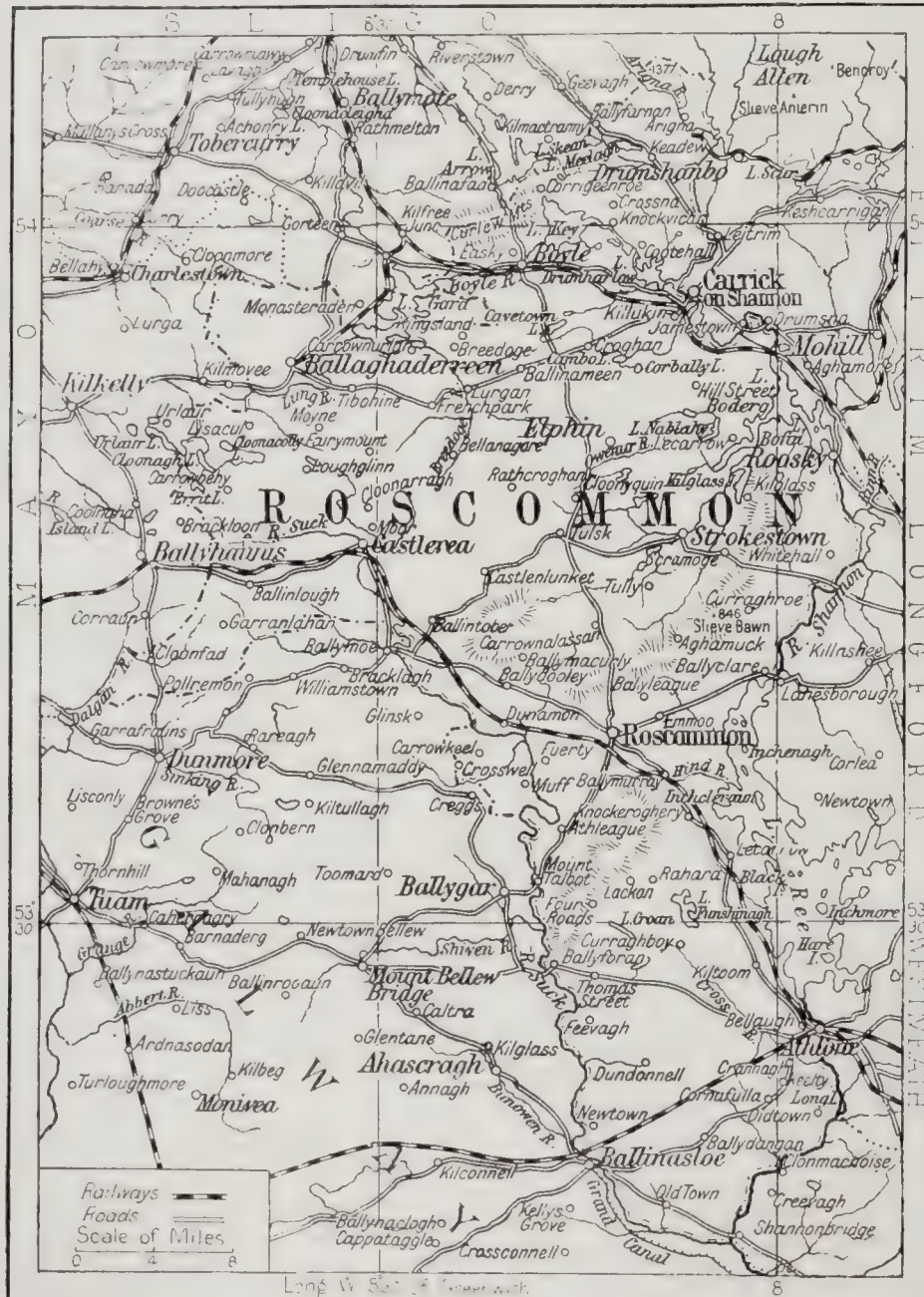
cemeteries of Ireland, "Reilig na Riogh," circular with a circumference measurement of about 365 yards. There is a ditch surrounding it, and there are grassy mounds, and beneath them stone chambers. There is not at this place, wrote the Connaught poet Dorban, a hill at Oenach na Cruachna which is not the grave of a king or royal prince, or of a woman or warlike poet. The other two royal sepulchral places were, of course, Brugh-na-Boinne and Taillten. And so says our poet:

"The three cemeteries of Idolaters are,
The cemetery of Taillten, the select,
The cemetery of the ever-fair Cruachan,
And the cemetery of Brugh. . . ."

Boyle, on the river of its name, lies close to Lough Gara, and is somewhere in the twenty-five hundreds of population. It boasts three bridges over its river, and a very good boast too, for without a bridge over its river, a town has no corporate soul nor understandings of itself. Then there is the old abbey, Cistercian and ivy-clad, and founded in the year of grace 1161 by Maurice O'Duffy. But, though placed in beautiful surroundings, it had little peace in the wars of the early

thirteenth century, and when, much later, Parliamentary troops trampled on it.

Up in the far north of Roscommon, where Sligo looks across her boundary, and Leitrim peeps over the Bralieve Mountains, is Lough Meelagh, a little lough (is this the lough where "a little wave runs up the shore, and flees as if on feet" of a modern poet?), and near it is a cemetery holding all that was mortal of Carolan the Bard. He was not a bard of the romantic times, nor even of mediæval days of roseate, and sometimes sanguinary memory. In fact, Carolan died in 1738, drab Hanoverian epoch. His skull was kept in the church, tied with a black ribbon, described by a contemporary writer as "once the seat of so much verse and music." In time it was taken away.



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GEOGRAPHIA L^o 53^o 32' N. LONG^o 8^o 40' W.

MAP OF CO. ROSCOMMON.

Roscommon, in company with the rest of Connaught, suffered terribly during the Great Famine. The children were emaciated, and looked like old men and women. There was work to be had for the men, but the wages, often less than eightpence a day, were powerless against the high food prices engendered by the famine. At the workhouses the accommodation was small, and starving mothers and children had to be turned away to trudge long Irish miles to reach the bare shelves of their cabins.



Photo by]

ROCKINGHAM, LOUGH KEY.

[W. Lawrence.

This mansion, the ancient seat of the King-Harman family, stands on Lough Key, 2½ miles east of Boyle. The lake, studded with tiny islands and fringed with woods, is one of the most beautiful in the country.



Photo by]

BOAT HARBOUR, ROCKINGHAM.

[W. Lawrence.

With a combination of natural beauties and modern landscape gardening the extensive grounds of Rockingham rank as among the finest in Ireland. The photograph shows a corner of the little artificial harbour in the demesne.



Photo by

ROCK BRIDGE, ROCKINGHAM.

The demesne of Rockingham is fortunate in that the beauties of nature, so strikingly apparent, have not been spoilt by the interference of man. On the contrary, the castle grounds and the surrounding estate have been laid out with such skill and care that the additions seem, as it were, to be part of the natural landscape. Typical of the method is this interesting and picturesque bridge, which presents at any rate the appearance of a venerable antiquity.

[W. Laurence.

ROSS AND CROMARTY

THE northern county in Scotland, known by the combined names of Ross and Cromarty, spans the country from the Firth of Moray and Dornoch on the east to the Minch on the west, beyond which is the island of Lewis, a part of the administrative county. It is often said that there is no spot in all Scotland that can boast of being forty miles from the sea. The truth of this can be worked out on the map very easily with a pair of compasses. But with the county of Ross and Cromarty, though the area is as much as a million and a half acres, it is doubtful whether you could find a resting-place for the sole of your foot that was even 10 miles from the sea. By this we are including, obviously, the many sea lochs and firths, by which the two coastlines are so generously



Photo by

MORAY FIRTH.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

The Moray Firth is the largest sea-inlet on the east coast of Scotland, and is surrounded by no fewer than eight counties. West of Tarbat Ness and Burghead, the Firth contracts to a width of about 16 miles, and its irregular coastline presents quite a contrast to the gentle curves of the outer gulf.

and deeply indentated. It may be a small point to notice, but—for what it is worth—those indentations, to give them a general name, are called firths on the east coast and lochs on the west. A glance at the map of Scotland will show that firth is used all down the east coast and the southern part of the west coast, but the north-west coast uses the word loch. The reason is, naturally, the Scandinavian and Saxon influences left on the language. The two coasts of Ross and Cromarty are tremendously indentated, and the west, lacerated by the Atlantic rollers till it looks like the Mayo coast, is so much broken up that, though the distance, as a crow's flight, from north to south is not much more than 70 miles, in reality it is over 300 miles.

Inverness-shire is Ross's neighbour on the south, and the border is guarded by many fine

mountains of which the highest are Carn Eige and Mam Soul, both over 3,800 feet. Sgurr na Lapaich, 3,793 feet, and An Riabhachan, 3,696 feet. But these are only a few. There are many mountains in this most mountainous of shires topping the 3,000-foot line, and topping it easily, too.

The country is well watered; remarkably so, for there are many lakes and streams, the latter, as is natural, mainly short and turbulent, eating deep fissures in the rocky soil, and hurling their waters over the high rocks in picturesque cascades. The River Orrin is the longest. It rises in the mountains on the southern border, and joins the Conan, to empty the combined waters in Cromarty Firth. The Conan, by the way, drains first Loch Fannich, then Loch Luichart. We have said that, owing to the mountainous nature of the country the streams are turbulent. The Orrin has some



Photo by]

THE DENS, ROSEMARKIE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The parish of Rosemarkie lies along the Moray Firth to the south of the entrance to Cromarty Firth. These curious clay cliffs, known as the Dens, are a remarkable feature of the prettily wooded district.

beautiful falls; so, also, has the Blackwater, a northern tributary of the Conan. This river runs through the small, but very pretty, Loch Garve, and then forms the popular Falls of Bogie. The finest falls in Ross-shire—and there are many very fine ones to choose from—are those of Glomach, deeper than any others in Scotland or England. The water leap is sheer, dropping full 370 feet in a stream 40 feet wide. There is something in a waterfall that strikes a note different from that touched on by ordinary scenery. Perhaps it is the motion, the ceaseless tumbling of an unending mass of water over a given point; the consciousness that this roaring, tumbling mass will continue all day and all night; the same hurry and bustle, whether you, the audience, are watching or not. The woods and valleys and hills merely sleep, and only half wake up when you are there to see them. We must not forget the beautiful triple cascades of Measach, near Corriehalloch, but there are many more lovely



[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Photo by]

FORTROSE CATHEDRAL.

Formerly the seat of the Bishops of Ross, the ancient royal burgh of Fortrose contains only slight remains of its once important cathedral. The building was completed by Abbot Fraser of Melrose in 1485, but the founder, whose tomb is shown, is said to have been a Countess of Ross, who lived over a century earlier.



Photo by

LOWER FALL, DRUMMARKIE, ROSEMARKIE.

The whole of the Rosemarkie district abounds in romantic scenery, precipitous rocks, and natural caves. The photograph shows a waterfall at Drummarkie which is one of the most fascinating beauty spots in the parish.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

waterfalls in this most delectable shire, for the pleasant cataloguing of which we have, unfortunately, no space.

Ross and Cromarty is a county large in area, but very small in population. It has about forty-eight thousand souls on the mainland, and twenty-nine thousand in the islands. Roughly, it works out to a very low density of twenty-five per square mile. Compare that with, shall we say? Lanarkshire, which has seventeen hundred and fifty to the square mile, and Berwickshire with sixty-one. Gaelic is spoken considerably, and twenty-five years ago there were twelve thousand people who used it as their native and only tongue. Of these ten thousand were in the isles. There were, too, at least forty thousand who were bilingual; again the percentage from the isles of this figure is predominant.



Photo by]

IN THE FISHERTOWN, CROMARTY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The town of Cromarty—"Bend of the Bay"—stands at the entrance to a firth of its own name that is said to be one of the safest harbours in the world. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century it had a very prosperous herring fishery, but since its partial failure the place has considerably declined in importance.

The Romans probably never settled to any great extent in this county. The inhabitants at the time of the Roman invasion of Britain were Gaelic Picts, who became Christians in the sixth and seventh centuries, converted by the followers of St. Columba. The next influx was that of the Norsemen, who for many years swayed the whole North from Orkney to Moray. These Northern sea-folk have left their names in places like Dingwall and Tain. At this time—we are speaking of the eighth century and onwards—what is now Ross and Cromarty was part of Morania. David I determined to break the power of the Celtic *Maormors*, and he limited Morania to, practically, the present boundaries of Moray and Nairn, forming an Earldom of Ross. The first Earl of Ross was Malcolm MacHeth, the title being granted him by the king, Malcolm IV. There was, however, little peace from the Earls of Ross for the Scottish Crown. Malcolm MacHeth rebelled in 1179, and for some years the

country was raked by internecine struggles, until Alexander II crushed the rebels, and gave the earldom to Farquhar Macintaggart, Abbot of Applecross, and, in virtue of this title, Lord of the western district.

We find the fourth Earl, William, leading his clan in 1314 at the battle of Bannockburn.

The fertile parts of Ross and Cromarty are in the east, especially in Black Isle and Easter Ross. In the soil that varies between a light sandy gravel and a deep loam, oats are most commonly cropped, with a certain proportion of barley and wheat, and for roots, turnips and potatoes. The higher grounds throughout Ross are not much cultivated, being, as they are, mainly given over to pasturage of sheep, usually the black-faced variety. For the usual purposes of agriculture a hard, serviceable, though rather small horse of the old "garron" and Clydesdale stocks is largely in vogue.

The whole of Lewis and the larger part of Ross is certainly non-fertile and these countries are divided into an enormous number of small holdings. This means, of course, merely patchy husbandry, providing the means of a bare livelihood to the small tiller of the soil.



MAP OF ROSS

and others. There was earlier, a great deal more timber; no doubt giving the name Ross, obviously the Gaelic *ros*, or "wood."

In the way of relics of antiquity, Ross has a share, though not so much as many other counties. The most striking are, undoubtedly, the wonderful stones of Callernish, on the western coast of the Island of Lewis, of which more will be found later in this article. At Shandwick, in the east of Ross, there is a remarkable cross some 9 feet high.



covered with bosses, themselves covered in their turn with grey lichen. This is the *clach-a-charridh*, the Stone of Lamentation, and represents the martyrdom of St. Andrew. A cross at Nigg has two supplicating figures on the summit, and another, originally at Cadboll of Hilltown,



Photo by]

OLD TOWER, TAIN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

The picturesque old town of Tain stands near the south shore of Dornoch Firth on the edge of a large plat of drifting sand stretching down to the sea. Near the middle of the town stands the restored tower of the ancient Sheriff's Court. The name Tain is derived from "Thing"—the Norse for "Court."

is now preserved at Innergordon Castle. These three crosses are supposed to indicate the burial-places of the sons of a Danish king, whose vessel foundered with all hands on the coast near Nigg.

Between the landlocked Cromarty Firth and the inner haven—the term may be used—of the greater Moray Firth, is a peninsula known as Black Isle, roughly 8 miles in breadth and 20 miles long to the extreme point, where is the little town of Cromarty; not very important to-day, but boasting a creditable past. *Crombeigh* is the Gaelic name, the Bend of the Bay. Little Cromarty stands at the gateway, guarded by the lofty cliffs, one on each side, called the Sutors, of the splendid anchorage of the Firth, much frequented by His Majesty's ships. Dingwall, which lies in the innermost corner of this fine estuary, is the county town. Here we have one of the relics of the Norse invasion. Dingwall is the Parliament Field—*Thingvöllr*. The town has never been much more than a big village, though once it possessed a castle, subject to the Lord of the Isles, but it was early reduced.

Some 30 miles from the mainland, across what is called the Minch, lies the island of Lewis, an isolated portion of Ross.

"Have a full view of the isle of Lewis, the *Lodhus* of the Norwegian: and off it a groupe of little isles called Siant, or Schant, and somewhat to the north of those is a fine harbour, and the town of Stornoway. It was my intention to have steered for that part, but was dissuaded from it by the accounts I had from the gentlemen of Skie, that a putrid fever raged there with great violence." So apparently Pennant, the voluminous traveller and diarist, gave Lewis a miss, which is a loss to the student of eighteenth-century Scotland.

Lewis, or the Lews, is the most northerly of the long, straggling group of islands known as the Outer Hebrides, or Long Island, or more generally as the Western Islands. From the lofty Barra



Photo by]

THE BLACK ROCK, NOVAR.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

One of the most remarkable natural curiosities in Scotland is to be seen at Novar, near Dingwall, where for 2 miles the Alt Grant or "Ugly Burn" rushes through a wooded gorge 110 feet deep and in one place only 17 feet broad.

Head in the south to the Butt of Lewis in the extreme north the distance is about 60 miles. Here we are only concerned with the northern island of Lewis, of which the lower portion, Harris, a rugged peninsula, belongs, not to the county of Ross and Cromarty, but to Inverness. Harris is hilly, but Lewis, save for some upland country in the south, is flat, with a poor, peaty soil. The place-names show an even distribution between the Celtic and Norse. Harris may easily be *Har-cy*, the Norse for Highland. Thus the distinctly Norse Vatsker Point juts out into Gaelic Loch a Tuath, and the next two headlands are Creag Fhraoich and Aird Tholstaidh, Gaelic and Norse respectively. Farther north Rudha Geall rubs shoulders with Sgiogarstaigh, a Norse name, if there ever was one. A careful study of the map will yield many examples of these contrasts, but, practically, no English names; Eye



Photo Iv]

THE FIVE SISTERS, LOCH DUICH.

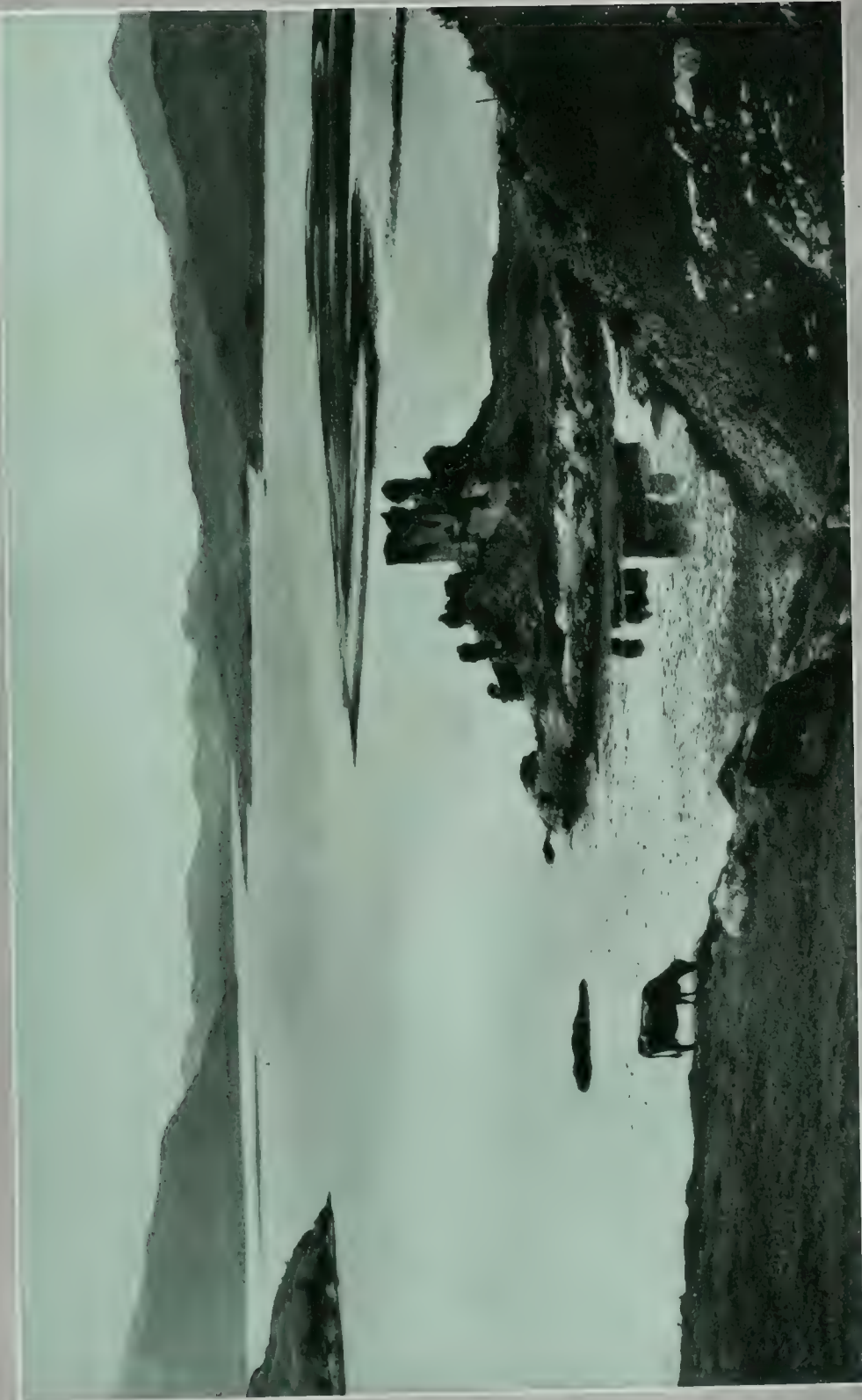
[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This beautiful loch is a continuation of Loch Alsh at the south-west corner of Ross-shire. The tallest of the group of mountains known as the Five Sisters is Scour Ouran (3,505 feet), which commands a magnificent view of this landlocked arm of the sea.

Peninsula, Bible Head, Chicken Head, somewhere near the lot; and it is quite probable that if there are any old names in the vernacular they are locally used, or, at least, remembered. The Norseman, however, though he left his place-names, and some of his customs, did not leave his language. Lewis is a Gaelic-speaking country.

Stornoway is the principal and the only town, but it is extremely important. In the summer months the great herring fleet that assembles there will number over five hundred boats. Near the town is Stornoway Castle. This was the seat of Sir James Matheson, who bought Lewis from Mackenzie of Seaforth in 1844, and spent a great deal of his time living there and nursing his western kingdom. This he certainly managed to do remarkably well.

On the western side of the island is the deep indentation of Loch Roag, and the Standing Stones of Callernish. These stones, which are in the first flight of early remains in Scotland and her islands,



EILEAN DONNAN, LOCH ALSH.

Eilean Donnan stands at the entrance to Loch Long, an offshoot of Loch Alsh. Here are the ivy-clad ruins of a fortress of the Mackenzies, Earls of Seaforth, which was badly damaged by gunfire from the sea after the battle in Glen Shiel in 1719.

are placed in cruciform, with a circle in the centre of more than 40 feet diameter, and a great central stone 18 feet high. The thirteen huge boulders that form the circle must have been man-handled to the top of the hill. Beneath this circle was discovered a stone chamber, the burying-place, one is justified in assuming, of him in whose honour and memory the great stones were raised. We must suppose him to have been a local chieftain, and, surely, a great fighter, but who and what he was, and what were the mighty deeds that caused his memory to be preserved in those great stones "more lasting than brass," who shall say? The standing monuments that have defied Time are an apt and judicious reminder to this egoistic age that there have been men before who could put their shoulders



Photo by

A CORNER OF LOCH MAREE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Loch Maree, on the western side of Ross-shire, has an extreme length of 13 miles, making it the largest lake in the county. In the middle is a cluster of nearly thirty islands, to the north are a number of rocky and wooded bays, while on all sides the view from this lovely sheet of water is broken by the gentle curve of lofty mountains. The photograph was taken looking towards Ben-airdh-charr.

to the wheel and push. William Black, the later-Victorian novelist, gave this place a lasting fame in his book *A Princess in Thule*.

The road from Callernish follows the sea-coast, a little inland, past little Loch Urraghag and the hill of Siadeir Uarach, and takes the traveller to the Butt of Lewis in the north. Here there are magnificent precipitous cliffs, and great rocks that have withstood the Atlantic tempests. Here is a natural arch made by the Devil, for he wanted to attach a chain to it and so drag the island of Lewis out to sea. The machinations for causing discomfiture to the human race on the part of the Prince of Darkness, according to our simple ancestors, seem to have known no bounds. At any rate here, on the great cliffs of the Butt of Lewis, the Devil made a good choice.

From Dingwall in the east a railway crosses the southern part of the county to the Kyle of Lochalsh in the south-west. Following the valleys of several rivers, with their attendant lakes, the



LUDLOW CASTLE, SHROPSHIRE.

Anciently known as Dinan-Illys-Tywsol, Ludlow is a picturesque old town standing on a hill at the confluence of the Teme and Corve, 25 miles south of Shrewsbury. The imposing castle now in ruins is of great historical interest, having been the residence of several English monarchs and long the seat of the Lord President of the Marches. The oldest remaining parts of the castle are the magnificent Norman keep, 110 feet high, and the round chapel in the inner ward.

Bran on one side and the Carron on the other, the journey is most attractive, and, since a railway train is the smoothest method of transit, an admirable way of seeing the country. There is plenty of scenery, with valley, moor, lake, and a certain amount of timber, generously varied. Not far from Dingwall is the popular watering resort, Strathpeffer. Here the visitor, if he is a plucky man, may drink and—who knows?—enjoy the waters, described in a standard guidebook as being “strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen.” What description is more vivid! The very combination “sulphuretted hydrogen” comprises in itself (“surprises by itself,” Count Smorltork would have it in *Pickwick*) the whole gamut of human affliction. Gouty persons derive much benefit from this delicious beverage, while for the anæmic there is an iron spring. In 1829, when the Fourth George was jogging to an end, a pump-room was built. Surely these gouty and rheumaticky and anæmic people must



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

THE WELL OF ST. MAREE, EALAN MAREE.

Many legends have been woven round this romantic island, which is said to have been dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Ealan Maree also contains an old burial-ground, and the sacred well which is shown in the photograph.

have been a race of heroes in those days to penetrate *sans* railway the depths of the Scottish Highlands all the way to Strathpeffer and the springs of sulphur. There was a terrific fight in the little town once. This was in 1478, when the McDonalds and the McKenzies and the Munros joined in mortal combat. The McKenzies gained the day gloriously, and a pillar marks the spot—it is close to the pump-room—where the Munros turned and fled the field.

We spoke of some wooded scenery on the journey from Dingwall to Kyle of Lochalsh. Going towards Ullapool there is one particularly treeless part, though its name belies it sadly. This is Dirrie More, near Loch Droma, an entirely treeless tract; despite the name Dirrie More, which means “big oak wood.” Though all the fine oaks which once peopled the spot are gone, Braemore, further on, is well wooded, owing to energetic afforestation. The near by Gorge of Corrie Hallock justifies its description as a cañon; for that it truly is, the water having cut deep into the schist rock.

Loch Broom is a long indentation of the sea, into which the River Broom empties itself. Down the loch, half-way on the north side, is Ullapool. This is what may be described as an artificial village,

since it owes its existence to the British Fisheries Association, who brought about its being in '88. The result is that Ullapool is not, from a picturesque point of view, of course, extraordinarily interesting. However, it is a convenient centre. There is fine scenery in the neighbourhood; Loch Broom is a pleasant stretch of water, with plenty of fish, and the voyager may take the Glasgow boat to Stornoway in the island of Lewis, if he so wish. Then the geologist, that prince of enthusiasts, will find in the rugged and watered Coigach country to the north a happy hunting-ground for his stony treasures.

This part of the county, up to the River Kirksaig, has several large and a good few smaller lakes, while across the Kirksaig into the neighbouring shire, Sutherland, hilly tarns abound everywhere.

The principal inland lake in Ross and Cromarty is



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

EYE CHURCH TOMBSTONE, STORNOWAY.

This interesting old gravestone in the Church of St. Columba at Eye, in the Island of Lewis, is said to belong to one of the Macleods of Lewis who lived in the fifteenth century.

Loch Maree. It lies far west, a sheet of water a dozen miles long, running diagonally south-east from near the coast, and varying in breadth from 1 to 3 miles. In the middle, the widest part, there are some charming islands. It is St. Maree's Loch, or, as some people call it, St. Maldrube's. The saint lived near by, up the Eileen Maree, as an anchorite. St. Maree was a very great saint in his day, at any rate locally, if nowhere else, which last is probably true about most saints. His well was particularly saintly, especially for curing the addle-pated. The afflicted one was brought to the sacred island and placed before the altar, and a money gift was left. Thence he went to the well and sipped the holy water. More offerings were made; then came the serious business of dipping the patient three times in the lake, carried on for several weeks.



Photo by,

DRUIDICAL STONES AT CALLERNISH, STORNOWAY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

These remarkable stones, standing near the head of Loch Roag on the west side of the Island of Lewis are arranged in the form of a cross.



Photo by

FISHING-BOATS GOING OUT, ULLAPOOL.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Ullapool is a small fishing village built in 1788 by the British Fishery Society on the north side of Loch Broom. The decline of the fishing industry arrested its further development for a time, but, as can be seen from the photograph, this has in some measure been remedied.



Photo by

CROFTERS' HOUSES, STORNOWAY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This photograph of a lane of crofters' or small farmers' houses gives a good idea of the primitive dwellings adapted by these hardy islanders. Until attention was directed to the Hebridean fisheries, Stornoway consisted of only a small cluster of fishermen's huts.



Photo by

DINING-ROOM, STORNOWAY CASTLE.

The only private residence of any size on the Island of Lewis is Stornoway Castle, a large turreted granite building in the Tudor style. Much care has been lavished on the beautiful grounds and conservatories, and they are said to be as productive as any in England. The photograph shows the great dining hall, which contains some fine carvings and a number of valuable paintings and tapestries.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

ROXBURGHSHIRE

OF the eighty miles or so of English border, the county of Roxburgh occupies two-thirds, its neighbours on that side being Northumberland and Cumberland, while on the Scottish side it marches with Dumfries, Selkirk and Berwick. It is, in fact, the Border county *in excelsis*. The county possesses some 750 square miles of hilly country—mountainous, if you like to use the term, in parts—but with nothing over the 2,000-foot line. The hilliest part is in the south-west in the hills where the Teviot springs, and this watershed runs easterly to join the Cheviots. In this range rise many rivers, running respectively north and south. On the north side,



Photo 15

JEDBURGH ABBEY.

(Valentine & Sons, Ltd.)

The famous abbey at Jedburgh was founded in the twelfth century by David I for Canons Regular. It has an unusually long nave, which is said to be one of the most perfect specimens of the Romanesque style of architecture in the country. The ruins are in a good state of preservation, having been restored by the Marquess of Lothian.

the principal river is the Teviot, which, collecting the waters of many streams, eventually, travelling a diagonal of the county, joins the Tweed at Kelso. Flowing south from this watershed are the Liddel Water, that takes a south westerly course, and leaves Roxburgh in the extreme southern point to join the Esk and so out into the Solway Firth, not a hundred miles from Gretna, and the more important North Tyne. This last rises on Peel Fell, the lofty Border summit. Mention of the North Tyne is not really justified here, as it lies wholly out of Roxburgh, its fountainhead being, as we see, on the borders.

The county is somewhat scantily populated, as the density per square mile, seventy-three, will show; and of this population about half is rural, half urban, Hawick, by far the biggest town in the county, absorbing about a third of the total population. Kelso, Jedburgh, the county town, and Melrose are quite small.

Jedburgh lies plumb in the middle of Roxburgh, and once owned a great castle and an abbey. The latter is there to-day, and well repays a visit. The castle has been gone for many years. It was one of the five Scottish castles that were surrendered under the Treaty of Falaise as a ransom or a security for William the Lion. In the mediæval times Jedburgh was the seat of a Court of Justiciary for the Borders. The proceedings of this court were, it would appear, rather summary, the expression, popular for many years, and not forgotten in these parts to-day, "Jeddert Justice," suggesting a not infrequent policy of hanging the man first and trying him afterwards. Action was rapid in the old Borderer days, and no doubt the Jedburgh Justiciaries found it wisdom to "cut the

cackle and come to the hosses" pretty quickly.

Kelso is another little town in the north-east, where the Teviot joins the Tweed, and a couple of miles or so to the Berwickshire border. The abbey has had a turbulent life. In 1545 the Earl of Hertford found it garrisoned by a hundred soldiers and some armed monks. He proceeded to besiege it in due form, and the abbey, after being subjected to severe battery and assault, was taken. Kelso itself suffered badly in the Border wars, and was frequently burnt during this period, and more than once in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Abbots of Kelso for many



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MAP OF ROXBURGHSHIRE.

years claimed the honour of precedence in the hierarchy of Scotland.

Not far from Kelso was the old Castle of Roxburgh. Its old name was Marchidun, meaning the Hill on the Marches, and the castle was certainly in existence in 1132, and from evidence had been so for a good few years. With Jedburgh Castle, it was delivered over to Henry II after Falaise in 1174. Later Roxburgh was to see more fighting. Its greatest siege, however, was in 1560. At this event James II of Scotland was killed close by, from the untimely bursting of one of his own cannon. His queen, Mary of Gueldres, carried on the attack, captured and destroyed the castle.

We may be justified here in making a little excursion into the chain, almost unbroken, of disastrous fortune that linked the destinies of these Scottish kings of the name of James. The first of the line was killed, as readers of BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL will remember, at Perth. James II, we have seen, at Roxburgh. James III suffered death at the hands of his own people. James IV fell at Flodden.



Photo by

FERNIEHERST CASTLE, JEDBURGH.

Fernieherst Castle, near Jedburgh, was the scene of many skirmishes during the Border warfare, and was for many years a fortress of the Kerr family. The building was erected in 1598 and stands in picturesque surroundings on the right bank of the River Jed.

W. & A. Smith, Ltd.



Photo by

UPPER FALLS OF THE BLACKBURN, NEAR NEWCASTLETON.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The Blackburn, a tributary of the Liddle in the parish of Castleton, is famous for its beautiful and romantic falls. One of the cascades is 37 feet in height and 20 feet broad, while another has a height and breadth of 31 and 36 feet respectively.

James V died, they say, of a broken heart after the disaster at Solway, and his daughter was the luckless Mary Stuart. The Sixth James of Scotland and First of England departed this life peacefully in his bed, breaking the chain of disaster, but his son Charles I died unnaturally, and the remaining Stuarts rather tailed out, certainly the male line, finishing with the Young Pretender's hopeless struggles against an inexorable fate. A curious history, taking it all round, as if some blight had settled on the roots of the tree and withered all the branches one after the other. But all this is a diversion from Roxburgh.

Hawick lies on the Teviot a couple of miles below the junction of that river with the Borthwick, another stream rising in the hills on the Dumfries border. This is by far the most important


Photoby
[Valentine & Son, Ltd.]

BLACKBURN LOWER FALLS, NEWCASTLETON.

One of the prettiest sights in the neighbourhood of Newcastleton is this series of romantic cascades on the Blackburn, which is an offshoot of the Liddle, and is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long.

town in Roxburgh, with a population of over seventeen thousand, a considerable figure for a rural market town. It is a busy place, pleasantly situated, with a useful industry of woollens, yarns, and stockings. Up the valley of the Teviot, the main road runs to Teviothead, and across the watershed, descending into Dumfriesshire, and picking up the valley of the Ewes, and so to Langholm and eventually Carlisle. Up this road 5 miles from Hawick is Branksome or Branksome Castle. This was the old seat of the Scotts, Barons of Buccleuch; and the nine-and-twenty knights who, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," hung their shields in Branksome Hall will be remembered.

"They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch."

However, to-day, of the old buildings only a square tower remains. The other building was started

by Sir Walter Scott in 1571. Still the position of the old castle is admirable, and its tradition stirs many a memory.

Abbotsford House, the home of the other and greater Sir Walter Scott, is right in the north end of the county, in the valley of the Tweed, where for a space it bounds Roxburgh and Selkirk, having taken to its breast the waters of Ettrick and Yarrow, and shortly to be joined by the Gala Water. Abbotsford is on the border. A few miles to the west is busy, bustling Galashiels, while to the east is Melrose, a name that stands out among all the wonder names of the North. The original house was called "Clartyhole" up to 1811, when Sir Walter Scott bought it. He rebuilt the house, christening it Abbotsford, and now it contains a collection of fine relics, personal and national relics they are, of the most varied nature.



BRIDGE OVER THE JED.

(Valentine & Sons, Ltd.)

This picturesque trout stream rises on the west side of the Cheviot Mountains and flows 21 miles north to the Teviot near Jedfoot. The beautiful character of its winding valley has inspired both Thomson and Burns as well as several other poets. The photograph shows a curious single-span bridge, which crosses at one of the loveliest spots on the river.

The new house, Abbotsford, was not finished until 1824, a big place of the usual Scottish baronial character. Scott, however, enjoyed his wonderful palace for only a year. He was badly hit financially, and the estate was mortgaged. The library was, however, presented to the novelist by his creditors, and in 1847 the mortgagees were paid off by the publisher Cadell, the family ceding to him their share of the copyrights of the works.

Let us pass quickly to Melrose, whose history—we are speaking, of course, of the abbey—starts with the old Abbey of Culdee at Old Melrose. Here, according to the Venerable Bede, there was an abbey in 664, what time Saxon Ofwy ruled the land. At some period in those days the church acquired fame and honour for the austerities of its monks, and especially of one Driethelmus. In due course the austere Driethelmus passed away, as all men, even the austere, must do, and he lay



HERMITAGE CASTLE, NEWCASTLETON.

The most important ruin in the neighbourhood of Newcastleton is Hermitage Castle, a lofty, solid edifice, built on the double-tower plan and surrounded by a deep moat. The fortress now restored was formerly one of the strongest on the border. In the foreground may be seen the Hermitage stream rippling over its rocky bed.



Photo by

ON THE TWEED AT MELROSE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

At Melrose the valley of the Tweed opens out into a wide plain, screened by the massive Eildons, the Cowdenknowes, and other mountains. The ancient town stands on the right bank of the river, at the foot of the Eildon Hills.



Photo by

HORUS HOLE, HAWICK.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

The neighbourhood of Hawick is rich in natural beauties, though the town itself is mostly modern and of a rather sombre appearance. There is little to distinguish the pretty glen shown in the photograph from many to be found throughout the county.

dead for an entire night. Then in the morning he was miraculously restored to life. But during that space of time when, lighted by the tapers, and lulled by the chanting of the priests, he lay dead, good Driethelmus passed through purgatory and hell, and had a wonderful vision, and during his swift flight approached almost to the confines of the celestial regions themselves. For some reason or other he did not quite get there; but he was greatly comforted by the learned counsel given him by his angelic guide on the whole Rule of Life, which covered all things spiritual and temporal—prayer and fasting, the giving of alms, the saying of masses—to help the souls of his relations and friends, such as might be in the place of torment. Truly Driethelmus must have been a very holy man to receive so much honour. So they tell the story of the Abbey of Culdee at Old Melrose.



Photo.

[A. H. Robinson.]

MELROSE ABBEY.

The chief object of interest at Melrose is the magnificent abbey church of St. Mary, founded by David I in 1136. The building as it stands to-day is the work of several centuries, the oldest part dating from about 1400, and for artistic beauty it is almost unrivalled in the whole of Scotland.

Melrose Abbey proper was founded by David I in 1136, and the church was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary on a summer's day ten years later. The monks were brought by David from Rievaulx in Yorkshire. They belonged to a reformed order of Benedictines, the Cistercians, coming from their first monastery at Cîteaux. The Melrose Cistercians were the first to be established in Scotland, and at Melrose they were, to begin with at any rate, very severe and ascetic. This was in the palmy days of monasticism, when asceticism and the humiliation of the flesh were synonymous with holiness. These were the days, doubtless, when "saints were so many and sins so few," and good St. Medard got the better of the Devil properly. The Melrose Cistercians were forbidden dues from the mills; their sumptuary laws in regard to diet were strict, and even stricter respecting the accessories of life. They were not allowed to indulge in the crafts. There were no illuminated

manuscripts, no richly painted windows, and the ecclesiastical employment of precious stones and metals was strictly forbidden. Curiously, they were not allowed to study or cultivate the classics, and they must have sadly appreciated, had they known it, the old adage that "cloister life without letters is a living death." Still, they were, presumably, content to remain in a state of mental torpor.

The net result of it all was that, debarred from the study of literature and the cultivation and practice of the liberal arts and crafts, they became admirable husbandmen. They did not convert their pens entirely into ploughshares, but turned them into a certain practical use. We know that original thought—universally regarded by the mediæval hierarchs as a fountain of iniquity, an instrument of the Bad Old Man—was barred to the monks. It required none of this infamous and ever-to-be-avoided commodity to transcribe the "Chronicle de Mailros." This was, undoubtedly, a very



THE CLOISTERS, MELROSE ABBEY.

Edinburgh & Sons, Ltd.

One of the chief remaining beauties of the abbey is the portion of the cloisters, on the north side of the nave. Here may be seen the Decorated circular-headed doorway through which William of Deloraine passed into the church.

important and valuable piece of work. From its inception—it starts in 735—it was little more than a careful transcription of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and of other writings. The "Chronicle de Mailros" lasted for over five hundred years, ceasing, for no very apparent reason, in 1270. This five centuries of records, unoriginal and copied, often verbatim, from other works, is of genuine historical value.

The old building—David's Melrose—was destroyed by Edward II in 1322, when that weakling king vented his rage for an unsuccessful expedition in Scotland on Dryburgh and Melrose Abbeys. The old rigour of the Order must have considerably relaxed, for the architects of the new abbey, Bruce's foundation, discarded the severities and gave their artistic fancies full play. Much is lost, for the abbey was, throughout the years, cruelly treated. Edward II, we know, destroyed it. Again, it was burnt by Richard II, and suffered from the prevailing iconoclasm of the sixteenth century.



THE LIBRARY, ABBOTSFORD.

This famous country mansion, the ancient home of Sir Walter Scott, stands on the right bank of the Tweed, 2 miles south-east of Galashiels. It has been described as "a romance of stone and lime," and in spite of many unusual proportions the edifice as a whole is harmonious and picturesque.



Photo by

THE GARDEN FRONT, ABBOTSFORD.

The house contains many decorative additions obtained from other buildings. For example, the door is from the Old Tolbooth at Edinburgh, a gateway was obtained from Linlithgow, and part of the entrance hall was brought from the old kirk of Dunfermline.

[W. F. Mansel]

later becoming a quarry, the fate of so many beautiful old buildings. The exact date of the building of the second abbey is not wholly clear. Abbot Hunter's arms on part of the church give a clue, for he flourished in the middle of the fifteenth century, and the Royal arms on one of the buttresses of the nave marked 1505 show that the work was proceeding in the reign of James IV. The only clue there is to the name of any architect is some verse on the wall of the south transept.

" John Morow sum callit was I,
And born in Parysse certainly,
And had in keepyng all masoun work
Of Santandroys ye hye kyrk,
Of Glasgow, Melros and Pasley. . . ."


Phot. Rev.
(Valentine & Son, Ltd.)

THE TWEED FROM BEMERSYDE HILL.

Tradition asserts that Sir Walter Scott's favourite view of the vale of Melrose was from Bemersyde Hill, near St. Boswells. Beyond this pretty stretch of the Tweed may be seen the curious triple cones of the Eildon Hills.

The beauty of Melrose is in its wealth of tracery. The south side and the east window are delicate, and beautiful beyond description, the window itself lofty, with the tracery light but strong,

" some fairy's hand
"Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined."

Sir Walter Scott's description is very perfect in its absolute correctness as in its gifts of imagination. The church was in the form of a cross, and of considerable dimensions. The capitals of the clustered pillars were decorated and embellished with beautiful foliage of grapes and vine leaves. One of the



WALLACE MONUMENT, ST. BOSWELLS.

St. Boswells is a small village to the south-east of Melrose, named after St. Boisel, a preceptor of St. Cuthbert. It is famous for a great annual sheep fair held in July, which attracts large numbers of flockmasters from the surrounding country. Sir William Wallace has been commemorated by monuments in several different parts of Scotland.

windows—it was at the north end of the transept—represented a crown of thorns. Pennant describes the rich work of the outside as being done “with uncommon delicacy and cunning. The spires or pinnacles”—he continues—“that grace the roof; the brackets and niches, that, till 1649, were adorned with statues, are matchless performances. But what the fury of the disciples of Knox had spared, the stupid zeal of the covenanting bigots destroyed. In times long prior to these it had felt the rage of impious invaders.”

A little to the south of Melrose the Eildon Hills rise, a curious little range, or, rather, a group of three peaks curiously isolated. In the old tradition they were once a single cone, but destiny demanded that they should be split into three, as we now see them. “Michael Scott,” so the story is told by Sir Walter, “was once on a time much embarrassed by an evil spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam head, over the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect’s engineering skill. Michael next ordered that Eildon Hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit, as we now see it. At length the enchanter conquered the indefatigable demon by employing him to make ropes out of sand.” This last task was not unique to the demon of Eildon. According to local tradition, it was given as a punishment to a similar devil who had been a particular pest in several parts of Cornwall.

Trimontium was the name by which the Romans knew Eildon Hills. Here they had a station, and much depended, in chronicling their military movements in the north, on assigning Trimontium to the Roman station near Melrose, under these Eildon Hills.

We know, too, of the hills from the earliest Scottish poet, Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune. This worthy was carried away by the Queen of the Elves, and kept by her in a strange land of enchantment in the hills for three years. He lived, this old poet, in a village called Earlstoun, seven or eight miles south of Melrose, and wrote the story of Sir Tristram.



KELSO ABBEY AND BRIDGE ON TWEED.

The ancient town of Kelso stands on the left bank of the Tweed, close to its junction with the Teviot, and is notable for having the remains of one of the earliest abbeys founded by David I. The bridge, completed by Rennie in 1803, is similar in many details to the one he later built across the Thames at Waterloo Station.



Photo by

ROXBURGH CASTLE.

Until 1460 Roxburgh Castle was an important Border castle and royal residence. After changing hands many times, its career was ended with the death of James II, who was killed by the bursting of a cannon while laying siege to the castle, and shortly after the building was razed to the ground by the Scotch, leaving only a few fragments of the outer walls.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

THE BUTTER CROSS, OAKHAM.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

This cobbled market-place is one of the most picturesque parts of the old-fashioned county town of Oakham. The ancient butter cross is supported on massive wooden posts and contains the town stocks.

RUTLANDSHIRE

RUTLANDSHIRE, though the smallest of English counties, has much to be thankful for. Its green, wooded landscapes have not been disfigured by the unsightly excrescences of modern industrialisms, and it lies sufficiently remote from the greater arteries of traffic to have preserved much of its ancient peace. Little of the bustle of life does it know, and its stillness is seldom broken save by the sound of the huntsman's horn. Of its fame as a hunting country there is no need to speak. What remains to be demonstrated is that it is full of attractions for those other hunters whose prey is not foxes but areas of unspoiled scenery and picturesque relics and memorials of the days that are gone.



Photo by]

OAKHAM CASTLE.

[Valentine & Son, Ltd.]

The only remains of the twelfth-century castle at Oakham are the walled enclosure, the fosse, and the banqueting hall now used as an assize court. In accordance with a tradition, every member of royalty or peer of the realm passing through the town gives a horseshoe to the lord of the manor. The photograph shows a few out of the large number that has accumulated in the hall.

Though a "midland" county in the most characteristic sense of that term, Rutlandshire is certainly not flat. It nowhere attains any great elevation; it has nowhere any very considerable area of depression. Its vales indeed have long enjoyed a reputation for their great beauties, particularly that Vale of Catmose of which Michael Drayton wrote, in the oft-quoted lines from *Polyolbion*:

"O Catmus, thou fair vale! come on in grass and corn
That Beaver ne'er be said thy sisterhood to scorn,
And let thy Ocham boast to have no little grace
That her the pleased Fates did in thy bosom place!"



THE RIVER GWASH NEAR GREAT CASTERTON.

Herbert Feltm

A tributary of the Welland, the Gwash rises in Leicestershire and has an easterly course of about 25 miles. The village of Great Casterton stands on the north bank, by the Roman road known as Ermine Street.

The "Ocham" thus eulogised is the attractive little county town of Oakham, well known, of course, to the hunting fraternity, but less well known than it should be to the student of the real Old England. The great rarity of the place is the hall of the Norman castle, the rest of which has disappeared, with the exception of indications of its area and extent. This surviving hall is an unusual late Norman edifice, divided into nave and aisles by arcades of round arches supported by pillars of an uncommon design. The walls are hung with an extraordinary collection of horse-shoes, of all sorts, sizes, and shapes—a fact due to the existence of a very ancient and remarkable custom that every peer of the realm must present a horseshoe to the lord of the manor. It need hardly be said that some of the shoes are thus associated with many most distinguished persons, including such royalties as have honoured this charming part of the country with a visit.

Scarcely less notable in its way is the parish church of All Saints, where the English Gothic style



SHOEING FORGE, BURLEY.

Burley-on-the-Hill is a small village in the Catmose Valley, 2 miles from Oakham. Nearby is the famous mansion of Burley, formerly the seat of the Earl of Nottingham, and one of the most imposing country houses in England.

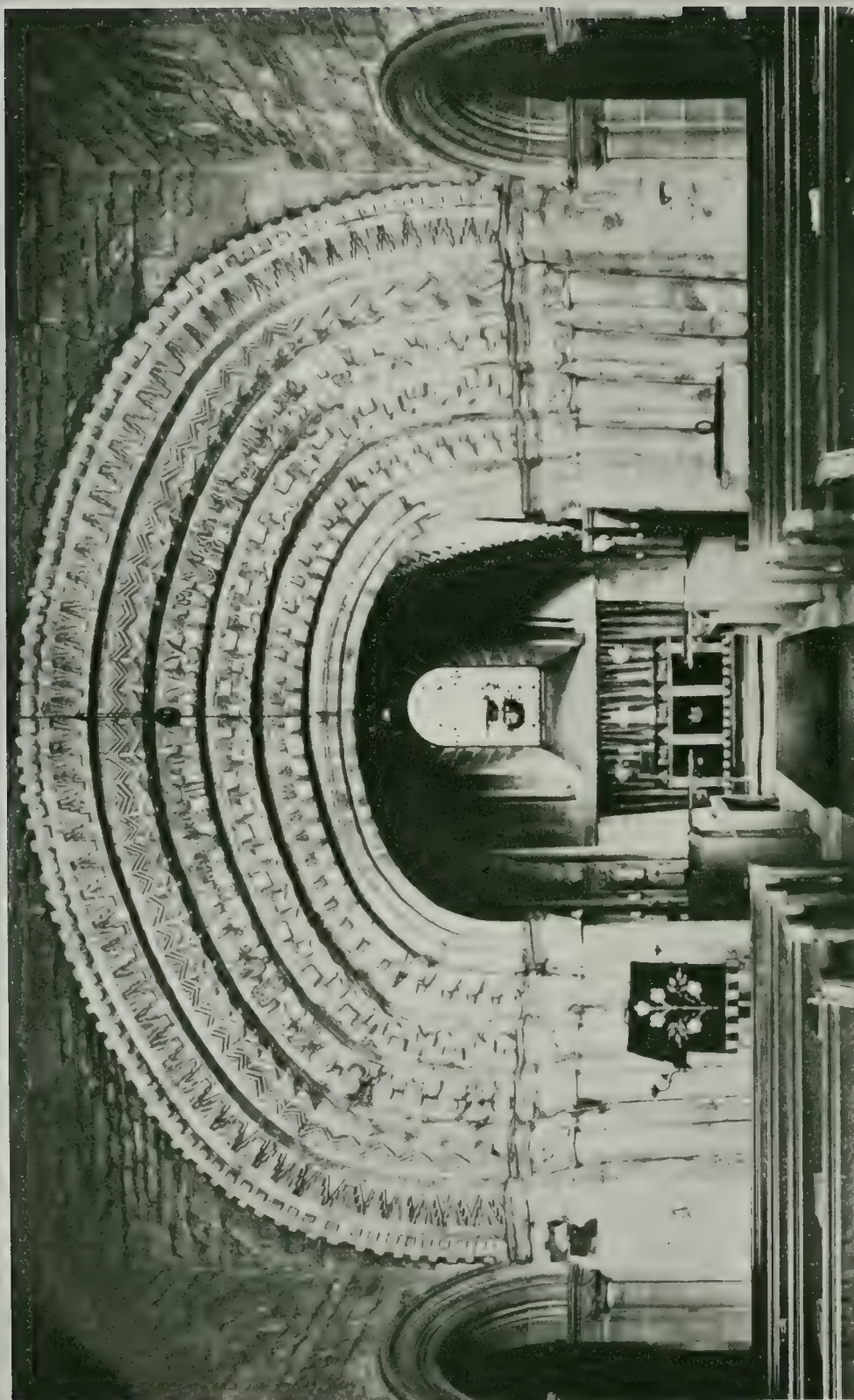


Photo by

NORMAN ARCH, TICKENCOTE CHURCH.

The little village of Tickencote stands on the north side of the Gwash, 3 miles from Stamford. The church was traditionally founded by Robert Grembold, soon after the Conquest. During the rebuilding in 1792 great trouble was taken to preserve the fine Norman work in the chancel.

H. J. Smith.

can be studied in the various phases of its evolution, and another memorable relic of ancient times is "Flore's House," Flore having been one of the two public spirited local notables to whom Oakham is more particularly indebted. The other is the celebrated Robert Johnson, one of the secondary shining lights of the reign of Good Queen Bess, who founded the grammar schools of Oakham and Uppingham, which have played no small part in the educational history of the country.

The "Butter Cross" is also a picturesque relic, and among the old houses special mention must be made of that in which the famous dwarf, Jeffery Hudson, was born in 1619. This little gentleman (who was 18 inches in stature from the age of nine until he was thirty, when he suddenly and unaccountably put on 2 feet !) was an Oakham butcher's son, and as a human curiosity attracted the attention of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and lord of the neighbouring "great" house of



SCHOOLROOM, UPPINGHAM.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The beautiful old group of school buildings at Uppingham was established by the Rev. Robert Johnson, Archdeacon of Leicester, in 1584, as a free school for poor boys. In the nineteenth century it was greatly enlarged and became under Dr. Edward Thring one of the leading public schools in the country.

Burley-on-the-Hill. By Buckingham he was introduced in sensational fashion to Charles I and Henrietta Maria when they were on a visit to Burley. At dinner one night a pie was brought in, and when the pie was opened the birds may not have begun to sing, but Jeffery Hudson stepped out !

Buckingham's house was all but destroyed in the Civil Wars, but the existing fine edifice rose on its ruins shortly afterwards, when the estate passed to the celebrated Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham. Whether viewed at close quarters or seen from many a point in the splendid park, Burley is a delight to the eye, and with its interesting historical associations it is *pro veritate* one of the principal "sights" of the county.

Near neighbours of Burley are two other interesting old mansions. Hambleton Old Hall is an excellent example of Jacobean work, with features strongly reminiscent of the Italian Renaissance,

while the Elizabethan Hall at Exton, though a ruin for more than a century, is one of the many attractions of that charming neighbourhood.

Exton Church, too, is one of a number in this part of the county which are of high repute among archaeologists, and even the unexpert in such matters can appreciate its monuments, dating mainly from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which throw a flood of light on English sepulchral art at that period. One of them was executed by Grinling Gibbons, and shows what he could do in a *métier* not usually associated with him.

Between Exton and Tickencote lies the one true battlefield of which the county can boast. At Horn was fought an important action between Edward IV and the Lancastrians in March 1470. The King, who had his base over the Lincolnshire border at Stamford, had the measure of the "rebels" in a very short time, and the battle was often called "Losecoat," in celebration of the fact that many of the vanquished cast off what was equivalent to a uniform to conceal their identity.



MAP OF RUTLANDSHIRE.

Tickencote Church is itself notable for its remarkable Norman chancel arch, with its wealth of elaborate carving. Norman decorative work here shows a variety and ingenuity which would be very striking even in a cathedral, and is positively amazing in a little country church. It is immensely to be regretted that a disgraceful restoration at the end of the eighteenth century has left little of the mediæval edifice intact save the chancel.

In the south of the county the centre of gravity is the market town of Uppingham, which has much reason to bless Robert Johnson for founding the school which has become one of the great public schools of England. In the history of this notable establishment, pride of place must be given to the great Dr. Thring, the Arnold of Uppingham, if the phrase may be used. He it was who brought national renown to the school by his wise and careful rule.

An ancient and lovable worthy with whom Uppingham is closely associated is Jeremy Taylor, who was rector of the parish church for six years (1638 to 1644). A pulpit which would otherwise cause no particular feeling save that of indifference thus acquires distinct historic interest.



H. J. Smith.

BEDEHOUSE, LYDDINGTON.

The beautiful old Bedehouse at Lyddington was formerly one of the palaces of the Bishops of Lincoln. In 1602 it was converted into a hospital for poor people and endowed by Lord Burleigh. One of the most interesting rooms is the great banqueting hall, which has a wonderfully carved ceiling and still carries the arms of Bishop Russel over the open fireplace. The photograph shows a corner of the fine old cloisters.



Photo by

GARDEN TOWER, BEDEHOUSE, LYDDINGTON.

[H. J. Smith.]

At one of the corners of the picturesque walled garden is a remarkable octagonal tower which protrudes beyond the wall into the street.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

SELKIRK FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

Selkirk is a royal burgh, the county town and an important seat of manufacture. It has figured largely in Scottish warfare and was burnt by the English in 1418. Selkirk Castle—long since disappeared—was often the abode of the Kings of Scotland.

SELKIRKSHIRE

AN appropriate starting-point for this grand hilly county would appear to be the valley of that stream whose fame has been celebrated in prose and verse by many Scots and English writers. One has only to record that Wordsworth wrote "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited" to require no further justification for putting that river in the forefront of the story. Like his predecessors, Wordsworth experienced a sense of melancholy:

"O that some minstrel's harp were near
To utter tones of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air
That fills my soul with sadness!
Yet why? A silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes, by greener hills,
Been soothed in all my wanderings."

Exactly why the Yarrow has always worn an air of tragedy—except that its banks have traditionally been the scene of a dark deed or two—is somewhat of a mystery. Perhaps the best explanation is to be found in Fullarton, where we read that "the dejected loneliness of the Yarrow's vale . . . sadly harmonizes with the wailing tones of the ballads and the traditions, and powerfully appeals to the lachrymose sympathies of poets"!



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

FLODDEN MEMORIAL, SELKIRK.

There is a tradition that only one of Selkirk's warriors returned from the Battle of Flodden in 1513, and this memorial shows him holding in his hand an English flag captured during the fight.

Among many delightful sections of the river, St. Mary's Loch (Scott's "lone St. Mary's silent lake") takes a high place for those who can appreciate the charms of solitude. It is a historic spot, for close by is the ruined chapel and burial-place of St. Mary and the old tower of Dryhope. In the cemetery of St. Mary's Kirk lie many obscure and forgotten worthies—and some unworthies too—in addition to the "Lord William" and "Lady Margaret" of the ballad of "The Douglas Tragedy." Everyone familiar with the *Border Minstrelsy* knows how the "bonny red rose" and the brier that grew out of their graves fraternised as the lovers had fraternised in life until the wicked Black Douglas



Birkill Pass.

Underwood Press Service.

BIRKILL PASS.

Ten miles north of Moffat this impressive pass crosses the border from Dumfriesshire to Selkirkshire at a height of 1,080 feet above the Tweed.

" . . . pulled up the bonny brier
And flang'd in St. Mary's loch."

Dryhope Tower, a picturesque but melancholy ruin, is famous as the traditional birthplace of Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow," who had all the eligible youth of the neighbourhood at daggers drawn until she was won and wed by that gay freebooter, Walter Scott of Harden.

This valley gains further distinction from its associations with James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," for he lived for a time at Mount Bengier and died, in 1835, at Altrive.

Continuing downstream past Yarrow Chapel and the forlorn fragment of Hangingshaw Castle (once the lair of the celebrated freebooter Murray), we reach a part of the river where silence and solitude give place to sylvan loveliness, and some of the best scenery in the county is to be found. The great mediæval monument hereabouts is the fine old ruin of Newark Castle, a typical Scottish



By permission of

A CORNER OF ST. MARY'S LOCH.

(Underwood Press Service.)

This lovely sheet of water, 4 miles in length, has been formed by the expansion of the River Yarrow. One writer says: "There are few spots where there is so little that is repulsive to man and yet so few traces of his presence. It is in fact a most minute and faithful looking-glass to all the hills; and they look as clean and smooth as if they had shaved themselves by it."



By permission of

UPPER END, ST. MARY'S LOCH.

(Underwood Press Service.)

St. Mary's Loch has been immortalised by Scott, Wordsworth, and Hogg, who have written some wonderful descriptions of the lake. This photograph was taken near Tibble Shields Inn, famous for its association with these poets.



Photo by,

ASHIESTEEL BRIDGE.

This one-arched rubble bridge has the great span of 136 feet and crosses the Tweed in the parish of Yarrow, 6 miles west of Galashiels. The mansion at Ashiesteel was for some years the residence of Sir Walter Scott.

(F. C. Sillar.

feudal fortress of the fifteenth century. Its story is a picturesque one and attained great heights of romantic melancholy in the period when it was the residence of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, after her erratic but somewhat pathetic husband made her a widow in 1685. Scott seized on this circumstance to make the castle the meeting-place of the Duchess and the "Last Minstrel," who came to sing her his "lay" after passing the "embattled portal arch" . . .

"Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor."



Painted by

[F. C. Sillar.]

THE TWEED NEAR THORNIELEE.

This village is prettily situated on the Tweed about 5 miles east of Innerleithen. The whole neighbourhood is very hilly and has an extremely broken and picturesque appearance, divided as it is by several deep glens, each bringing down a tributary to the Tweed.

"Slain Man's Lea," hard by, is a reminiscence of the Battle of Philiphaugh, which was fought two miles away between David Leslie and the Marquess of Montrose on the 12th September, 1645. After an astounding series of successes over the Covenanters, the brilliant leader of the Scottish Royalists allowed himself to be caught napping in a thick mist by the wary David. One of the results of the action was the slaughter of the prisoners on the "Lea," of tragic associations.

Selkirk itself, though an ancient place, is of little interest save as a busy manufacturing town. It was shamefully maltreated by the English shortly after the Battle of Flodden, and such mediæval relics as the market-cross and the tolbooth fell victims to what has been quaintly described as "that strange perversion of taste which seems to have for half a century swept like a simoon over the intellects of the town councils of Scotland" (Fullarton).

In ancient days the great local industry was the production of single-soled shoes, and such was the power of the guild of "sutors" (as they were called) that the expression came to be commensurate with "burgess." All candidates for admission to the rank of burgess were required to "lick the birse," i.e. lick a shoemaker's brush which had previously been sucked by the other freemen of the town. It is recorded that Sir Walter Scott, on being made a burgess, "tried to compromise refinement and compliance by rinsing the beslabbered "birse" in his wine; but he was compelled to make amends, both by mouthing the washed birse, and by drinking off the liquor it had polluted." But it is certain that he who becomes a sutor enters a noble and distinguished brotherhood, if only because the hundred sutors who fought at Flodden with King James IV have left a resounding name in history.

With Galashiels a work like this has little concern. The ancient village disappeared long ago and the present town is emphatically a product of the Industrial Revolution. Such historical fame as the place possesses it gained in its village days. In 1337, we are told, a party of marauding Englishmen

settled upon the neighbourhood like a blight and scoured the district for the plums for which it was then famous. The little force was shortly afterwards exterminated, and the elated villagers then styled themselves the "Sour Plumbs o' Galashiels," a nickname which so tickled the fancy of ancient ballad-mongers that they gave it immortality in their verse.

Ettrick Water has never been quite such a literary *furore* as the Yarrow, though much rhymester's ink has been spilled over its beauties and its many historic memories. In or near its valley lies many a spot whose name stirs the emotions of well-read Scots. In the cemetery of Ettrick Kirk sleeps the poet James Hogg, amidst

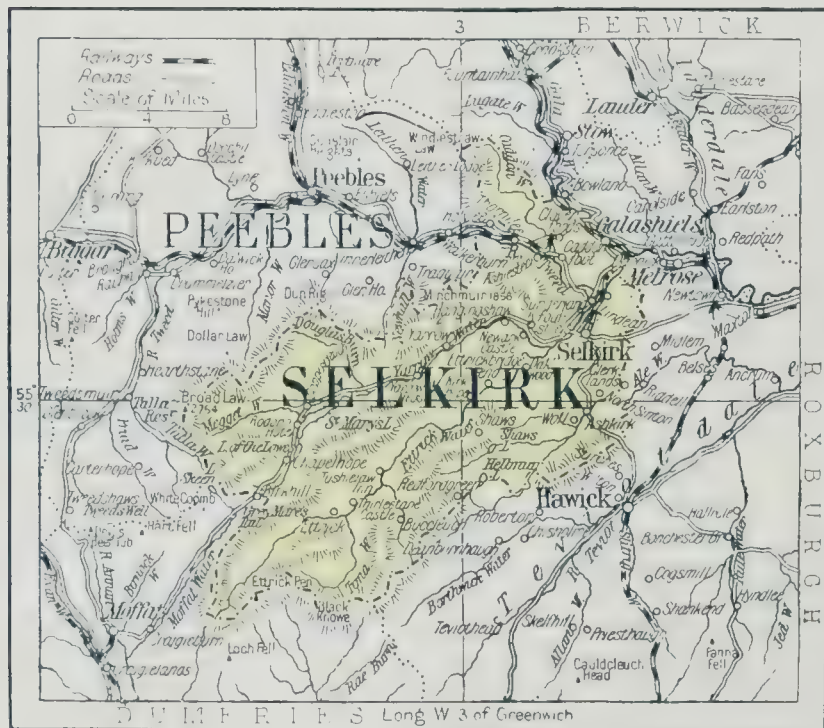
the scenes he loved so well. "The Ettrick Shepherd," as he was called, was born at Ettrick in 1770 and received a very slight education, but after reading "The Gentle Shepherd" by Allan Ramsay when he was sixteen he determined to turn his attention to poetry. He is now chiefly remembered for his connection with Sir Walter Scott, to whom he supplied some ballads for the "Border Minstrelsy," and for his volume and poems entitled "The Mountain Bard," which brought him fame in 1807.

At Buccleuch is the site of the castle which was the ancestral home of the great family of that name:

"In Scotland no Buckcleuch was then,
Before the buck in the cleuch was slain,"

and even if that traditional origin of the name be a fiction, it is a pretty fiction.

Another halo of romance surrounds the picturesque ruin of Tushielaw Tower, a robber's den if ever there was one. For it was the lair of that renowned cattle-stealer and freebooter, Adam Scott, of unholy memory. His vivid career was brought to an end by the stern James V, who surprised him in his own stronghold and inconspicuously hanged him on a tree, which is still pointed to with awe as the improvised gallows.



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MAP OF SELKIRKSHIRE.



Photo by

LADHOPE GLEN, NEAR GALASHIELS.

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The description of this splendid mass of swirling water as a typical waterfall would seem inadequate, yet so rich is Scotland in beauties of the kind that it is nevertheless a true one. Ladhope Glen is in the parish of Galashiels, close to the Roxburghshire border.



Photo by]

ELIBANK TOWER.

This scanty ruin is all that is left of Elibank Tower, the ancient seat of the Murrays. Scattered all over the county are a large number of these "peel-houses," which are associated with many brave deeds in Border history.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo.

[J. D. Ratter.

IN LERWICK HARBOUR.

On account of its ideal position and fine natural harbour, Lerwick has become one of the chief fishing ports of Scotland. The photograph shows a large Dutch fishing fleet at anchor off the town.

SHETLAND ISLANDS

THESE islands are the *Hialtlandia*, or "High Land" of the fierce old Norsemen who in the eighth century descended upon them like locusts, and eventually colonised them so thoroughly that the original Pictish inhabitants are now remembered only by such monuments as their "brochs." Their Norse character is even now borne in upon a stranger in ways innumerable, notably the appearance, manner, and even speech of the inhabitants, while the islands themselves, with the extraordinary contortions of their coasts and their remarkable *voes* (fjords), seem to have more in common with the scenery of Scandinavia than with that of the rest of Britain, the west coast of Scotland not excepted.

Fair Isle, the half-way house between Orkney and Shetland, has been much in the public eye of late. The seal of fashion has been set upon the picturesque woollen garments, the knitting of which is, and has long been, a local industry. In the Great War, too, it was a name of unholy import to



Photo.

[J. D. Ratter.

A CORNER OF LERWICK.

The capital of the islands and the most northerly town in Great Britain, Lerwick owes its foundation to Cromwell, who built and garrisoned a fort here during the Dutch War. The fishing industry has caused great improvements to be made to the port; a boat harbour, pier, and docks have been constructed, and a new town has been added.

the enemy's naval forces, as we know well enough from the diaries and memoirs of German submarine commanders. But this was not its first appearance in the historical limelight. "One memorable accident here occurs," wrote Sir Robert Sibbald in his *Description of the Isles of Zetland*, "namely, that the Duke of Medina, admiral of the formidable Spanish armada . . . her suffered shipwreck in a creek

on the east side of this isle, where the ship split, but the Duke with 200 men came to shore alive, and wintered here in great miserie; for the Spaniards eating up all they could find, not only neat, sheep, fishes, and fowls, but also horses, the islanders in the night carried off their beasts and victuals to places in the isle, where the Spaniards might not find them."

The principal and largest island is Mainland, in which both the modern capital, Lerwick, and the ancient Norse capital, Scalloway, are situated. The former belies its appearance, but not in the usual sense, for instead of being older than it looks, it looks older than its age. It is comparatively a mushroom growth, having



MAP OF SHETLAND ISLES.

existed only since the seventeenth century, when the arrival of Parliamentary forces under Cromwell seems to have given a certain impetus to its development. The fort he built, now known as Fort Charlotte, still stands as a memorial of the visit of those very distant strangers.

The general appearance of the older part of the town—a single main street with branching lanes—is decidedly quaint and antiquated, while a number of modern public buildings show that even in



Photo by,

LERWICK HARBOUR.

J. D. Rafter.

Bressay Sound is one of the finest natural harbours in the world, and during the season it affords a safe anchorage to a large number of trawlers that have assembled here for the herring fishing.

the remote North the spirit of civic pride burns as fiercely as elsewhere. Perhaps the monument of which the islanders have best cause to boast is the two stained-glass windows in the Town Hall which were presented by Amsterdam and Hamburg respectively in recognition of many a heroic rescue of seafaring citizens of those cities.

But if Lerwick still looks thoroughly provincial and unpretentious, the life which was lived there until comparatively recent times seems to have contained all the elements of that of a capital, if we may judge by the account given in Fullarton (1843): "Each gentleman in the vicinity of Lerwick has a town and a country-house, and these so near to each other as, in several instances, to be in full mutual view." "All the principal families here," says Miss Sinclair, "make a regular *flitting* every season from town to country, probably leaving their *P.P.C.* cards for each other, and, after taking



Photo by

SUNSHINE AND STORM, LERWICK.

[J. D. Ratter.

Lying as they do far to the north of Scotland, the Shetland Islands are exposed to the full vagaries of the weather of the tempestuous region in which they lie. The searcher after beauty may, however, find consolation in the magnificent effects of sea and sky, which are an almost continual delight.

a pathetic leave of the metropolitan gaieties, set out, by easy stages, changing horses as often as may be necessary, and plunging into the wilderness of rural enjoyment within half a mile. In London those who have no estates often close their front windows for the summer, and withdraw out of sight, while etiquette forbids their being visible in town: and to the Shetland gentry the change is scarcely greater." Another sign of the ravages of "High Life" was an immoderate liking for tea!

Incidentally Miss Sinclair was also responsible for the remark that "the tallest and grandest tree I saw during my stay on the island was a stalk of rhubarb nearly 7 feet high, which had run to seed, and waved its head majestically in a garden below the fort." A picturesque piece of exaggeration which is very libellous, though no doubt, comparatively speaking, the group could be called "treeless." The fact is that its one and only scenic attraction—and that of the highest order—is its magnificent rocky coast, a long array of cliffs and caves, bays and fjords which exhibit conspicuous traces of the



M. C. 60-8

GLENCAR LOUGH, CO. SLIGO.

About 6 miles north of Sligo is Glencar Lough, a beautiful sheet of water 2 miles long, surrounded by precipitous hills. At its eastern end are a series of three waterfalls, the lowest one of which makes an unbroken descent of nearly 50 feet. When the lake was partly drained many years ago, two crannogs or lake dwellings were revealed on which were found a number of bones.

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fierce and eternal conflict between land and ocean. Scalloway, the ancient capital, possesses the interesting ruin of the old castle of that sour tyrant, Earl Patrick Stewart, to whom the islands were farmed in the sixteenth century and who also built the so-called " Earl's Palace " at Kirkwall in the Orkneys. His Shetland stronghold is highly reminiscent of him, for one of its most notable features is the ring from which he used to hang all those who opposed his ruthless will. It is said that he made the wretched inhabitants find all the labour required for its construction (unpaid, of course) and supply the workmen with food and labour during the process ; he also kept an armed force at hand to suppress any signs of resentment !

Owing to its extreme position and isolation, the Shetlands' animal life covers a small field. Rats



Photo by

SHETLAND PONIES.

J. D. Kinnear

The native breed of ponies was, in ancient times, largely used as beasts of burden, but now the animals are chiefly bred for export, to be used in mines and for other purposes. In districts where there are no roads, however, one may still occasionally see a troop of these picturesque little animals tied head and tail, each with its " kiskies," or baskets, loaded with peat.

and mice are common, but then these rodents can be, and continually are, imported by ships. Bats, however, and moles are not to be found, neither are there any foxes or badgers or any deer. At the same time weasels are to be found, and ferrets, again probably imported for rabbit-killing. Curiously, there are no reptiles. Round the shores and on the rocks seals abound. But of all life in these far northern islands the most numerous and the most varied are the birds. The yearly migration brings them to the islands, some to rest on their journey, others to stay and nest. On the ledges of the cliff can be seen thousands of pretty little kittiwakes, most charming of all the smaller gulls. Shags and cormorants are to be seen everywhere, and the puffins and razorbills, guillemots and little auks all make their appearance in the seasons. On the cliffs the guillemots crowd in their thousands, and there, on the ledges, the females lay their eggs, one egg each. Round the outer islands are the stormy petrels,

and on the shore and amongst the rocks the oyster-catchers and fussy little terns. So much for the sea. On land, linnets and starlings are abundant, and, of course, the universal sparrows. Barring skylarks, song-birds are not heard, though thrushes and blackbirds are winter guests, and the lovely golden-crested wren.

The country is bare, very bare and treeless ; so the flowers make a braver show against their brown background than in the green and coloured South. Among the heather and heath, short and tufty, are to be seen bog asphodel and milkwort, and the yellow tormentil, while in the fields, though fields are few, can be seen in their seasons, bright buttercups and spotted orchis, with the purple orchis, cinquefoil, and marsh marigold in the marshy meadows. All these, and many more, make a brave array against the dull hill-sides cut for peat.



Photo 1x.

PICTISH TOWER, MOUSA, LERWICK.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The islands contain altogether about seventy or eighty of these Pictish castles or brochs. They are mostly in ruins, however, with the partial exception of Mousa Castle, which is the most perfect one in existence. The structure is 42 feet in height, and has in the centre an open shaft to ventilate and light the series of galleries.

On the way from Lerwick to the North Isles, passing north through the Sound of Bressay, the Knoll of Kibister or Luggie's Knowe can be seen, a considerable hill. Luggie was a famous wizard of old. Fishing through a hole in the hill, he would draw in his line with the fish fresh from the sea and ready cooked. This was practical wizardry indeed ! A missionary of 1700, one Brand, moralised on the wondrous feat. "This," he said, "was certainly done by the agency of evil spirits, with whom he was in contact and in covenant ; but the economy of the kingdom of darkness is very wonderful and little known to us."

An oblong building, with towers and hanging turrets, now in ruins, is Muness Castle on the south-east headland of Unst. It was raised in 1598 by Laurence Bruce of Cultemalindie, formerly Deputy-Foud of Zetland. However, his tenure of office came to a swift end ; so heavy was his hand, that he



Photo by J.

GIANT'S LEG, BRESSAY.

(Continued on Page 144)

In contrast to the low-lying north and west shores of Bressay, the south end of the island is tall and rocky. Here are the Orkneyman's Cave, a curious cavern gouged out by the sea, and this remarkable natural arch, known as the Giant's Leg.



Photo by]

CROFTER'S COTTAGE, SHETLAND.

Sheep-farming, one of the principal industries of the islands, is carried on chiefly by crofters, and the women, who are nearly all knitters, transform the fine wool into the beautifully soft garments that are so well known in this country. The photograph shows the interior of a poor crofter's dwelling.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

was arraigned at Tingwall and removed. In his own honour he placed an inscription over the door of Muness Castle :

“ List ze to know this building quha began,
Laurence the Bruce he was, that worthy man,
Quha earnestlie his airis and affspring prayis
To help and not to hurt this wark always.

The Zeir of God, 1598.”

The ancient Pictish inhabitants, as has been said, left little behind but a memory and one or two brochs, or towers of defence against the Norsemen. The finest of these is on the little island of Mousa,



Phototype.

MOOSTEGARTH, BRESSAY.

J. D. Kaiter

No part of the Shetlands is more than a few miles from the sea, and it has long been the custom of the crofter to fish in the summer. Practically every creek still has its quota of small boats that engage in line fishing in spite of the depredations made by the trawlers.

lying off the Mainland coast some 15 miles from Lerwick; the Orknevinga Saga calls it Mosey. The broch is on a rocky promontory just above high water, and is likened in shape to a dice-box. The base diameter is 50 feet, dwindling to 38 at the top. The wall, 15 feet thick, surrounds a small court, and from this court entrances lead to three chambers. As late as 1154 this broch was in perfect condition, and when in 1861 it was cleaned and the rubbish accumulation of years cleared away, several interesting relics were unearthed, including a model of a Norse boat carved in fir, 3 feet long. Mousa Broch could tell stories of love and war. Here came Björn Brynulfson and his runaway bride, in the winter of 900; and many years after Jarl Erlend Ungi brought Margaret, the Earl of Atholl's widow. Then Margaret's son, Earl Harald, laid siege to the broch, for he would



Photo by

SCALLOWAY CASTLE.

[J. D. Kuttar.

Scalloway, the one-time capital of the island, is an ancient village on the west coast of Mainland, as the largest island is called. The castle was built in 1600 by Earl Patrick Stewart and is one of the two feudal buildings on the islands.

not reconcile himself to the idea of a young Norse stepfather. All this can be found in the Orkneyinga Saga.

Lying far to the west is the little island of Foula, 18 miles from the Mainland. The Thule of Tacitus, not more than 3 miles long, the level plain of the eastern side rises to fine great peaks, and the western cliffs are 1,200 feet high. To climb the huge crags in search of the eggs of sea birds was the main occupation for many years of the hardy folk living on the slopes of the hill of Sneug. Reckless in this pursuit they were, and regarded the dangers of their calling with a degree of fatalism. "My gutcher [i.e. grandfather] gaed afore; my faither gaed afore, an' ower da Sneug I'll ging too." The Great Skua gull continues to breed at Foula, a great rarity, whose eggs are carefully preserved.



Photo by

DORE HOLM, ESHA NESS.

[J. D. Kuttar.

This famous rock formation lies on the south side of Esha Ness, in the Northmavine parish. The coastline of the Shetlands is particularly dangerous to navigation on account of the large number of rocks and stacks which lie hidden off the shores.



Photo by,

GORDIE STACK, HILLSWICK.

J. D. Lister.

Hillswick is a small seaport and resort situated in a firth of Magnus Bay, 36 miles north-west of Lerwick. With its lofty cliffs, beautiful caves, and extraordinary rock formations, the "Land of the Simmer Dim" has some of the finest coastal scenery in the British Isles.



Photo by

STACKS OF BRAEWICK, ESHA NESS.

J. D. Kellar.

The whole of the rockbound coast of the Esha Ness Peninsula is much indented, and off the shore there are numerous stacks that rear up like great sentinels in many fantastic shapes. One has the appearance of a sailing ship with all her canvas spread, while another has been likened unto a hooded monk.



Photo by

ENGLISH BRIDGE, SHREWSBURY.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The capital of the county and a place of great antiquity, Shrewsbury stands on high ground almost completely encircled by the Severn. This handsome seven-arched bridge was built in 1769, and connects the town with Abbey Foregate, a growing suburb.

SHROPSHIRE

IN the matter of broad acres, Shropshire has been shorn of much of its pristine glory. Though not to be described as a shadow of its former self, the county to-day is about half what it was as chronicled in Domesday, when parts of Flint, Denbigh, Merioneth, and most of Montgomeryshire appertained to it. Early in the sixteenth century the separate county of Montgomery was formed, and gradually Shropshire settled down to its present quite generous limitations. As the largest inland county it has nothing very much to grumble about. Old Saxon records describe it as Scrobbesbyrigscire, shortened to Scrobbscire. The modification to the present name is natural, but none the same interesting.

Shropshire enjoys, taking things all round, an admirable climate, the northern part receiving a more peaceful treatment at the hands of the elements than the southern; this is, of course, due to the difference in elevation. A



Photo by

SHREWSBURY CASTLE.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Shrewsbury Castle was founded by Roger de Montgomery in 1070. It was rebuilt by Edward I, modernised by Telford at the end of the eighteenth century, and is now the property of Lord Barnard. The edifice stands on a rock overlooking the river, and is "bulle in such a brave plott that it could have espyed a byrd flying in every strete."

writer of the late eighteenth century, commenting on Bridgnorth, described the High Town as "happily adapted to such constitutions as require a sharp clear air. The Low Town, situated in the vale beneath, and sheltered on all sides, affords a temperature the most mild and soft imaginable." He finishes by making the profound observation that "such as wish for a residence not so exposed as the one, nor so confined as the other, may choose it in any intermediate degree on the side of the hill from the foot to the summit." Writing some three hundred years ago, Speed placed it on record that the air of Shrewsbury was "delectable and goode, and affordeth healthe to the inhabitants in all seasons of the yeare." These are pleasant and comforting words, far better than the statistics of the most conscientious medical officer of health could be.



Photo by]

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Formerly the school occupied the old buildings opposite the castle, which now house the museum and library. In 1883, three centuries after its foundation, it removed to these handsome red-brick buildings on the top of Kingsland Hill. This famous public school has had among its pupils Sir Philip Sydney, Judge Jeffreys, Charles Darwin, and many other celebrities.

Up to the end of the fifteenth century Shropshire was practically covered with forests, the inhabitants few. Woods, in our day, are very pleasant places in which to sojourn, but this was not the case formerly. From the point of view of providing sustenance, they fell rather short, and then there were the dangers of wild beasts. The wild boar, of course, was plentiful, though he disappeared entirely by the beginning of the seventeenth century and wolves were, as elsewhere in the country, universal, though from a much earlier time efforts had always been made to exterminate them. One Peter Corbet, of Caus Castle, was commissioned by the King, Edward I, to "take and destroy wolves . . . where they may be found." In one parish we find in 1575 an amercement of thirty shillings and tenpence by the commissioners of Bridgnorth for "not destroying foules and varmynt" according to the Statute.



Photo by,

COURTYARD OF UNICORN INN, SHREWSBURY.

Herbert Eaton.

An added charm is lent to the steep streets of the town by the number of picturesque old houses which in some cases date back as far as the fifteenth century. The courtyard of the Unicorn Inn, seen in this photograph, is about 300 years old.



Photo by

GROPE LANE, SHREWSBURY.

(Judges', Ltd.)

Grope Lane is a narrow alley connecting Fish Street with High Street. The way in which the pavement is curiously overhung by a number of old half-timbered houses illustrates how builders used to economise space in a mediæval town.

The slaughter that followed of "moldywarpes, urchins, rates, foxes, otters, bausons, fychemes," and a dozen other varieties, seems to have been wholesale. Bausons and fychemes are badgers and polecats respectively. Moldywarpe is, of course, very well known to country folk from many parts of England to-day.

The population of Shropshire has risen during the last hundred and twenty years, but not to any startling extent. At the very beginning of the nineteenth century it stood at a little under 170,000. Seventy years later it had risen to 248,000. Then it dropped a little and recovered slightly. For the last fifty years, we may say, its population has been stationary. The reasons for this are fairly clear. Shropshire is an almost purely agricultural county, though there are minerals to attract industry. The towns have gained in population at the expense of the country neighbourhoods. Probably



Photo by

HAUGHMOND ABBEY, UFFINGTON

St. Peter's Press

The Abbey of Haughmond was founded for Augustinian Canons in 1135 by William Fitz-Alan. It was suppressed in 1539, and after the Dissolution was converted into a private house. Little trace of the church is to be seen, but there are extensive remains of the infirmary, chapter house, refectory, and other monastic buildings; their ivy-clad ruins making a picturesque group at the foot of Haughmond Hill.

the increase from the normal excess of birth rate against death rate is counteracted by the call of industrialised districts out of the county.

The Romans, as was their wont, built some good roads, the centre and crossings for these being the old capital Viroconium. However, the Romans departed, and in Shropshire, as elsewhere in the country, the people lapsed into their old semi-civilised state, and the well-paved military roads of these great people were left to become the playthings of nature, and so the grass grew over them and they were forgotten. Coming to a much later day, the roads seem to have been thoroughly bad. By the end of the seventeenth century there was a regular coach service between London and Shrewsbury, when the journey took several days, due, of course, to the badness of the roads. "When they are mending," says a writer a hundred years later, "you travel over a bed of loose stones, none of them of less size than an octavo volume, and where not mended *it is like a staircase.*" However, things were to improve, a thoroughfare was made in Wales, and on the 6th of September, 1785, the first mail

coach passed through Shrewsbury on its way from London to Holyhead. The town was *en fête*, and a public dinner was given that evening to Robert Lawrence, host of the "Raven" at Shrewsbury, to commemorate his efforts in establishing the coach and mail service with Ireland. We must not imagine that Shropshire possessed ideal roads then; far from it, though they were certainly better than in the time when they were described as "a staircase." As they improved, so the mail service was speeded up. Here are some interesting figures. In 1800 the Holyhead Mail Coach took 27 hours from London to Shrewsbury. In 1831, the time was reduced to 16 hours, with 150 horses for the stage. In 1836 the time was reduced to 14 hours. We had certainly travelled a long way from the days when the same journey took several days by the "flying wagon."



[Phot. by]

ON THE WREKIN AT WELLINGTON.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.]

Two miles north of the market town of Wellington rises what is said to be the oldest hill in England. The Wrekin is a fine specimen of an extinct volcano which long ago threw "fires of lower earth to sky." The extensive earthworks on the summit are remains of an ancient camp.

Shropshire, we have mentioned, is largely agricultural. There are, however, apart from the local and domestic occupations in the towns, industries of considerable importance. Such is the iron trade. This is carried on in the Coalbrookdale neighbourhood, and is of very long standing. Leland records that iron was made in Shropshire, and especially "yn the Wooddes betwixte Belvoys and Wenloke. There be some Blo Shoppes to make yren upon the Bankes of Mylbroke." Leland was writing, it should be remembered, in 1500. By the seventeenth century forging was a very considerable industry; so much so that the demands on timber were getting serious. Timber, for forge use, was therefore forbidden and pit coal was used instead; this was about 1747. The coal found in Shropshire is in four fields—Oswestry at north-west, Shrewsbury and Coalbrookdale in the middle, and the Forest of Wyre in the south-eastern corner on the Worcestershire border.

Shrewsbury is in an ideal situation for a county town. It lies right in the middle on the Severn,



Photo LV.

INTERIOR OF CHURCH, BUILDWAS ABBEY.

[T. A. Bushell.]

The main walls of the church (St. Mary and St. Chad) are in a good state of preservation, but the chapels and aisles are in ruins. The seven massive pillars on either side of the nave represent the seven pillars of the House of Wisdom.



Photo by

BUILDWAS ABBEY.

T. Smith, C. 1911

The picturesque remains of Buildwas Abbey, which was founded in the twelfth century, consist of the nave and chancel of the church and the chapter house. The thirteenth-century abbot's house has been restored and is now used as a private residence.

which traverses Shropshire, the centre and meeting-place of many roads, arterial and otherwise, and the centre and junction of the railways. No fewer than seven lines run out of the town. The people of old time apparently agreed not to differ over its name. Pengwern, "the Hill of the Alders," the Britons called it; *Caer Amwythig*, "the Town of the Shrubs," in Welsh; and *Scrobbsbyrig*, "the Burgh in the Shrubs," found favour with the Saxons. So to-day we call it Shrewsbury, and find it exactly the right size, thirty thousand mouths to feed, for the county town of an agricultural shire. But we find it, too, a storehouse of history.

For many years, as the great headquarters of the Marcher Lords, it was the scene of strife, of attack and counter-attack, the mobilisation centre for incursions across the border, and the natural and



Photo by

ROMAN REMAINS, URICONIUM.

C. Fisher, K.W.

These broken walls, standing by the side of the road near Wroxeter, were excavated in 1859, and are all that remain of what was an important Roman town sixteen hundred years ago. The largest fragment is a great piece of masonry standing high above the other ruins. This was formerly the civil basilica, and served as the law courts, exchange, and assembly hall.

principal objective of the hotly pressed inroads of the Welsh. In 1215 Llewellyn attacked and captured the town and the castle, and in 1232 this energetic prince and soldier repeated his effort on a larger scale, burning Oswestry and Clun and storming Shrewsbury.

Roger de Montgomery, Earl of



Photo by,

INTERIOR OF CHAPTER HOUSE, WENLOCK ABBEY.

[E. Bastard.]

The chapter house attracts much admiration on account of the exceptionally fine arcaded wall tracery, consisting of Norman arches resting on columns, each having a differently designed capital. Three richly decorated round doorways give access to the building from the cloisters.

Shrewsbury, founded the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul in 1083 for Benedictines, just as he founded the Cluniac Priory at Wenlock. The present Abbey Church (officially it is the Parish Church of Holy Cross) has, in the Norman pillars and round arches of the eastern part of the nave, portions of the church of Roger's



Photo by,

WENLOCK ABBEY, MUCH WENLOCK.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.]

In the seventh century Wenlock Abbey was founded as a nunnery by St. Milburga, and in 1080 it was refounded by Roger de Montgomery as a Cluniac priory. The beautiful ivy-clad ruins consist of a large Early English fragment of the church and the chapter house. The prior's lodge, a fifteenth-century building, is still inhabited.



Fig. 135

MADELEY COURT.

This picturesque old gabled residence, now uninhabited, is said to have been built by Sir Robert Brooke, and has a magnificent dining hall, which still contains a fine fireplace, an oak staircase, and some heraldic panels.

(*E. 1 with & c. 111.*)



Photo by]

BEOBRIDGE GRANGE.

[Herbert Feltott.

Although this picturesque old building is now used as a private house, it still retains some of its original features. The photograph shows the malt house and brewery of the monastery, and in the foreground a wonderful olive-tree spreading its shade over a sundial. Beobridge is situated 5 miles away from Bridgnorth.

original abbey. The western part of the nave is later, Perpendicular; and other parts are modern. The church became a sort of museum of monuments. Apparently in the eighteenth century the neighbouring parishes, incommoded by their many monumental relics, chose to regard Shrewsbury Abbey as a convenient rubbish-heap; which it became. A *dos d'âne* slab of the thirteenth century with the figure of an ecclesiastic, with candle, bell, and book at his side, came from St. Giles's Church; a cross-legged knight in the armour of the twelfth century, said to be Sir Walter de Dunstanville, was contributed by Wombridge; two Church dignitaries, their armour worn beneath the ecclesiastical robes, came from St. Alkmund's; and so on; generous, if embarrassing, contributions from all parts of the county. The monument ascribed to Roger de Montgomery itself shows the Earl in armour of a much later period. It is hardly likely in those days that people in 1103 would carve a



Photo by

LUDFORD MILL.

[Herbert Felton.]

Ludford is a suburb of Ludlow on the River Teme about half a mile south of that town. The beautiful old mill shown in the photograph forms an attractive study for the landscape artist.

figure to represent one—great man though he was—who had died over a century before. So the inscription would appear to be incorrect.

St. Chad's fell down in 1788, and about the same time it was decided that the beautiful old St. Alkmund's was unsafe, and that its only salvation lay in being blown up with gunpowder. The reasons that prompted this determination may have been inspired by a pecuniary outlook. The beautiful building was destroyed, and in its place sprang up a quite ordinary building. This was the work of a local firm, and in ten years it had to undergo extensive repairs.

Shrewsbury School was built in the first thirty years of the seventeenth century, the chapel being finished and consecrated in 1617. There is a quotation from Isocrates over the gateway, "If you are fond of learning, you will be very learned," the word "philomathes," fond of learning, written beneath

the carved figure of a schoolboy, and the final "polumathes," very learned, under the figure of an undergraduate. The school has moved across the river, and these old buildings now house books and newspapers for public circulation and reference, and an archaeological museum. The School Charter of Edward VI was in 1552, and in 1561 there were two hundred and sixty-six boys there. This is very extraordinary at a time when most of our great schools of to-day were content with their original quota

of twelve or sixteen scholars. Its career has justified the early aspirations, and Shrewsbury has enjoyed a long line of distinguished heads, amongst whom the present holder of that position ranks very high. Across the river at a place called Kingsland a Foundling Hospital had been built in 1765. Nine years afterwards it was shut up—lack of funds—and later on Dutch prisoners of war were kept there. For eighty years or so it served a useful, if somewhat drab, purpose as a workhouse. Then the Governors of Shrewsbury School bought up the building with 27 acres, and it was converted into school-rooms. There are now something like 80 acres of school grounds. No school in England has a better situation. Such was the dictum of no less an authority than Thring of Uppingham, and he was not far wrong.

Shrewsbury town itself has attractions other than those



Photobry

FEATHERS HOTEL, LUDLOW.

Herbert Felton.

The Feathers Hotel in Corve Street is well-known as being one of the most ornate and perfect unrestored examples of black and white work in the world.

ecclesiastical. There is the old Norman gateway to the castle, probably Roger de Montgomery's gateway. The remains of the castle are twelfth century, and were converted by Telford into a private house for Sir William Pulteney. The Council House is modernised, though there is some fine panelling and a chimneypiece of 1634. The Lord President of the Council of the Marches of Wales lived there, officially, though more generally at Ludlow Castle. One must not forget the shop raised to immortal



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LUDLOW CASTLE.

Ludlow Castle is the ancient seat of the President of the Marches and has witnessed many important incidents connected with the history of the county. It was at Ludlow that the coronation of Edward V took place in 1485, and here Catherine of Aragon died in 1502. Since the time of George II, when the rooms were dismantled and the lead roofs removed, the castle has been allowed to go to ruin.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.]



Photo by]

LUDFORD BRIDGE.

[Herbert Feltm

This picturesque bridge, which is of considerable antiquity, crosses the Teme and connects Ludford with Ludlow. Although the Teme is mainly a river of Wales and Worcestershire, much of its finest scenery is to be found in Shropshire.

rank by Thomas Ingoldsby, Pailin's; it stands at the corner of School Lane, opposite the Gatehouse. We remember the hair-raising "Bloudie Jacke of Shrewsburie":

"She has given him a
bun and a roll.

Bloudie Jacke.

She has given him a
roll and a bun,
And a Shrewsbury
cake, of Pailin's
own make,
Which she happen'd
to take ere her run
She begun—
She'd been used to a
luncheon at one."

The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, in its cataloguing style, records that in 642 Oswald, King of the Northumbrians, "was slain by Penda, the Southumbrian, at Maserfield on the 7th of August." There is a field near the church at Oswestry called Maes-y-llan, which is established as the site of the battle of Maserfield. Here Penda, who had not been converted to the Christian faith, nailed Oswald's body to a cross. Thus has come the name of the town: Croes Oswallt, the Welsh called it, and to-day Oswestry, which is Oswald's Tree. The town is not very old. Domesday has no record of it, the first charter having been granted not earlier than 1190. The young life of the little town was one of ups and downs. It seemed destined to be the unwilling victim of the incendiary. Of course, it was on the border, and no border town in the Middle Ages enjoyed an even tenure of



Photo by

IN OLD LUDLOW.

R. C. de Morgan.

Anciently known as Dinan-Illys-Tywysog, Ludlow stands on an eminence at the junction of the Corve and Teme, 25 miles south of Shrewsbury. Although many of the buildings have perished several quaint old houses still remain to give a picturesque air of antiquity to the streets.

Of course, it was on the border, and no border town in the Middle Ages enjoyed an even tenure of



[Photo by]

[F. Bastard.]

STAIRCASE IN READER'S HOUSE, LUDLOW.

Standing at the east end of the church is a picturesque half-timbered Tudor building known as the Reader's House. It was used during the eighteenth century as a residence for the "reader" or assistant to the rector, but the building was in existence at a much earlier date.

with the incident, not keeping very much to the truth, by the way.

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither Harry Hereford, thy bold
son——"

Charles I had the castle placed in battle trim in the summer of 1643, but next year Parliament troops captured it, and there its history stops; a few stones and a public park, a peaceful ending to a very stormy life.

To revert, for a moment, to the story of Oswald and the battle of Maserfield. There is, near the school, in a recess, St. Oswald's Well, and here is the story of the origin of this well. Oswald was nailed to the cross, and an eagle, swooping down, tore off an arm. Then, as it was soaring to the heavens, the ravished arm of the saintly king in its talons, swift retribution came. The eagle fell dead; and from the spot where it fell a fount of water sprang. The water, they say, is a balm for bad eyes.

Ellesmere—the mere is a fine lake near the town—was granted to Llewellyn, Prince of North Wales, by King John in 1205, with a small castle, of which

existence. King John burnt it in 1216. Forty-seven years later Llewellyn did the same, and in 1400 Owen Glyndwr swept over the border, and left Oswestry a heap of smouldering ashes. So the old church, built on or near the place where Oswald was killed, has gone and has left no traces.

The present parish church belongs to a series of periods from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. Then again it was badly knocked about in the wars of 1642 onwards. In 1651 it is described as having been "demolisht in the late warrs and layd even with the ground." This is hardly the truth, for though a great deal of it was damaged, there is ample evidence that by 1664 the damaged parts had been repaired.

Alan Fitz-Flaad built the castle, of which but a few traces remain. In its day it was of considerable importance, as the headquarters of successive sovereigns for their raids into Wales. Thus Henry II sojourned here in 1165, and forty-five years later, John. Richard II, holding a Parliament at Shrewsbury, adjourned it to Oswestry. Here he ordered Norfolk and Hereford to Coventry, there to finish their quarrel. Shakespeare opens "Richard II"



[Photo by]

[F. Bastard.]

THE CHOIR, LUDLOW CHURCH.

Ludlow is fortunate in possessing one of the noblest parish churches in the country. The exceptionally fine choir has thirty collegiate stalls decorated with carved poppy-heads and having curious figures on the bottoms of the misericord seats. The beautiful east window contains some valuable fifteenth-century glass.



Photo by]

THE OLD MILL, LUDLOW.

[Robert L. Allen.

The manufacture of malt, corn, and paper probably accounts for the number of mills to be found on the Shropshire rivers. The method adopted here for supporting the wall is of a type that is not often seen.



Photo by

STOKESAY CASTLE.

[George Long.]

Antiquarians are generally of the opinion that Stokesay Castle is the oldest existing specimen of a fortified manor house in England. Its exact date is uncertain, but owing to the fact that it was crenellated as far back as 1291 by Laurence de Ludlow, it must be nearly 700 years old. The Elizabethan gatehouse, here shown, has a loopholed oak door ornamented with carvings representing Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

there are now no traces, except the site near the church. The parish church is a large one, and well restored of late years. During the rebuilding of the aisles, some years ago, a curious sepulchral figure was found, apparently a notary, for his pen and inkhorn are hanging from his girdle. He has a book in his hands. Near Ellesmere is Oteley, a modern house, built in 1833, but with one chimney of the old house left standing. It had been badly haunted by a mysterious White Lady, so far as one can gather, not at all a pleasant ghost. So, when the new building replaced the old, one chimney was left standing for the accommodation of the White Lady, in the hope, too, that she would confine herself to the somewhat cramped quarters, and not haunt the new house.

Ellesmere itself is a stretch of water nearly 120 acres in extent. In the early days of the autumn a curious effect is seen—the "Breaking of the Meres," it is called. The Algæ of many



Photo by

THE GREAT HALL AND NORTH TOWER, STOKESAY CASTLE.

W. J. L. Knox.

Although the house has not been inhabited since 1706, its condition is evidence that the present owner has done much for its preservation. The great hall is connected with the north tower by a solid oak staircase which leads into two rooms, one of which contains a number of interesting relics found while draining the moat. The lower room was used as the cellar and contains a well.

kinds rise to the surface of the lake, when the sun is shining on it, causing them to give off oxygen. The result is a curious green scum on the surface of the water.

In Market Drayton, a little market town in the north of the county, the steward of the manor, in his red robes, attended by searchers, sealers, and constables, holds an annual court-leet; warning wrongdoers to leave the town, and announcing surety from arrest to all, save for murder, treason, and outlawry. He opens a fair, and if there be any dispute during that fair a court of "pied-poudre" is held. The word is probably the old French term for a pedlar, "pied-pudreux." Lord Clive, as a youngster, climbed the church tower to the roof, then let himself down till he sat astride a gargoyle, a dangerous feat that terrified the many who were watching him. Blore Heath, close by, was the scene of a fierce fight in 1459, when, in the Wars of the Roses, the Yorkists signally defeated the Lancastrians under John Audley, who himself was killed.

Wellington, quite a small town, has little remarkable about it, unless it is the church, All Saints, which is pathetically ugly, a modern and much restored affair. But the town has some very charming timbered houses, and close by is the glorious Wrekin, the oldest hill in England. Here, from its summit, are glorious views of the greater part of the county, and here, according to Macaulay's fragment, the *Spanish Armada*, was lighted a beacon, one of the string that spread the news throughout the country of the sighting of the Spanish ships.

Ludlow breathes romance and history in the south of Shropshire. It is only a mile or so from the Hereford border, and the River Onny runs round the town. The parish church, one of the finest in the country, is built in that twisted cruciform way that is sometimes seen ; the chancel not being in



Photo by]

[E. Bastard.

INTERIOR OF BANQUETING HALL, STOKESAY CASTLE.

The banqueting hall in the middle of the group of buildings measures 51 feet long and 31 feet wide. The old-fashioned central fireplace can be seen in the bottom right-hand corner of the photograph.

line with the nave. "As Christ upon the Cross His Head inclined." A feature of the chancel is the set of thirty stalls, with their carved poppy-heads and quaint figures in the misericord seats. The castle is extensive, with an admirable example of Norman keep, well preserved. The chapel of the twelfth century must have been very beautiful, judging by the remains. Ludlow Castle has a great history. Hugh de Mortimer was imprisoned here, and Edward V, hapless boy, was here proclaimed king. Prince Arthur, Henry VIII's brother, and first husband of Katherine of Arragon, died at the castle in 1502, seven years before the death of Henry VII. In the Civil Wars the Royalists held the castle for a long time, until the summer of 1646, when it fell. Of picturesque Ludlow itself, one may mention the Feathers Hotel, an ornate and striking timbered house, probably one of the most pictured posting-houses in the country.



R. C. de Morgan

Photo by

DOORWAY OF GREAT HALL, STOKESAY CASTLE.

These great halls were originally used by the family for all domestic purposes, but later, partitions were added and the chambers or "solars" thus formed were occupied as retiring-rooms. The photograph gives a closer view of the massive doorway seen on the right of the staircase in the illustration on the opposite page.



Photo by

SHEEP IN A VALLEY NEAR CARDINGTON.

Miss E. Warren.

This photograph shows a pretty valley in the hills between Cardington and Church Stretton. Shropshire is famous the world over for its fine breed of sheep and the hills in this neighbourhood form the grazing-ground for many large flocks.



Photo by

ELLESMERE CANAL : TUNNEL.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

The Chester and Ellesmere Canal, which was designed by Telford, enters the county near Whitchurch, passes Ellesmere and St. Martins, and joins the Montgomeryshire Canal at Llanymynech. Another branch goes to the Mersey at Ellesmere Port.



Photo.

W. Lawrence.

SLIGO FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

The capital of the county and a small seaport, Sligo is picturesquely situated in the plain of the River Garroogue, which is surrounded on three sides by lofty mountains.

COUNTY SLIGO

ONE of the five counties of the province of Connaught, Sligo has an extent of seven hundred square miles, with a good length of coast facing, for the most part, north, and deeply indented by Sligo Bay, that subdivides itself into Drumelin Bay on the north, Ballysadare Bay on the south, and between the two, leading to Sligo itself, and the passage that leads to the lovely Lough Gill, is Brown Bay, with Coney Island at its mouth. Farther down the coast is Killala Bay, and the boundary of Sligo with County Mayo. On the north the coastline runs up to Roskeeragh Point, and meets the short littoral of County Leitrim at the mouth of a little river called the Duff. All down this Leitrim side there are mountains, not very big ones, though Truskmore, just above the mountain Lough of Glencar, is over two thousand feet. Lough Gill is practically sea-level, but south of it the hills rise again to Carrow and Cashel in the Bralieve Mountains, the fountain-head of the Arigna and many other streams. Passing over to the west of the county there are the Ox



Photo.

W. Lawrence.

INTERIOR, FRIARY CHAPEL, SLIGO.

The most impressive object in the Friary Chapel is the beautiful east window, which gives a distinctive character to the building. The loftiness of the centre light shows up to advantage the much admired hammer-beam roof.

Mountains, a medium-sized range—Knockalongy is 1,778 feet with Lough Easky lying high in the middle, whence flows the Easky River to the sea. The other group of hills in this part of the county is called Slieve Gamph, stretching over into County Mayo.

County Sligo is well wooded in parts, and has many rivers and lakes. Lough Gill, close to the town of Sligo, is easily the most beautiful, and comparable to Killarney. The approach from Sligo up the river is wooded, and smooth lawns slope down to the water's edge. The Hazelwood estate is certainly one of the most beautiful in Ireland. The timber is very fine, and its beauty repays the great and careful efforts that have in the last fifty or sixty years been expended on the afforestation. The arbutus and the yew particularly, among the imported trees, have done well. There is a well on the shores of the lake, Tober N'alt it is called, and it is very holy. Pilgrims come there, and round the little altar leave their offerings. Lough Gill is, as has been mentioned, at sea-level, and the mountains rise high round it. Slieve Deane and Slish Mountain are precipitous, and their dark rocks form a marked contrast to



the green of the trees and the grass on the shores and slopes. The islands of the lake, on one of which there is the inevitable ruin that seems to inhabit an island in every lake in Ireland, are a popular haunt for those who would picnic from the town of Sligo. There are a cairn and one or two old remains of cashels, but these are not very attractive. On the north side of the lake, however, there is quite an interesting stone, a great monument called Leacht-Con-Mic-Ruis, the Stone of Con the son of Rush. Perhaps from the unique specimens of Trilobites, the only ones in Ireland, this monument is called the "Irish Stonehenge." From diggings in the neighbourhood revealing the presence of bones, it is assumed that the *Leacht* was a sepulchre.

Sligo, the county town, a place of fair population, for the towns in Ireland are all, with the obvious exceptions, small, is quite an important seaport. Its surroundings are lovely, the beautifully wooded plain rising till it meets the mountains that encircle it. The river is called the Garroogue, emptying the waters of Lough Gill, but the Irish name for it is *Sligech*, the river of shells, whence the town derives its name.

Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, had a castle at Sligo half-way through the thirteenth century,



Photo by]

THE NAVE, SLIGO CATHEDRAL.

W. Lawrence.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral was completed in 1874 in the Romanesque style, and is modelled on a church in Rome. Among its most beautiful features are the fifty-eight windows of rich stained glass, designed by Lobin, of Tours.



Photo by

DOORWAY, SLIGO CATHEDRAL.

[W. Lawrence.

This richly ornamented doorway, with its exquisite carving and statuary, is typical of the many decorative effects in the lavish design of this magnificent building.

and founded a monastery, and the castle saw plenty of the rough fighting that was continuous in the days of the frequent squabbles between the O'Conors and the O'Donnells. Later we hear of it when Sir Charles Coote, the Parliamentary General, captured it, and when Malachy O'Kelly, the tough, fighting Archbishop of Tuam, was killed. A bit later, declaring for James II, the Enniskilleners captured it; Sarsfield took it from them, and ultimately Granard took it.

Sligo Abbey, Maurice Fitzgerald's foundation of 1252, was of the Dominican order, and is one of the finest ruins in Ireland. Of the cloisters three sides remain, and the tower, springing from the cross of the nave and chancel. In its early history it was burnt in 1414, but in the new building some portions of the old abbey can be found. The Early Pointed windows that light the choir are very



Photocopy

SLIGO ABBEY.

W. Lawrence.

Sligo Abbey was founded in 1252 by Lord Justice Maurice Fitzgerald, for the Dominican Order. A fire in 1414 badly damaged the structure, but it was rebuilt two years later and the ruins of the nave and choir that exist to-day show traces of both the buildings.

beautiful, without mullions, and the east window has four lights and the mullions are very slender. There are many monuments in the church. O'Connor Sligo, on the south wall, kneels with his wife; this is dated 1623. There is a slab to MacCathene, and the O'Creans have an altar-tomb of 1616. This last is very handsome.

There is in the town a Roman Catholic cathedral. This is modern, but none the worse for that, for some remarkably good work has been put into it. The stained glass is certainly worth seeing, the high altar is striking and richly decorated, and the carillon in the tower rings joyously to the ear. So, too, in different tones, does the great organ. Taken all round, architects and builders and decorators, organ-makers and *carillonneurs* have produced a *tout ensemble* in the article ecclesiastic to which quite justifiable praise may be given.

The little island of Inishmurray, 4 or 5 miles from Streedagh Point, depends for the livelihood of its small population on what little the barren soil can produce—potatoes and a few oats; fishing, the main industry; and, though this has now been pretty effectively checked, the illicit manufacture of potheen. The name would indicate that it was the island of Muiredach of Killala farther down the coast, though the sixth-century St. Molaise has always been intimately associated with it. Two hundred acres in all, with a population of under a hundred, and practically no authenticated history beyond what little is mentioned about it in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, Inishmurray is, nevertheless, a very museum of antiquities. The Cashel is as fine as any in Ireland, its walls as much as 15 feet thick, and varying between 7 and 10 feet in height. Within these walls, which were preserved and restored, not entirely discreetly, by the Irish Board of Works forty-five years ago, are four chambers



Photo by

IN GLENCAR.

W. Lawrence.

One of the most romantic beauty spots within reach of Sligo is at Glencar, 8 miles north of the town. Here the road passes by a beautiful sheet of water extending for 2 miles along the base of a range of thickly wooded hills.

and some passages, three cells—*Toorybrenell*, a Place of Prayer, *Trahaun-a-Chorroes*, and the sweat-house, *Teach-an-Alais*. *Teach-Molaise* is a chapel, and there are two others, *Teach-na-Teinidh* and *Teampull-na-Bíear*. In *Teach-Molaise*, an old oak figure, ecclesiastically clothed, may be that of the island's patron, St. Molaise, though it has been held by some to be the figurehead of a wrecked ship of the Spanish Armada. There is not very much foundation for the former, nor evidence to support the latter view. The women were buried in one cemetery and the men in another, and the islanders were fearful lest a woman should be buried in the men's cemetery, for in such a case the body would be lifted in the night and transferred to its rightful resting-place; and in the case of a man, vice versa. There are, too, three altars, whose principal use was for cursing, a custom not neglected even in modern times. There are pillar stones, where prospective mothers prayed for a happy issue. On a slab, on St. Molaise's altar,



(W. Lawrence)

[Photo by]

GLENCAR WATERFALL.

At the east end of Glencar, or "the glen of the pillarstone," there is a picturesque waterfall of three cascades, the lowest of which takes an unbroken leap of nearly 50 feet.

is an inscription with Latin and Gaelic mixed. It reads : " Or do Muredach hu Chomocain hic dormit " —Pray for Muredach, grandson of Chomocain, who sleeps here.

At Mullaghmore, beneath the promontory of that name, Lord Palmerston in 1842 built a harbour. Here he planted *Ammophila arundinacea* largely, with the far-seeing view of reclaiming the land from drifting sand. A similar experiment, also justified by results, was made some miles away a little later in the neighbourhood of Raghly by Sir Robert Gore Booth. In this case he planted bent grass. This coast was the scene of the wreck of three Armada ships. Writing at the time, Sir Geoffrey Fenton stated that no fewer than eleven hundred bodies were washed ashore. It would be from one of these wrecks that the celebrated Captain de Cuellar escaped, to take refuge in the little castle of Rossclougher on the



Printed by

LOUGH GILL.

W. Lawrence.

So beautiful and varied is the scenery of Lough Gill that the lake is generally considered to rival Killarney, though on a smaller scale. The greater part of the shore of the lake is occupied by the lovely Hazelwood demesne and the neighbouring Percy Mount and Holywell estates.

island in Lough Melvin. The incident has been described in BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL when dealing with County Leitrim.

Near Drumcliff, or, as the Irish have it, *Druimchliabh*, the ridge of baskets, a place of crosses and the remains of a Round Tower, is Cooldrumman. There were stirring days here in 561. St. Finnian of Mouille claimed the copy of a Latin Psalter of St. Columba's. King Dermot of Meath delivered judgement that as to every cow belongs its calf, so to every book belongs its copy. The judgement did not satisfy St. Columba; there was a great and fierce battle, the men of Meath were signally defeated, and their dead numbered three thousand men. Then St. Columba, on the advice of good St. Molaise, the friend of St. Patrick, journeyed as a missionary of the Faith to Scotland, and founded Iona.

In the west of County Sligo there is plenty of pretty scenery, both inland and on the coast. The Easky River, running out of the little lake of that name, is a broad stream, tumbling a noisy way among granite boulders. The hills, too, are picturesque in their rugged contours, and all along the coast the cliffs are magnificent. Aughris Head, a promontory on the west of Sligo Bay, has the ruins of an old castle, not a very great affair, Ardnaglass, the home of the McSweenys; and the neighbouring village of Skreen used to boast of seven churches.

Ballinafad is down in the south, on the shores of Lough Arrow, with an old castle of three towers and walls. Nearby are the Keish Hills, of which Keishcorran, the highest, a little under 1,200 feet, possesses fine caves. A careful exploration of these some years ago revealed valuable zoological remains:



Photo by]

THE GLEN, STRANDHILL.

[W. L. de Rose

To the west of Sligo there is a broad promontory, dividing Sligo and Ballysadare Bays, that is almost completely taken up by a remarkable limestone hill 1,078 feet high. The photograph shows a romantic glen near Strandhill, a small village at the foot of Knocknarea, a mountain 1,078 feet in height.

and the human note was struck by the harper Corran, who was presented with this district as a reward for his music by Tuatha de Danann.

From Corran and his music we turn to the more vigorous history of Ballymote, now a village, but at one time of some importance and renown. Here was Richard de Burgo's castle, built in 1300, a powerful stronghold. In its later days the Irish held it, but Ireton and Sir Charles Coote captured it in 1652. It certainly was a powerful fortress, covering a considerable area, with towers at the angles for extra defensive strength. The Franciscan monastery is in ruins, and there the friars wrote one of the great works in Irish literature, the *Book of Ballymote*. O'Curry describes it as having been written by several people, but chiefly Solomon O'Droma and Manus O'Duigenan. The *Book of Ballymote* covers

a large range of subjects, chronological and historical, with genealogies and pedigrees of Irish saints. The history of Ireland, drifting back through the years, fades imperceptibly from the clear-cut lines of history into those opaque mists which romance has tinted with glowing colours. Celtic imagination and a national, and natural, pride in ancient lineage have made the most extravagant claims on our powers of belief. Isaiah, we remember, rebuked the Tyrians, boasting of the antiquity of their people, crying, "Pass ye over to Tarshish; howl, ye inhabitants of the isle." In the *Annals of the Four Masters* the most naive story is revealed of the first peopling of Ireland. Forty days before the Flood, a granddaughter of Noah—Cæsar was her name—arrived in Ireland with a retinue of three men and fifty girls. As for Sligo, one Parthalon, a Scythian, colonised it, coming from Greece in 2520 B.C.; the Flood was 278 years before. Then came a seafaring folk, the Fomorians, but in a great battle they were wiped out to a man, and the people of Parthalon the Scythian did not long survive them,



Photo by

THE RAPIDS, BALLY SADARE.

(W. Lawrence.

The little town of Ballysadare stands at the head of a bay of its own name and has important salmon fisheries. The River Unshin or Ballysadare enters the bay here, falling over a series of rocky ledges, which have necessitated the construction of ladders to aid the salmon in their annual migration upstream.

for they, too, in their turn were destroyed utterly by plague. Then there is pleasant history of more Scythians and more Fomorians, the latter taking kindly to the sea and piracy.

Lake-dwellers, of course, were many, for there were many lakes, marshy, shallow ones, where fish for the pot were plentiful, and there was safety from the wild beasts of the mountains and forests. Wolves were there in abundance, as Major Wood-Martin describes them:

"Cruel as death, hungry as the grave,
Burning for blood, bony and gaunt and grim."

The wild boars gave the tribal chieftains good hunting. Do we not remember the great boar hunt that led to the death of Dermot and the fair Grainné? Wolves and the wild boar were known in comparatively modern times, with the Big Horn deer, now extinct, while the Irish red deer, very numerous in the Sligo mountains, were becoming rare by the beginning of the eighteenth century, and now have entirely disappeared.



MARKREE CASTLE.

This stately mansion, which is the ancient seat of the Coopers, is situated 1 mile south-east of Collooney. The surrounding estate is of remarkable beauty, containing as it does long stretches of thickly wooded country and many lovely glades watered by tributaries of the Unshin River.

[W. L. L. L.]



Photo by]

WAR MEMORIAL, TAUNTON.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Taunton is the county town of Somerset, and a place of great historical importance. In 710 King Ina of Wessex erected a castle here; 1497 saw the surrender of Perkin Warbeck to the Royalists; and in 1685 "the whole diocese was a place of death," under the notorious Jeffreys' jurisdiction. The photograph shows the handsome war memorial of those who fell in the Great War.

SOMERSETSHIRE

THOUGH not a county of strong contrasts, for the heights and the lowlands merge gradually, Somerset has a great variety of scenery. In the extremes there are moors, the rolling hog's back of Mendip, with the grandeur of Cheddar Gorge, in the north and east, and far in the west the high plateau of Exmoor. A lesser range of hills is the Quantocks, beautifully wooded, graciously coloured; looking over the Bristol Channel the distant Welsh mountains; and northward across the sweep of Bridgwater Bay. Beyond the Quantocks, running down to Devon, the country, too, is hilly and wooded, cut by the winding valley of the Tone, while on its farther side the hills rise to reach the



Photo by

TAUNTON CASTLE.

Taunton Castle was built in the reign of Henry I on the site of an eighth-century structure founded by King Ina. In 1645 it was gallantly defended by Blake against the Royalist army. The existing buildings, which include the outer gateway, keep, and drum tower, house the museum of the Somerset Archaeological Society.

splendid ridge of Blackdown, beyond which—though here we are in Devon—is the Honiton Valley. Here are rolling heather- and gorse-clad downs, wooded valleys of grey beech-trees, winding, hilly lanes, with the pink and white wild-roses, and the elm-trees—great, rounded elms, in long avenues, or spread in wide clusters in the fields, with the rooks for ever crying and calling, as they sweep round and round the leafy topmost branches. Sometimes one thinks that Somerset has gathered into its green country all the rooks and all the elms that be.

Then, for the county is not all hilly, there are the low-lying parts, the rich, flat, marshy fields of pasture land in the valley of the Parrett, where it winds a muddy way from Bridgwater to the sea at Stert. Here, in the summer, hangs the soft, moist haze, and the droning sounds of placid life are from the bees, undismayed in their industrious vocation by the sleepy red-brown cattle and the gentle grazing sheep. Even the "cock's shrill clarion," crying the hour, so that the farmer's wife, busy in the dairy,

may not trouble to look at the clock, cannot disturb that deep peace which rests over this land. Here are the old manor houses, now, as they have always been, farmhouses, picturesque in their grey timbers and big red-brick chimneys that architects of the spacious days loved, and knew, cunningly, how to build ; and the fields that showed all their pride of rich, red loam are now freshly green with the growing corn. Then there are the apple orchards, their fruit formed and " putting on weight," Blenheim oranges and russets for the table, great fat crimson " tom-putts"—surely they were created to be made into dumplings—and the brilliant hectic cider apples ; and in the cool, clean dairies, in the big flat pans is the clotted cream. All this is in the low-lying pasture lands, the Pawlett Hams, the valley of the Parrett, where the road winds and winds round Chilton Trinity, and the undulating Vale of Taunton Dean.



Photo by

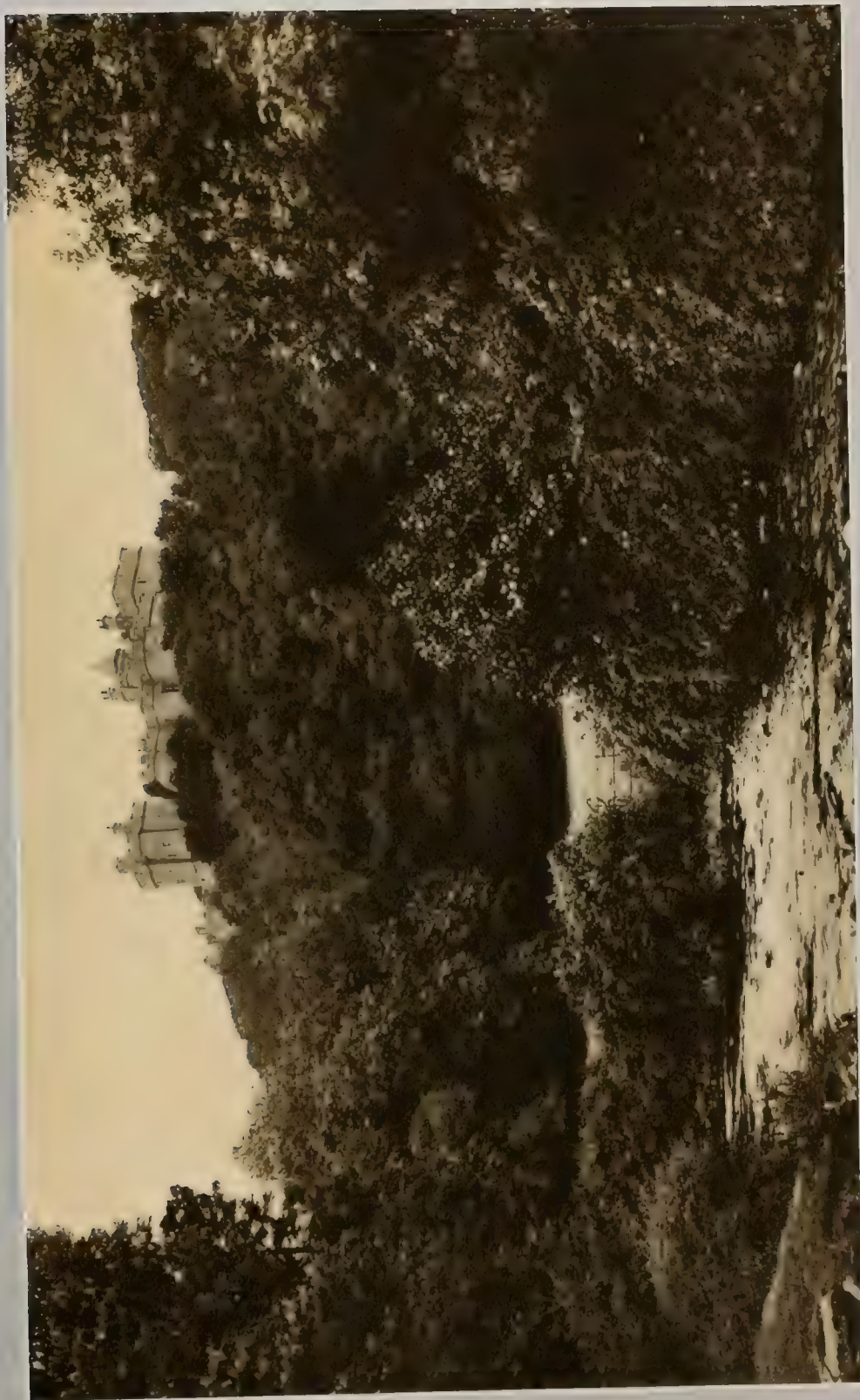
JURY AND WITNESS ROOM, TAUNTON CASTLE.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

The Great Hall, built in 1577, was the scene of Judge Jeffreys' infamous Bloody Assizes, which took place after the Battle of Sedgemoor. Besides this old building, there are a number of relics connected with this period of English history to be found in the museum.

Sedgemoor is a place to itself—low-lying parts of it below springtide level, a great marsh, drained by " rhines," that run through sluices into the high-banked Parrett or the King's Sedgemoor Drain, which is the " navigation"—though few boats navigate it—of the River Cary. Sedgemoor is not a good pasture-ground, as so much of it is from time to time cut for peat, and in the winter time and early spring liable to lengthy floods. When—it is worth mentioning *en passant*—a great thunderstorm broke over Somerset in July of 1917, and the loss of grass—it was harvest time—was tremendous, the water was out on the moor, and could find no outlet, owing to the spring tides, through the sluices. So for more than a fortnight, though the storm was over, the water remained out.

Dotted about the moor are islands—Athelney and Middlezoy, Weston Zoyland and Chedzoy ; between these last was fought the Battle of Sedgemoor on the evening of July 5, 1685, the last battle to be fought in England.



L. P. 111

DUNSTER CASTLE FROM THE VILLAGE.

This wonderful old building is the only castle in the county that is still intact. It was founded in the Norman period by William de Mohun, and there are still some parts of the edifice dating from as early as the thirteenth century. During the Civil War the fortress successfully withstood a siege of 160 days against the Parliamentarians, and was the last place to hold out for the king.

G. W. K. 111



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PORLOCK WEIR.

[H. J. Smith.

Nestling as it does in a cosy harbour at the foot of the gorse-covered hills of Exmoor, Porlock is one of the most charming beauty spots on the coast. Porlock Weir, a small harbour $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the west, is well-known to stag-hunters.



Phot. by

THE YARN MARKET, DUNSTER.

A. H. Goodhall.

The picturesque village of Dunster was anciently renowned for its cloth market, and "Dunsters" were much in demand with the dealers. The mediæval market building was repaired in 1647 by the grandson of the builder, George Luttrell.

The Duke of Monmouth had landed at Lyme Regis, and marching by Chard and Ilminster had himself proclaimed king at Bridgwater and Taunton. He stayed at the old Bridgwater Castle, now long since gone, and marched through the county to Wells and Shepton Mallet. Bristol was, however, defended, and Bath rejected him. Frome received him, but offered no further help. He returned, through the marshy country, now sodden with rain, to Bridgwater to meet Feversham, commanding the King's troops, with 4,000 men, spread between Weston Zoyland, Middlezoy, and Chedzoy. Monmouth imagined that his enemy were disordered (did not the Jacobites think the night before Culloden that Cumberland's army would be disordered?), and with his 6,000 badly armed, undisciplined army, marched to the attack. The result of the fight is well known, and ended with the Bloody Assize of Judge



Photo by,

J. P. Frith & Co., Ltd.

HORNER VALLEY.

The neighbourhood of Porlock excels in delightful scenery, and the valley of the Horner Water, a little to the south, is a region of great natural beauty.

Jeffreys. King James's instructions to Jeffreys were clear and explicit. *Vae victis!* No mercy, no clemency was to be shown to the rebels, and Jeffreys carried out his Royal Master's instructions. Gentle and simple, these misguided people were hanged or sent to the Indies.

Somerset has, like all counties, undergone many changes in its people. Passing from the vague days of the Old and, later, the New Stone Ages to the realms of history, the Iberians appear to have been the first adventurers into the wild hills and broad stretches of swampy lowlands. Here we meet an intelligent race, knowledgable in the mysteries of weaving and spinning, cultivating their flocks, skilled in the arts of simple pottery, paddling the rivers and lakes in their dug out canoes, later to be replaced by coracles, but not versed in the use of metal. We may picture them as small, swarthy folk, similar to the dark-haired Welsh. Sweeping down on them from the east came the

Goidels, big-limbed, fair men, more educated in the crafts, workers in metal. On top of the Goidels came the Brythons, driving the conquered Goidels into the hills in the west. Their arrival was probably some time in the fourth century B.C. Later came yet another Celtic race, Gauls from Wallony; Belgæ, they were called.

When the Romans arrived at the beginning of the first century A.D., Somerset was occupied in



Photo by

J. Eastard

GATEHOUSE, CLEEVE ABBEY.

The interesting ruins at Washford are all that remain of a Cistercian monastery founded in 1188. The gatehouse here shown is said to have been used as a guest-house and porter's lodge, and bears a Latin inscription over the entrance stating that "This gate shall ever open be to all who enter honestly."

the east by these newcomers, the Gauls or Belgæ, and in the west, safely lodged in the hills, the earlier races, Brythons, Goidels, and what was left of the old Iberian stock, by this time intermingled. In due time the Romans departed, and their civilisation was quickly forgotten by the temporarily Romanised Celts. These were the tribe known as the Seomere-sætan, those who dwelt in the great sea lake that covered what we now call Sedgemoor and the great flat tract of the Brue Level. These people perhaps gave their name to the present county. An alternative origin is the Saxon tribe of Somersætas; the latter is more probable. Ceawlin, the first Saxon invader, is not likely to have left many of the Celts of the eastern part of the county alive to tell the tale of their misery. But their condition under the Christians Kentwine and Kenwelh may not have been

quite so bad. Somerton was the first capital of the conquered territory, but King Ina, carrying his conquests further west, established Taunton as a fortress. The Celtic inhabitants were thus compelled to retire to the hills of Exmoor and to Devon and Cornwall. Ina died in 726, and we must wait for a hundred and fifty years for the greatest time in the early history of the county. The Danes had overrun the country, and Alfred had retired from Wedmore across the marshes to

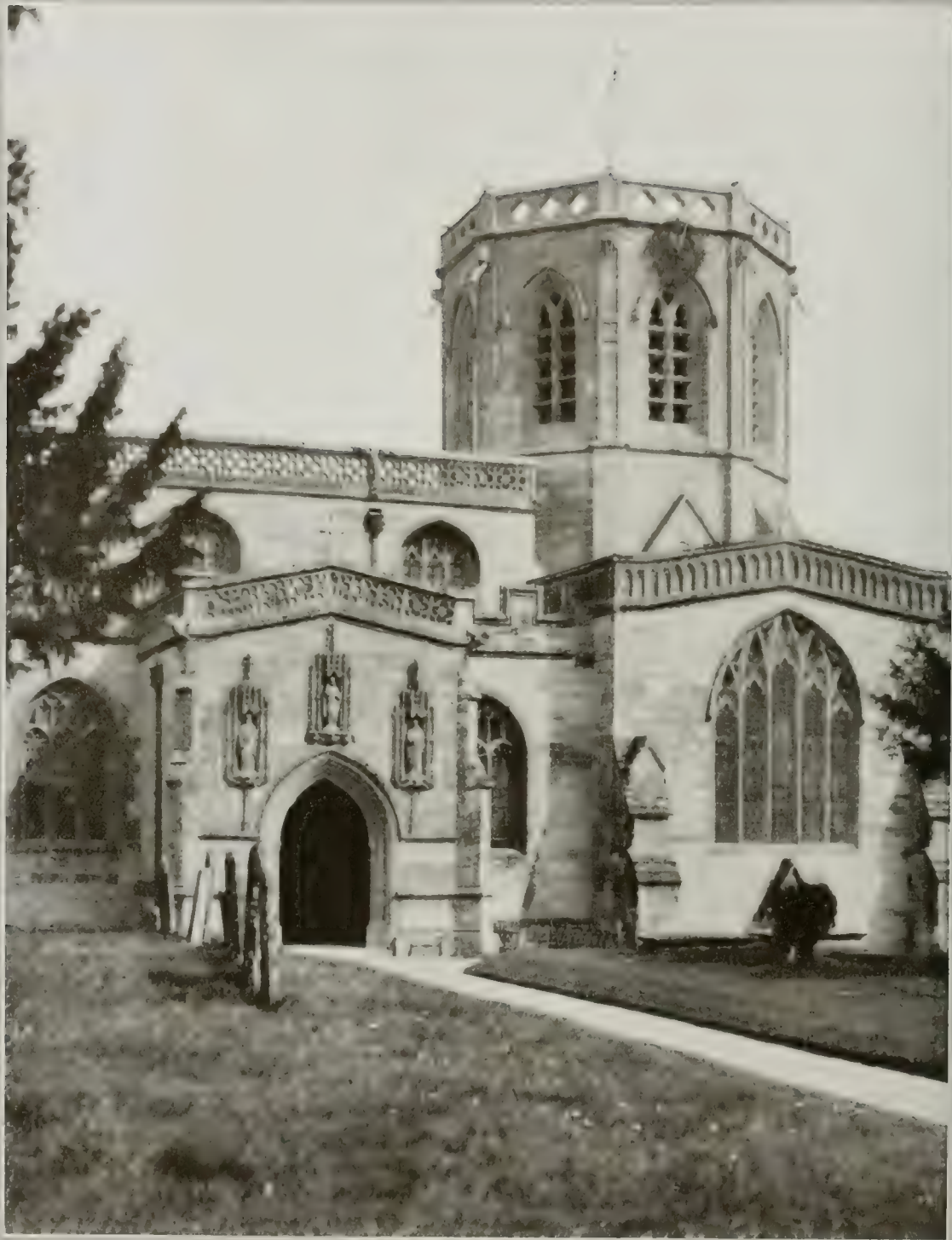


Photo. by

AT SELWORTHY.

Selworthy enjoys the enviable reputation of being one of the most charmingly situated villages in Somerset. It stands near the coast 4 miles west of Minehead, and contains some of the most beautiful cottages in the West of England.

L. O. Hoffe.



Pl. 16 13

CHURCH TOWER, NORTH CURRY.

A. H. Lindner.

Curry is a large picturesque village situated 2 miles south-east of Durston. The imposing church belongs mainly to the Perpendicular Period, but there are traces of much earlier work. The photograph shows the fine octagonal central tower.

Athelney. That he lay hidden, a wretched hunted fugitive, is merely a story matured by time. Alfred, the most far seeing man of his age, and one of the greatest of Englishmen, was marking time, waiting for the hour to strike.

After shutting himself up in Athelney, where he "wrought a fortress, and from that work moved on the army, with that portion of the men of Somerset that was nearest," Alfred sallied forth, and joining with his own men the men of Wiltshire and Hampshire at Brixton Deveril, then called *Ecgbryhtes Stane*, signally defeated Guthrum at Ethandune. The Danish leader then received the Christian faith and was baptised at Aller, near Langport. The treaty was made at Wedmore. The point always raised is, Where was this Ethandune? There is an Edington in the Brue Level,



Photo by.

MINEHEAD FROM THE HARBOUR WALL.

F. G. G. G.

A one-time important seaport, Minehead has of late developed into a watering-place of considerable pretensions. The town may be said to stand at the gate of Exmoor and is surrounded by some fine hill scenery.

a tiny place, and a small junction on the Somerset and Dorset Railway. This being near Wedmore on one side and about 10 miles north of Aller on the other, may be the Ethandune of Alfred's great fight. The suggestion is plausible, as Guthrum, from his base at Chippenham, may have marched his forces to Wells, and so down on to the low-lying country to meet Alfred, who was, as everybody knows, marking time at Athelney. Following up this theory, Guthrum would be attacked in the rear by Alfred, who, as we have seen, had marched with a considerable force from Brixton Deveril, making only one night halt. A march of more than 30 miles in two stages, with a large body of men over rough country, is not very probable. One is inclined to reject the Edington theory, and let Wiltshire have the honour of Alfred's great victory, identifying Ethandune with the Heddington near Melksham, or an Edington near Westbury.



Photo by

Dr. C. Hose, F.R.G.S.

A COUNTRY COTTAGE NEAR MINEHEAD.

In the central districts may still be seen the typical old-fashioned cottages of Somerset, which, with their thatched roofs and whitewashed walls, are such a picturesque asset to the county.

gloves and cheese, and at Bath itself there are considerable iron foundries, unexpected in a city apparently given over to things ecclesiastical and the curative entertainment of rheumatism-inclined visitors. The 25,000 acres of apple orchards produce 10,000,000 gallons of cider a year, of an average quality unequalled in the country.

Taunton, the county town, is content to rub along a peaceful way without anything in the way of industries. It is a very English example of the county town. The church, St. Mary Magdalene, has a splendid tower. This is new, but an exact reproduction of the old one, taken down fifty years ago. St. Mary's was built at the beginning of the sixteenth century by Bray, the architect to King Henry VIII, and is dignified rather than

Somerset is in no way a county of manufacturing centres. There is no town, eliminating that part of Bristol within the borders, that can be described as a manufacturing town as the term would be used in relation to Oldham or Bolton or other North Country place. Agriculture is, naturally, the staple industry, and is a very flourishing industry at that. At the same time, there is a great deal of scattered industry in the county, of a varied nature. It is this varied nature that justifies a catalogue of their scope. Minerals and coal have been mined from early times, especially the former, when the Romans in the middle of the first century took over and worked the lead-mines on Mendip. There were lead and zinc. The Romans probably extracted silver from the lead ore, and at a much later date Somerset silver was used at the Royal mints. In the Brendon Hills inland from Watchet, there are iron-mines, whose active existence, at one time profitable, has of late years been somewhat fitful. A few miles of railway connected them with the small port of Watchet. Coal has, of course, been mined for many years in North Somerset—Radstock and Frome up to Bristol, and at Nailsea. Copper, manganese, and strontium, a rarity used in the extraction of sugar from molasses, have all been mined. The Mendip Hills have great quarries from which Bath-stone is quarried. Bridgwater produces, in which it has the monopoly, what is known as Bath-brick for scrubbing purposes, bricks and chimney-pots and tiles; Wellington, in the west of the county, has a great woollen industry; Yeovil has important engineering works, and makes



Photo by

ALLERFORD, NEAR MINEHEAD.

(E. Eastard.)

Allerford is a small hamlet near Selworthy, at the foot of Bossington Beacon. Its mediæval, two-arched packhorse bridge is shown in the photograph.



[F. Firth & Co., Ltd.]

Photo by]

A GLEN IN THE QUANTOCKS.

The Quantocks, overlooking Bridgwater Bay, are a beautiful range of gorse- and heather-clad hills, with deep woody glens of beeches and sparkling streams, of which the one illustrated here is a charming example.

*Photo by***TIDAL BORE ON RIVER PARRETT, BRIDGWATER.***[J. Stacombe & Son.*

Bridgwater owes to the Parrett its position as the most important seaport in Somerset. This large river rises near South Perrott and has a northerly course past Langport and Sedgemoor to Bridgwater, where it widens out and flows into the sea. The spring tides cause a bore several feet high to ascend the river for a considerable distance, changing it in a moment from an insignificant stream to a broad waterway.

beautiful. The interior, unusual in that it possesses four aisles, is spacious, the oak roof of the nave admirable, and the proportions all that one can wish. The south porch is an outstanding feature and is exceptionally fine. For the rest, one admires but does not become unduly enthusiastic. The castle, a quiet, unostentatious building, buried behind an hotel, is now mainly devoted to the housing of the county's archæological treasures. Its restoration was thorough and well-meaning, if rather unfortunate in its results. However, whatever one may say about its personal appearance, Taunton Castle has had a stirring past. King Ina originally founded it at the beginning of the eighth century, and the stone fortress was built on the site by the Bishop of Winchester of Henry I's time. In 1497 Perkin Warbeck, declaring himself to be the Richard Duke of York who was supposed to have been murdered in the Tower of London, in a mad attempt to gain the throne seized Taunton and its castle, but surrendered to the King, Henry VII, who appeared in person leading his own forces. Later, Blake gallantly held the town against the Royalists, who failed to capture it.

Taunton, the town as we see it to-day, is a pleasant enough place. The market is a busy one. At the barracks, approached through a very handsome gateway, is the depot of the "Thirteenth," the Somerset Light Infantry, to the memory of many of whose dead there are memorials in a corner of St. Mary's Church. Through the Park flows a charming stream, and in the Vivary meadows close by, beyond which is the beautiful old church of Wilton, the rooks circle round the tall elm-trees. The River Tone, starting its life on the Brendon Hills, flows quietly and unostentatiously through the town on its way to join the greater Parrett at Athelney.

Taunton's industries are purely domestic, producing what is needed in the town, and of the population, some 24,000 souls, a considerable part is employed, directly or indirectly, on the railway. Taunton is the centre of Somerset's railway system, at any rate so far as the west is concerned. Here the lines converge from Exeter, Barnstaple, Minehead and Williton, Bristol, Frome, Yeovil, and

Chard; a glance at the map will show more clearly this very important concentration. It is only fair to add that Taunton is a considerable educational centre. The secondary schools for girls and boys are of an ancient foundation, and there are three public schools outside the town.

Wellington, 7 miles from the county town, on the way to Exeter, owes its fame and prosperity to war. In the first place the Iron Duke took his title from this little town, though he had no family ties to it. His memorial, a lofty obelisk, stands on one of the Blackdown hills a mile or two away. Secondly, the mills there have produced woollens used largely for clothing troops, and are best known to soldiers as the home of puttees. For the rest it is quite a small place of no particular interest.

The western corner of the county is the high tableland of Exmoor, the smaller portion of which is in the next county, Devon. Technically a forest, it has few trees, and efforts to cultivate it, as with its greater neighbour, Dartmoor, have not met with much success. The hills are lofty, but, barring Dunkery Beacon, none stands out. In this respect it has not the striking personality that Dartmoor has gained from the towering, granite topped tors. Again, since the comparison between these two great features of the West Country is obvious, Dartmoor has very little animal or bird life. The red deer, found abundantly on Exmoor, do not exist on Dartmoor. They are hunted, of course, by the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds, and they are also hunted on the smaller but very attractive range, the Quantock Hills. Climbing over the moor you drop down into a wooded valley, and thence to the sea. Here is the old-time port of Porlock, prettiest of West Country villages, sung by the poets and pictured by artists innumerable. The village forefathers could have told stirring tales of the only too frequent raids of the Danes. To the outsider it is famous for the hill that climbs the moor to the road to Lynton, a zigzag that has caused much heartburning to the aspiring, if worried, motorist of twenty years ago.

Minchhead, partly on the sea level and partly scrambling over the woody hill, is a popular resort.



Photo 1A]

STOGURSEY CHURCH.

J. S. S. M. & SONS.

The old village of Stogursey, 9 miles north-west of Bridgwater, was once known as Stoke Courcy after the Norman family of De Courcy. Its interesting fifteenth-century church contains some fine Norman arches and a beautiful west window representing the works of the Creation. The photograph gives a good idea of its great size, and shows the disproportionate appearance of the spire surmounting the central tower.

where the railway from Taunton ends, with a full equipment in the way of hotels, promenade, and pier. Shipping, the former stand-by of the little town, has retired in favour of attending to the wants of the holiday-maker. At Dunster the two best-known features are the Yarn Market and the Castle. The former, frequently sketched and photographed, is a very old institution, from the time when "Dunsters" were well known to every dealer in cloth. The latter, originally a stronghold of William

de Mohun, came into the possession of the Luttrells in 1376. The widow of the last of the de Mohuns, or Moions, sold it to a niece of the Black Prince, Lady Luttrell. With this family it has remained ever since. Under de Mohun it withstood the attacks of King Stephen; and Blake had to lay siege to it for a hundred and sixty days in 1646 before he could take it. It is good to learn that Colonel Wyndham's plucky garrison marched out with the honours of war. This was the end of the Royalist resistance in Somerset, and the dismantling of the castle was ordered by Parliament; not, fortunately, carried out. To-day, the castle has been tremendously changed into as fine a country seat as can be found in the West.

Williton, a village whose modern importance in this part of the county is due to its being the centre



Photo by]

LOOKING DOWN ON CHEDDAR GORGE.

[A. G. Willis.

Geologists have advanced the opinion that this remarkable gorge is all that remains of a collapsed tunnel, through which some primeval river once flowed. This photograph was taken from the pine woods and shows the cliffs rising sheer from the winding white roadway at the foot.

of a Rural District Council, justifies a word or two on the grounds of personality. A former Lord of the Manor was one Reginald Fitzurse, who with Brito and Moreville, also Somerset men, and Hugh of Horsea, the Evil Deacon, killed Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral on December 29, 1170. Fitzurse, it will be remembered, struck the first blow, wounding the Archbishop in the face. Fitzurse left the country, and the family changed their name, anglicising it to Barham, but keeping the "three bears sable muzzled" on their escutcheon.



Thompson, Joel.

INTERIOR, BATH ABBEY.

Originally a Norman structure, Bath Abbey was rebuilt in the sixteenth century, dismantled in the reign of Henry VIII, restored by James I, and finally completed to the original design during the nineteenth century. Traces of the Norman church remain in the bases of pillars in the north aisle and the exterior of the east end.



Dispersal of

BATH ABBEY.

[G. W. Railway.

An imposing character is given to the exterior of the abbey by the rectangular central tower, the two tiers of double windows, and the spired turrets at the corners. A feature of the west front is the weird reproduction of Jacob's Ladder with its curious climbing figures.

From the top of the fragrant Quantocks, with glorious views of Bridgwater Bay and distant Welsh mountains, one descends gently into pleasant rolling pasture-lands, and then to the broad flat valley of the Parrett and the town of Bridgwater. We have found Taunton to be an unambitious town, content to uphold its dignity as the county's capital, and desiring little else. Bridgwater is a very different proposition. It is not beautiful, but it is busy. Its market is one of the most important, if not the leading one, in Somerset. The industries have grown up with the town. Bricks and tiles are made on the river banks; the staple industry. They proudly say that only a Bridgwater man can burn a Bridgwater kiln. Bath-brick, as has been mentioned earlier, is unique to the town; also made on the river banks. There are timber works, apples are



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ROMAN BATHS, BATH.

[G.W. Railway.

Bath has a world-wide reputation as a fashionable spa on account of the valuable medicinal springs which issue from the earth in four places at a temperature of about 120° Fahr. The waters were known to the Romans in the fourth century, and the extensive remains of their magnificent baths are the largest and finest of their kind extant.

collected and pulped, and it has, of course, the usual domestic industries. The Parrett gives navigable access to the sea, and at spring tides, when the bore comes tearing noisily up the river, is a fine stream. At neap tides it is rather a dreary, muddy affair. Though the shipping is not what it was—forty years ago there was a small forest of masts and spars in the big dock—there are plenty of ketches and small coasters plying their trade with Wales and Bristol and round to the west.

Walter of Douay seems to have been the originator of the name, corrupted from Bugh-Walter, and later we hear of De Briwere as the founder of the castle, of which practically nothing remains but a few stones and a water-gate. The castle was at one time considered to be a particularly powerful stronghold, but it utterly failed to sustain the reputation when, with General Fairfax occupying the suburbs on the other side of the river, the garrison, a thousand strong, surrendered. St. Mary's

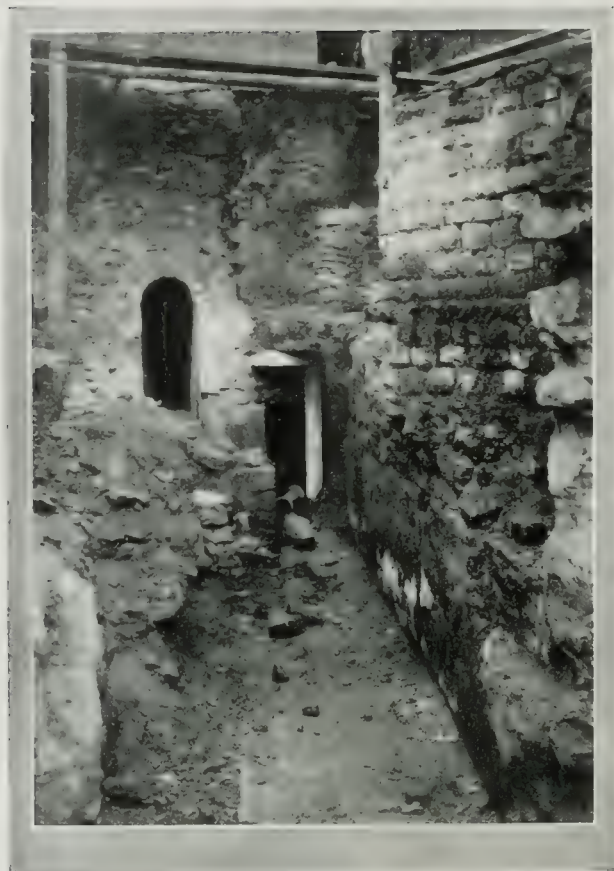


Photo by]

ROMAN REMAINS, BATH.

[Humphrey Joel.

Bath was once an important Roman station known as *Aquæ Sulis*, from *Sul*, a local divinity. The photograph shows some Roman remains in process of excavation.

of the Parrett. Still, the breeze is keen and bracing, a thing unusual in sleepy Somerset, and there are splendid golf links of championship rank. The eye is puzzled by the appearance of the church, at the end of the town and close to the sea. The tower is out of the perpendicular. Inside is an Inigo Jones altar-piece. The great master, needless to say, did not intend it for an unheard-of West Country village, but for Whitehall Chapel. As things turned out, it was put up in Westminster Abbey, and then transferred to Burnham by the vicar, a Canon of Westminster.

Up the sandy coast, north of Burnham, is the curious promontory, pushing out into

Church, spacious in the Perpendicular style, has a very attractive tower, short and squat in red sandstone, but sturdy, to support the tall, graceful spire. Above the altar is the picture "The Descent from the Cross." This work is generally attributed to Murillo, and legend declares it to have been found in the hold of a privateer. Whether or not it is Murillo's, and whence it came, does not much matter; the picture is very striking. Admiral Blake was a native of Bridgwater, a man of noble character and brilliant attainments on land and sea. The statue in front of the Corn Exchange is a worthy tribute to his memory. In the Port of Bridgwater there was, until quite lately, the oldest ship on Lloyd's Register. She was the *Good Intent*, ketch, a little round thing almost as broad as she was long, a hundred and thirty years old, and still, as a popular advertisement has it, "going strong." One pictures her, in the pride of her extreme youth, making the winding fairway of the mouth of the Parrett at Burnham, laden with coal from Cardiff over the water, when the Third George was king, and Nelson was gaining glorious laurels at Trafalgar. The *Good Intent* has had a long life.

Burnham is quite a popular little watering-place. At times, when the tide is high, it justifies its modern name of Burnham-on-Sea. Really it is at the mouth of the muddy estuary

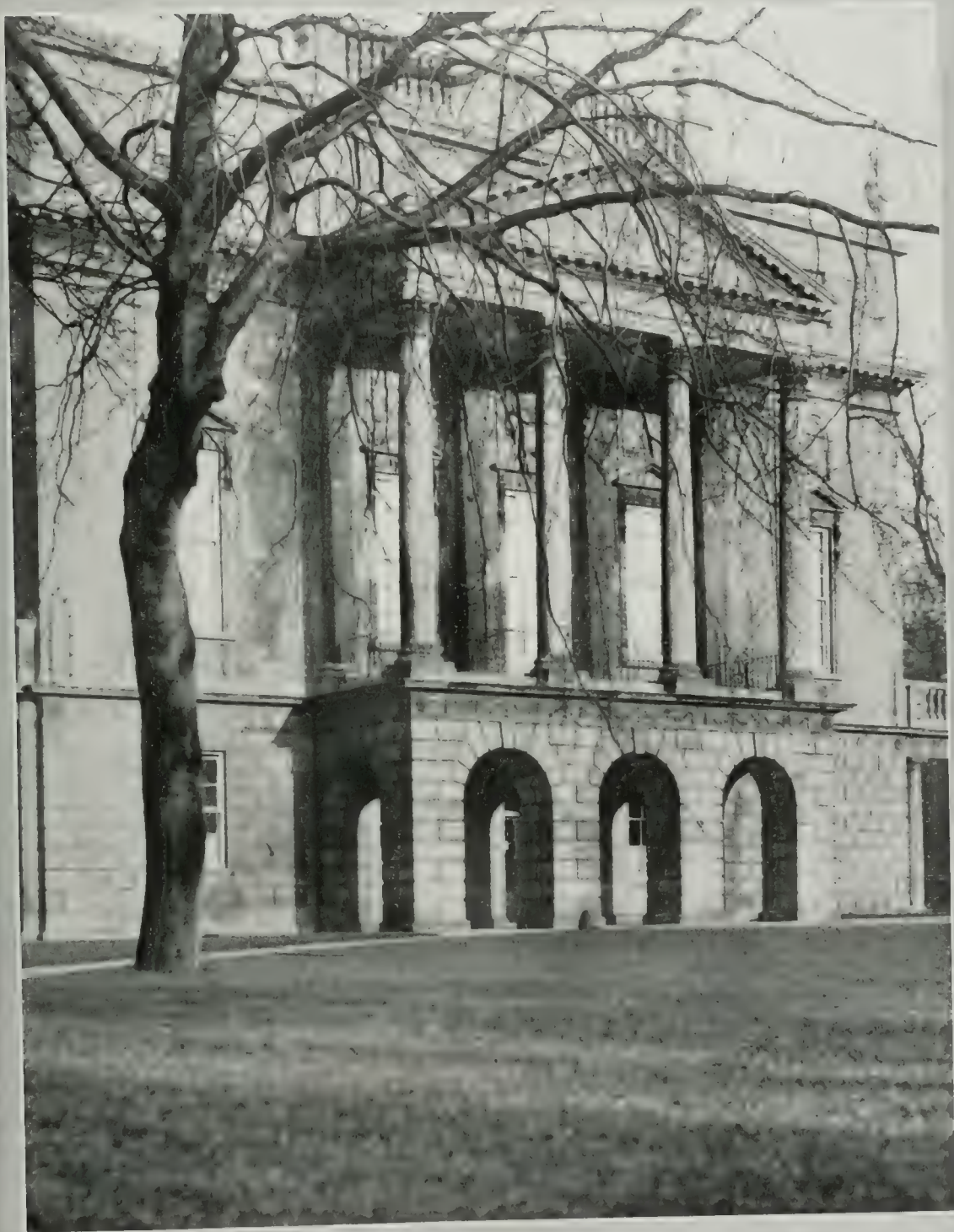


Photo by]

PALLADIAN BRIDGE, PRIOR PARK, BATH.

[H. N. King.

Prior Park was built in 1742 by Ralph Allen, the postal reformer, to prove that Bath freestone was excellent for building purposes. The Palladian Bridge spans the lake at the bottom of the park, and is similar to the one at Wilton House, Salisbury.



[Underwood Press Service.]

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HOLBOURNE ART MUSEUM, BATH.

Conspicuous among the many fine buildings of Bath is the beautiful Holbourne Art Museum, an eighteenth-century building in the Adams style. It contains a number of good paintings, some porcelain, and a fine collection of Apostle spoons.



Photo by

PULTNEY BRIDGE, BATH.

[E. O. Hoppé.]

Pultney Bridge crosses the Avon to the north of the recreation ground and is flanked by a parapet of shops on either side, making it one of the few bridges in England on which houses now stand.

the sea, of Brean Down, and beyond that the one big resort in Somerset, Weston-super-Mare. Out of nothing, including a lamentable absence of sea, except at high tide, and an unwelcome abundance of mud, again except at high tide, when it is mercifully covered, the good people of Weston have contrived a watering-place not only to their own but, apparently, to the satisfaction of a constant stream of visitors that inundates the town during the summer months. One does not look for antiquities or traditions in such a new town. Weston has none of these. But it has, in addition to the excellent amenities of its promenades, piers, gardens, and so on, some very charming woods, and a mean annual temperature four degrees above the average for the rest of the country.

Clevedon is the only other watering-place on this coast, and, like Weston, it has sprung gaily up

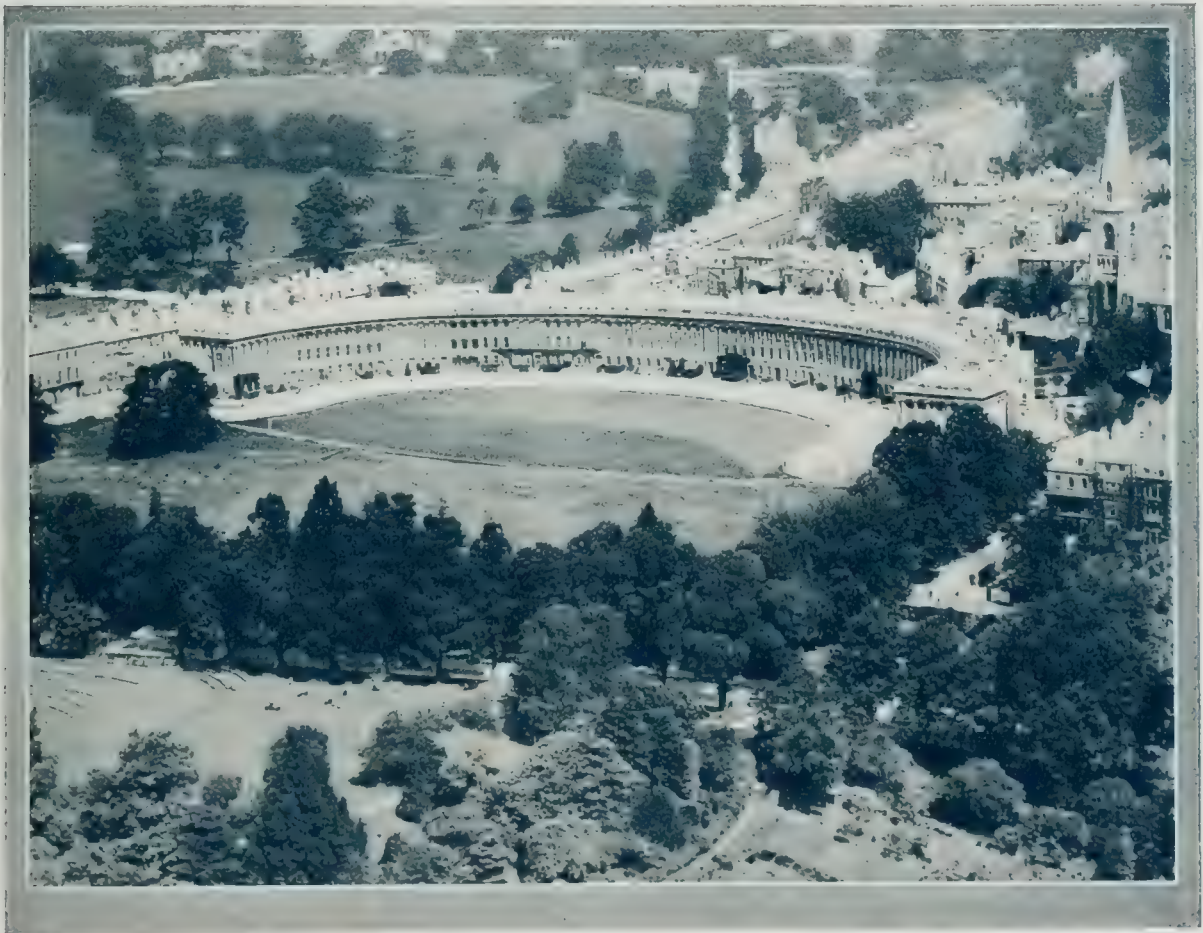


Photo by]

ROYAL CRESCENT, BATH.

[Aerobums, Ltd.

Many of the crescents and terraces in the city contain houses associated with celebrated names of the eighteenth century, when Bath was at the height of its prosperity. Royal Crescent, the most perfect example of its kind in the country, extends in a magnificent curve for a distance of over 600 feet.

from nothing. Pleasant villas on the hills look out on a rocky beach, and the scenery, though not striking, has plenty to relieve it from monotony.

In a county where the scenery is of a gracious though varied gentleness, the sheer surprise of wonderful Cheddar is great. The road winds S-like through the gorge, beneath cliffs rising to 450 feet. At the mouth of the gorge is Cheddar village. From the top of Mendip the descent increases in beauty as you go on, until, close to the mouth of the gorge, you reach the village. The caves near the village are wonderful examples of stalactite formation, and to the zoologist are of exceptional interest from the discoveries of bones of extinct animals. Incidentally, it is worth noting that remarkable specimens of fossils of the extinct ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus have been found in the "Lias" in the quarries near Glastonbury.

A more remarkable cave is Wookey Hole, a couple of miles or so from Wells, consisting of a series of big chambers and passages. The largest is 500 feet long, with a small lake at the end. As with the Cheddar caves, many bones of extinct animals have been found there. The cave is the oldest-known one in the country, and from a natural archway in the cliffs outside spring the first waters of the River Axe.

Let us revel anew in the Legend of Glastonbury; how St. Philip bade Joseph of Arimathæa carry the tidings of the blessed Gospel to far-off Britain, and how Joseph and his eleven disciples arrived at last in the Severn Sea, and, since all the low-lying land—we would call it the Brue Level now—was swamped by the tide, they were washed on to Glastonbury. St. Joseph, they say, leant on his rod



Photo by]

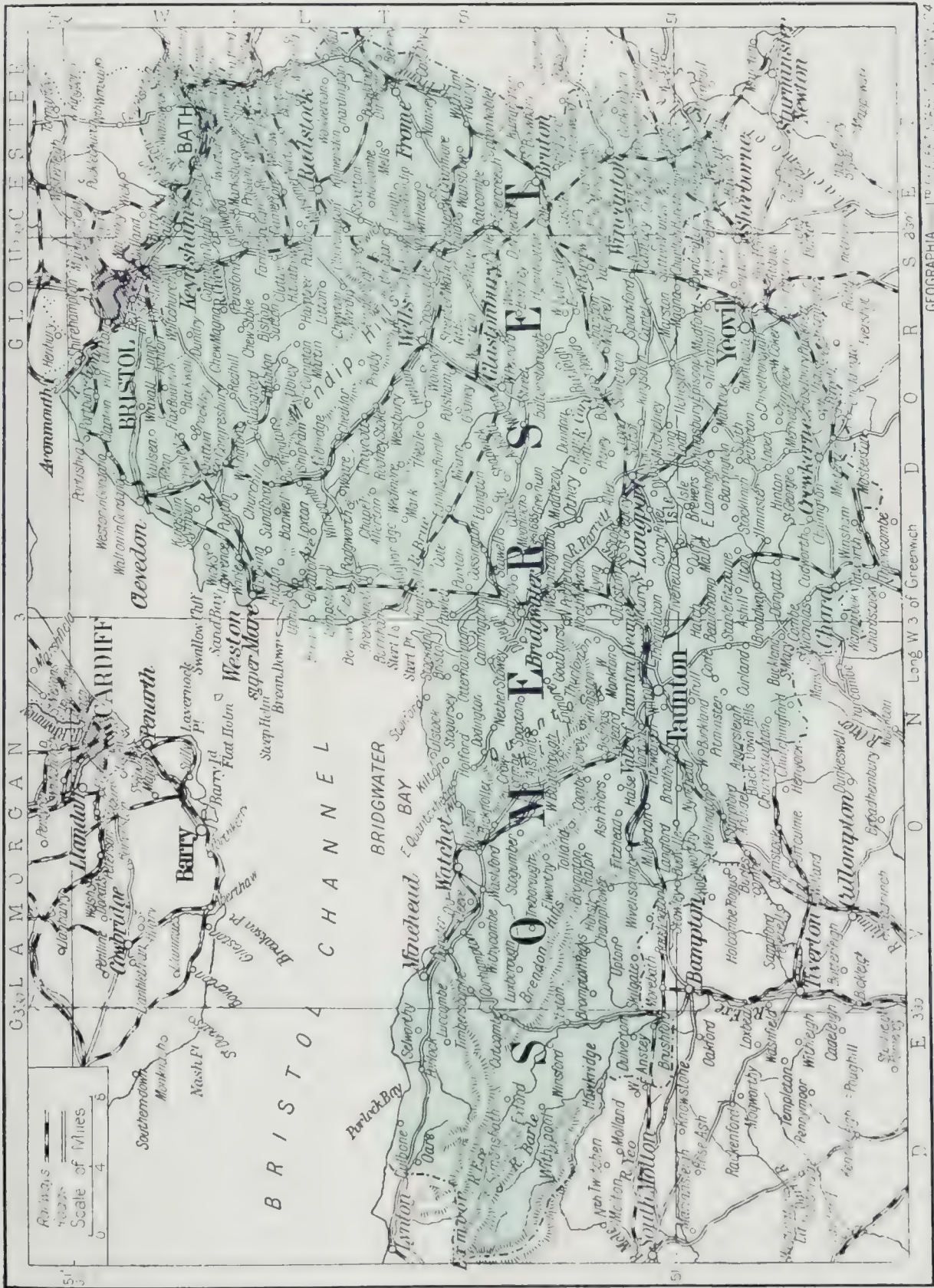
[H. N. King.

THE GRASS STEPS, ST. CATHERINE'S COURT.

The county has the reputation of containing some of the finest country houses in England. At St. Catherine's, 3½ miles north-east of Bath, there is a fine old manor house built during the sixteenth century, which was a period responsible for a large proportion of the big Somerset houses.

and the rod took root, and became a thorn-tree to blossom every year at Christmas. Then from the Holy Grail that he buried at the foot of Glastonbury Tor sprang the Blood Spring. The King was converted to the new faith, and granted land to the strangers, whereon they built a chapel. And this was the beginning of Glastonbury. The handful of earth made a great land, and the tiny stream became a mighty river. Glastonbury, from its mud and wattle beginning, became the greatest monastic house in England and a far-famed place of pilgrimage. So we have the legend of Joseph and his little band, and the rod that became the marvellous thorn.

From this charming idyll we must tear ourselves, and grasp the simple truth. It was at the beginning of the eighth century that King Ina built a church to the glory of God and dedicated it to St. Peter and St. Paul. Its first great abbot was Dunstan, a Glastonbury man, and here were buried Saxon kings and (why should we not believe tradition?) no less people than the great



MAP OF SOMERSETSHIRE.

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Photo by,

THE NAVE, WELLS CATHEDRAL.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.]

The general appearance of the nave is rather peculiar owing to the unusual inverted arches, which are really disguised supports inserted in 1338, when the central tower was in danger of collapse. The nave was extended to its present dimensions by Bishop Joceline between 1220 and 1239, and its many extraordinary features have been ascribed to local builders.

King Arthur and the beautiful Guinevere. This was, of course, the earliest church ; we are leaving, with all reverence, Joseph's wattle and daub shrine to the golden days of myth. Thurstan and Herlewinus, successive abbots, both planned new buildings, but King Stephen's brother, Abbot Henry of Blois, was the first actually to set about the new abbey. He started it somewhere about 1124, and it was burned sixty years later. So far as one can gather, Abbot Henry's building was a splendid church. At any rate, its loss was regarded as a serious one, for Henry II rebuilt it on the site of the legendary chapel of St. Joseph. Here he built the beautiful St. Mary's Chapel, now known as St. Joseph's. Then Henry died, and Cœur de Lion was too busy fighting in the Holy Land to attend to the wants of monks at home, though he was known to be an intensely religious man. So



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THE WEST FRONT, WELLS CATHEDRAL.

G. W. Railway.

Wells Cathedral was founded originally in 704 by King Ina and has been described by Freeman as being "the best example to be found in the whole world of a secular church with its subordinate buildings." Although the cathedral is one of the smallest in England, the wonderful west front, with its exquisite figures of ecclesiastics and royalties, is one of the architectural marvels of Europe.

the church had to wait until 1303, when, in the reign of Edward I, it was dedicated, still far from completed. It was not until well into the sixteenth century that the great abbey was finished. In 1538 the last abbot, Whiting, refusing to surrender the abbey's property, was quickly tried for treason at Wells, and hanged. The abbey was then suppressed, and the property absorbed by the Crown.

So ended the glories of Glastonbury. It was rich, it was splendid, it was important. To none but St. Albans did it give precedence. A reconstruction of the great church from the ruins shows a long cruciform building, with short, broad transepts. The Chapter House was, as is usual in old churches, by the south transept. The cloisters were on the same side. The interior was spacious to allow for the stately processions beloved of the Church dignitaries of those days. From the cross of the

transepts the tower sprang, braced, like the tower of Wells Cathedral, by inverted arches. Of the cloisters, refectory, and other offices of the monastery, nothing remains but the abbot's kitchen, dated about 1435, and a very striking and interesting building.

From Glastonbury Tor, a 500-foot climb, the views over the surrounding country on all sides are very fine, as the Tor rises from the flat plain, and the only hills that could mar the view are the low ridge of the Poldens. St. Michael's Chapel, once perched on top of the hill, was destroyed in 1271. But a later tower remains, a well-known landmark for many miles around. The thorn, the original rod planted by Joseph of Arimathæa, was at Weary All Hill, and the present one, flourishing close to the abbey, is supposed to be an offshoot.



Photo by

WELLS CATHEDRAL.

Rev. W. Mann, M.A.

The present cathedral was begun about 1186, but the general architecture may be assigned to several different periods; the west front is Early English, the chapter house, choir, and central tower Decorated, while the west towers, cloisters, and gatehouses belong to the Perpendicular period. The old deanery and canons' house to the north and the bishop's palace to the south are still inhabited, as they have been for many centuries.

On the east and southern sides of Somerset, scattered about among the hills that surround the great central plain, there are quite a few brisk little market towns, of varying degrees of interest. Frome is quite a large place in a small way—if the expression is allowable. It possesses some eleven thousand souls, variously occupied in the printing, brewing, and woollen businesses. The town is not very remarkable for beauty, but the church is rather exceptional. Originally there was a Saxon church on its site, with St. Aldhelm as its founder. Of this nothing remains. The Norman successor is represented by a doorway, and the rest of the church, as seen to-day, was built during the period covered by the thirteenth to the fifteenth century. The number of side chapels is remarkable. Shepton Mallet, near Wells, is smaller, but possesses the County Gaol, transferred from Taunton some years



Photo 1-1

CHAIN GATE, WELLS CATHEDRAL.

This handsome bridge, known as the Chain Gate, was built in the fifteenth century by Bishop Beckington to connect the chapter house with the vicar's close on the north side of the cathedral.

L. G. W. 11.



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Underwood Press Service

THE GATEWAY, BISHOP'S PALACE, WELLS.

The beautiful Palace was first built by Bishop Joceline in the thirteenth century. The photograph shows the fourteenth-century gatehouse.

Ilchester underwent the doubtful joys of a siege, and a hundred years later, unconsciously, it attained undying glory as the birthplace of one of Somerset's greatest sons, Roger Bacon. Now, however, the noise and bustle of the world passes it by unnoticed. Perhaps it is better so.

Bruton, Castle Cary, and Wincanton are all quite small, but pleasant little spots. Bruton has a very fine church, whose tower should be catalogued in the first rank of Somerset's many fine towers. An Augustinian Priory occupied the site, and was founded in 1142 by William de Bohun, gaining the dignity of an abbey at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and fifty years later joining in the general debacle of the religious houses. Castle Cary is a comfortable little place, whose castle has long disappeared, though a few years ago its old site was located, and the foundations of what must have been a sufficiently massive Norman keep were unearthed. The third of the group, Wincanton, has quite a history. It suffered very severely in the plague year of 1553. Parliamentary forces based their operations against Sherborne Castle from it in

ago, since which time the old Taunton gaol has been used as a drill hall and headquarters for the 5th (T.F.) Somerset Light Infantry. Shepton is an old and interesting place, nowadays commercially dominated by a large and important brewery. The antiquarian will let his eyes rest on the market cross, a fifteenth-century hexagonal structure, surmounted by a very pretty spire.

The old Roman Fosse Way runs from a mile or two from south-west of Shepton Mallet across the valleys of the Brue and the Cary River to the Roman town of Ilchester. There is very little to be said about the little place, though at one time it was of some standing. When Robert of Normandy and his brother Rufus were at loggerheads, it



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Underwood Press Service.

AN OLD CORNER OF WELLS.

This photograph was taken looking towards the cathedral over the two gates of the ancient market-place.

the Civil War, and William of Orange skirmished there with James II a few years later; and that is really all there is to say about it.

Yeovil is a very different proposition. It lies in the south of the county, on the Dorset border, and is in a sound strategic position in regard to railways. Eliminating Bath and Bristol, so far as the latter is, in part, in Somerset, Yeovil bids fair to run a keen race with Bridgwater for the commercial supremacy of the county. Both towns have their staple industries, bricks and tiles in the case of the one on the Parrett, and the glove manufacture in the town on the Yeo. Again, though Bridgwater possesses the advantage of a port, and is the most important market centre in the county, Yeovil has a great and well-established engineering business, fairly widely known. At



By permission of

RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

G. W. Railway.

In a beautiful sylvan setting near the ancient town of Glastonbury stand the ruins of one of the most important monastic houses in England, representing the earliest Christian foundation in the country. The first authentic record of the abbey dates from 601, but tradition places its foundation at a much earlier period.

present Bridgwater has the advantage in population, but the race will be a keen if a long one. Yeovil lies on the slope of a hill, and has very obviously spread beyond its original limits. There are a few attractive old houses, notably the George Hotel, and the church, whose lofty arches and spacious windows are magnificent. It is in the Perpendicular style, fairly early, and the crypt is distinctly earlier, of the thirteenth century.

The little river Yeo, which runs at the feet of Yeovil, joins the Parrett close to Langport, a little town lying on the edge of Sedgemoor. There is not a great deal to be said for it. The one really interesting object is the Hanging Chapel, built on an arch, and at one time housing a grammar school, itself a seventeenth-century foundation.

Chard and its old streets rang with clanking of armed men more than once in its history. *Card* was

the Saxon name, presumably from *Cerdic*, and later it benefited by Bishop Joceline's gift of half his manor. In the Civil War it knew both King Charles and his doughty adversary General Fairfax; and luckless and foolish Monmouth marched through it on his way to the crown of England, a route along which he was not destined to travel far; and Judge Jeffreys came to the town after Monmouth had passed through, and the miserable fiasco on Sedgemoor had set the seal on his mad, presumptuous act. Like Yeovil, in a small way, Chard is commercially a coming town, with lace and collar factories. Antiquities are well represented in the

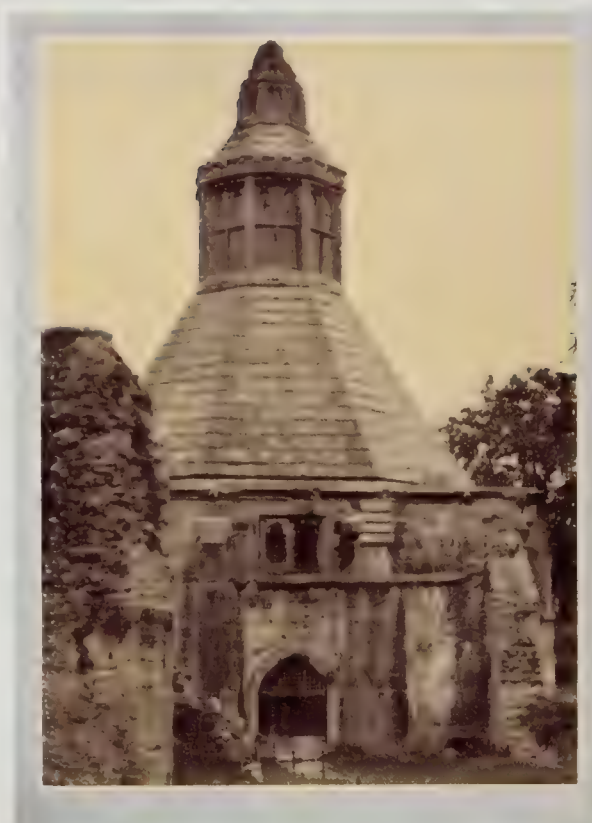


Photo by]

E. O. Hooper.

THE ABBOT'S KITCHEN, GLASTONBURY.

The fifteenth-century abbot's kitchen stands in a field apart from the main buildings. It is a stately stone building covered by a curious octagonal roof which is supported by stone ribs and carries a lantern. The interior contains huge fireplaces set across the four corners, but the chimneys have long since disappeared.

church, with a short, stubby tower, and some admirable old houses, of which the Choughs Hotel is a particularly fine specimen. Ilminster, Chard's neighbour, four miles to the north, on the river Isle, a tributary of the Parrett, dreams of a past, half forgotten but picturesque, when it was attached to the powerful Abbey of Muchelney close to Langport. Those are its Ilminster dreams, but its waking hours are devoted to lace and shirts and collars.

Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esquire, M.C., "was a charming young man of not much more than fifty, dressed in a very bright blue coat with resplendent buttons, black trousers, and the



Photo by]

THE ALMONRY, GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

[Bell's Photo Co., Ltd.

Adjacent to the abbot's kitchen is a picturesque ivy-clad fragment of the almonry, and a portion of the great gateway of the monastery, now restored.



[K. H. M. 11. M. 4.]

DOORWAY, GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

The interior of the chapel is particularly rich in decorative work, and it has been described as one of the finest examples of Transition work in England. Of special note are the fine Norman doorway, the interlacing arcades round the interior face of the wall, and the shallow external buttresses.



Photo by,

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

[Herbert Felton.]

According to legend, St. Joseph of Arimathæa, with a party of eleven, brought the chalice of the Last Supper to Glastonbury —then an island—and erected a primitive church of wattle and daub. It was refounded in 166 A.D. by Pope Eleutherius, and 344 years later a new church was built by St. David. The Saxon kings, Edmund the Magnificent, Edgar, and Edmund Ironside, are said to have been buried here.

thinnest possible pair of highly-polished boots. A gold eye-glass was suspended from his neck by a short, broad, black ribbon ; a gold snuff-box was lightly clasped in his left hand ; gold rings innumerable glittered on his fingers ; and a large diamond pin set in gold glistened in his shirt frill. He had a gold watch, and a gold curb chain with large gold seals ; and he carried a pliant ebony cane with a heavy gold top. His linen was of the very finest, whitest, and stiffest ; his wig of the glossiest, blackest, and curliest. His snuff was princes' mixture ; his scent *bouquet du roi*. His features were contracted into a perpetual smile ; and his teeth were in such perfect order that it was difficult at a small distance to tell the real from the false."

So Mr. Pickwick and his friends were welcomed to Bath by Bath's own Master of Ceremonies,



Photo by,

ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL, GLASTONBURY.

J. P. Erith & Co., Ltd.

St. Joseph's Chapel, or the Chapel of St. Mary, was built by Henry II in 1186 and occupies the legendary site of St. Joseph's shrine. It takes the form of a Galilee to the western entrance of the main church, and at each corner of its walls rose a square turret surmounted by a pyramidal cap ; only two of these, however, now remain.

Angelo Cyrus Bantam, lineal descendant of the great Beau Nash. This was Bath in the evening of its glorious days, when the manners and modes of the country still emanated from it. Dickens was referring to Bath in 1828. Its greatest glory was in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when Nash, little more than an adventurer in the social world, swayed its amenable society with an iron hand. He was the greatest of beaux, but his manners could be deplorable. Still, it was a time when dress and a neat turn of speech made amends for an unbridled coarseness. The polish was brilliant, but had very little depth. However, to give the devil his due, Nash's regime made for the betterment of Bath. The elegance, the rank, and the fashion that sipped the waters and pirouetted daintily at the Assemblies of the autocratic Nash, demanded comfortable and dignified accommodation, even though the aforesaid elegance and rank and fashion lacked somewhat in dignity themselves. As the great world — *le monde où l'on s'amuse* — flocked to Bath at the summons of the *Beau*, so the houses in

terraces and crescents and squares rose to greet and welcome them. These were the work of the Woods ; two architects, a father and son.

As time went on, and the French war was over, the watering-places abroad became, once again, popular, and the glory of Bath waned. Anyhow, it could never have sustained for another generation its brilliant career. Nash had gone ; there could be none other to carry on his work. When Mr. Pickwick and his friends visited Bath in 1828, the hectic glory had departed, and, if we may read between the lines of Dickens's description, there were but the remains of the feast. A finicky, subservient Bantam strutted his puny way where the autocratic *Beau* had stood. The society, too, had changed. The rank and fashion of Farmer George and the Regency had passed to a far distant



Photo by]

OLD CHURCH NEAR CASTLE CARY.

[W. F. Mansell.

Hornbottom is a small town in the parish of Shepton Mallet, 3 miles north-west of Castle Cary. The church is modern, but the tower of the Early English edifice, which it replaced, is still standing.

haven, and a poorer and more disgruntled society had taken its place. But still Mr. Pickwick found, if not the genuine ring, at any rate the echo of old Bath.

The waters of Bath are considered to be a drainage of the Mendips, sinking deep down into the coal-seams, and springing at Bath, at a high temperature. Sam Weller found them unpleasant.

“ ‘ Ah ! ’ said Mr. John Smauker, ‘ you disliked the killibeate taste, perhaps ? ’

“ ‘ I don’t know much about that ‘ere,’ said Sam. ‘ I thought they’d a werry strong flavour o’ warm flat irons. ’ ”

Though the flavour of warm flat irons may not be very familiar to the average visitor to Bath, he will probably appreciate the simile. The Bath waters are not nice.

The Roman bathing station at Bath is, without doubt, unequalled. It consisted of a series of baths, rectangular and circular, in a great hall, and beneath a huge reservoir for the first reception of the water as it sprang, bubbling and boiling, from the depths of the earth. The restoration of these



Fig. 1.

MARKET CROSS, SOMERTON.

Somerton is an old-fashioned town of some 2,000 inhabitants, situated 7 miles south of Glastonbury. The old market cross, dating from 1673, is a relic of the former importance of the place as a trading centre.

Roman baths has been careful and thorough, and their preservation is rightly regarded as a sacred trust.

The Abbey has many good points, but cannot be said to make much of a show beside its beautiful sister at Wells. It has dignity and admirable proportions, and the central tower springs to gracefully pinnacled heights from the cross of the transepts and the nave. John de Villula built a church of

great size, intending to make Bath the seat of the bishop of the diocese. However, though the church was built, de Villula's successors did not fall in with his ideas, and Bath did not enjoy the privilege of being the See. The church, neglected, fell to pieces. Then came Bishop King, to whom a voice called, "Let an olive establish the crown, and let a king restore the church." So he built his church, or part of it, and the west front, with the Jacob's ladders, remains. But the glory of the church, born, perhaps, under an unlucky star, was again to be put off. The Reformation swept over the country; the builders put away their tools, and the church was left half finished, a mournful spectacle, for soon everything that it contained of any value was pounced on by greedy hands. The town refused to pay the five hundred marks



Photo by

PRIEST'S HOUSE, MUCHELNEY.

H. J. Smith.

At Muchelney, 2 miles south of Langport, stand the slight ruins of an abbey founded about 939 by the Saxon Athelstan. The photograph shows a window of the interesting fourteenth-century priest's house near by.

the Crown demanded for it, and finally, a poor bare shell, the church was bought by a man called Edmund Colthurst, who gave it to the town. There it remained, until, some forty years later, salvation arrived in the form of a thunderstorm and a passing bishop. The bishop—his name was Montague—took shelter in the ruined church, and arguing, doubtless, that a church which could afford no adequate protection from a shower of rain would be a poor prop against the wiles of the Bad Old Man, set to work to restore it. It was not a great success, but later was improved. The interior is rather stiff,



Original Property of the artist

ON THE RIVER AT BECCLES.

By permission of the artist

Beccles is a picturesque old town on the Waveney, 8 miles from Lowestoft. The river is navigable to the sea at Yarmouth and is one of the most important of the "Broad" rivers. In the background may be seen the massive sixteenth-century tower of the parish church, which commands a wide view over the countryside.



Photo by

PACK-HORSE BRIDGE, NEAR ILCHESTER.

L. H. Jones.

This old pack-horse bridge is one of the few remaining in the country. When roads were bad and there was little wheeled traffic, goods were carried on pack-horses, and a bridge 4 feet wide was sufficient for them to cross a river.

but the height gives it a certain impressiveness, and the windows are numerous and large. There is a tremendous display of memorials to local notables who have passed away.

“ These walls, adorned with monuments and bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust.”

Wells, the cathedral town of Somerset, stands in a class by itself. It is purely and solely a



Photo by

STONE CATTLE STALLS, MANOR FARM, ILCHESTER.

L. H. Jones.

In ancient times Ilchester was a Roman station, and the town and its neighbourhood still contain many reminders of its former importance. Somerset ranks fifth among England's cattle-breeding counties, and, as these mediæval cattle stalls show, the industry is by no means a modern one.

cathedral town, and exists for nothing else. The little place, picturesque and charming in the extreme, groups itself round one of the most beautiful churches in England, a church that ranks easily with Ely, Canterbury, Lincoln, and Westminster Abbey. Ely, rising on the island in the Fens, is best compared to Wells; but Ely has been more mixed up in the struggles of the outer world, with Hereward and Morcar and Bishop Nigel, and with its proximity to the great seat of learning 16 miles away. The very geographical isolation of Wells has contributed to a unique and self-centred position. Ely, of course, stands alone in its mediæval enchantment, and Canterbury's pinnacled

towers point most exquisitely to Heaven. Wells shares with Lincoln a striking west front, not quite so broad and massive as Lincoln's, but infinitely richer in carving. Wells, too, shows beautiful proportions from whatever side it is viewed. It is, by the way, a very joyous thing about English cathedrals that so few of them are alike. Each and every one has its own characteristics that stand above any general similarity that may be found in, say, a west front; and these individual characteristics are discernible, thank goodness! to the lay eye, as well as to that of the architect.

Of history, in relation to the world of strife and tumult that lies without its borders, Wells has little. The great civil wars that rent the country were little more than rumours. Even the short but vivid local upheaval caused by the Monmouth rebellion merely caused a momentary vexation, when an undisciplined rabble turned the cathedral into a stable for their



Photo 15

THE NAVE, MARTOCK CHURCH.

W. F. Mansell.

The stately parish church at Martock, near Yeovil, has several interesting features. Its great height gives the nave an impressive effect, and the detail of the beautiful oak roof is shown up well by the large windows of the clerestory, which are separated by niches decorated with paintings of the Apostles.

horses. Again, Wells passed unscathed through the far greater upheaval of the Reformation. Glastonbury Abbey fell in the general débâcle of the religious houses. Wells was a secular foundation of King Ina, and the later attempts by the Saxon Bishop Giso to regularise the chapter on monastic lines died in early infancy. The church quickly reverted to its practical non-communal habit. For the canons there was the chapter-house, their sole meeting-place. They lived apart in their own houses, which have remained till to-day. Bishop Joceline's west front is the first and most compelling feature, and is barely rivalled, and certainly unsurpassed, by any other of its kind in the country.



Photo by,

BRYMPTON HOUSE, BRYMPTON D'EVERCY, NEAR YEOVIL.

A. R. Snel.

Brympton d'Evercy takes its name from the d'Evercy family, who were the ancient owners of the estate. Brympton House is a fine Tudor residence with a south front designed by Inigo Jones, and a beautiful chapel containing a number of interesting monuments.



Photo by]

[Herbert Felton.

A STAFFORDSHIRE FARM.

In spite of the fact that Staffordshire is situated in the heart of the "Black Country" and ranks third among the industrial counties of England, the large proportion of excellent grazing land makes it a profitable farming area. It is to be feared, however, that the steady expansion of the manufacturing towns has had its effect on the agricultural holdings.

STAFFORDSHIRE

THE most remarkable thing about Staffordshire is the way in which it has developed during the last century. This is not a phenomenon, by any means. It is merely the natural outcome of the industrial revolution: the normal growth of a prolific plant from the seed planted in the most propitious soil to be found. Staffordshire, hemmed in from the sea by other counties, its rivers, in nearly all cases, unnavigable, having taken no part in the progress and subsequent prosperity of the seaboard counties, turned to itself, and found all it needed. The result we see to-day, a thickly populated, intensely busy county. Naturally, the fountain-head of this emancipation has been the



Photo by,

CASTLE CHURCH, STAFFORD.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This prettily situated church stands at the foot of a hill close to Stafford Castle and about a mile west of the county town. With the exception of the fifteenth-century tower, it was entirely rebuilt by Sir Gilbert Scott in 1844. The old tower is decorated with stone shields bearing the arms of the Stafford and Neville families.

conversion of coal, or, to be exact, of its heating power, into a commercial asset. The great coalfields are in the south, round Dudley, reaching up to a little south of Rugeley. Here, too, is the "Black Country," the dreary, dirty country of factories and canals, where Wolverhampton, Walsall, and half a dozen other unattractive places manufacture everything, practically, that can be manufactured from iron. There never was such a hive of industry as this unlovely Black Country. Anchors, railway carriages, pumping machinery, mousetraps, gas fittings, spectacle frames, pins, motor-cars, hammers, anvils—so long as iron can make them, they will be on sale in and about the group of busy towns of which Wolverhampton is, hardly, shall we say? the queen; rather the head of the firm. All this tremendous business is the result of the proximity of coal and iron-ore.

The great stronghold of the brewing industry is at Burton, in the extreme east of the county. At

the beginning of the Hanoverian period beer from Burton started to gain a great reputation, its rare qualities being due to the water with which it was made. By the end of the eighteenth century there were nine breweries. Fifty years later there were sixteen. Still, compared with the huge concerns of to-day, they were small affairs; the whole sixteen breweries did not find a living for more than a thousand hands. To-day the brewery pay-rolls are increased sevenfold, and the output, owing to modern, labour-saving improvements, is at a far larger figure.

The Potteries in the north of the shire are of a later date than the smelting and blasting of the south. Still, the industry is not by any means a modern one. It started in a simple way at Burslem with what was called "slip-ware," simple dishes and basins of various sorts; this was early in the sixteenth century. Improvements came, and by the end of the seventeenth century a much superior article in the way



Photo by

STAFFORD CASTLE.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

The present castle at Stafford has no claim to antiquity, as it was begun by Sir George Jerningham in 1810. Several earlier castles have, however, occupied the site, the last of these having been built by the Earl of Stafford in 1349.

of pottery was being produced. Then came the two Dutchmen, the Elers, producing the redstone ware, and introducing the salt-glazed ware. There may or may not be any truth in the story that they chose their workmen among the village idiots, lest the carefully guarded secret of their glazing should be found out. Still, despite their precautions, their secret, fortunately for posterity, did not remain too long with them.

The pottery industry then settled down to a steady development, the salt glaze improving in fineness and quality, and in its beauty of colour. To the drab "crouch" ware succeeded the more beautiful "Elizabethan." Then came the "Whieldon" ware, named from the Whieldon of Fenton at one time Josiah Wedgwood's partner. It was on one of the "Whieldon" wares that Wedgwood directed his energies. He received a royal patronage, and called it "Queen's" ware. Josiah Wedgwood



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, STAFFORD.

An idea of the antiquity of this foundation may be gathered from a passage in the Domesday Book which mentions the thirteen "Prebendary Canons" of this old Collegiate establishment. Most of the present church dates from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but the Norman font remains, and is one of the most interesting objects in the building. The two Latin inscriptions which encircle it between the grotesque figures are said to refer to its Crusader-donor.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by

GENERAL VIEW OF LICHFIELD.

[Airco Aerials.]

The ancient city of Lichfield preserves an atmosphere of antiquity that is foreign to most other towns in the county. Apart from its literary associations as the birthplace of Johnson, the history of the town is mainly that of the lovely cathedral.

may be with justice described as the father of modern pottery. He was a thirteenth child, and was born at Burslem, which is, after all, the only right and proper birthplace for a famous potter. Of his career and later energies, it is not necessary to speak here; these things are for the biographers. Suffice it to say that one of his most important interests, outside the potteries under his control, was the inception of the Trent and Mersey Canal. He was a man of many parts, a great artist, gifted with breadth of imagination, and, withal, a sound business man. Read the inscription on the monument raised to his memory: "He converted a rude and inconsiderable



Photo by

Photodurum Co., Ltd.

WEST PORCH, LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

The beautiful west porch may justly claim to be the richest piece of decorative work in the whole cathedral. Most is modern work, however, except the bas-relief of our Lord in Glory above the central pillar.

manufactory into an elegant art and an important part of national commerce." Josiah Wedgwood died in 1795, but the industry that he had built up and moulded together was started on its way, the artist working hand in hand with the craftsman, those directing the commercial side seeking and importing to their corner of Staffordshire the finest china clay, and sending their finished articles to the best markets all over the world. In the history of the Potteries there is something that raises it to a plane above the commercialism of other industries.

Of Staffordshire worthies, none is more interesting and less worthy than Jonathan Wild. He was born in



Photo by

"THE SLEEPING CHILDREN," LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

Photodurum Co., Ltd.

This famous masterpiece of Chantrey represents the two daughters of the Rev. William Robinson, Prebendary of the Cathedral, and is one of this celebrated sculptor's earliest works. It is to be found at the east end of the south choir aisle, formerly known as St. Nicholas' Chapel.

1680, or thereabouts, and died in 1725. Wolverhampton was his birthplace, his father a wig-maker, and his own profession that of a receiver of stolen goods and informer. The latter was an admirable and highly profitable *métier* in those rattling days, though the informer generally ended his life swiftly, and in a manner that admitted of little or no argument. Deserting his apprenticed craft

of buckle-making and his wife, he went to London, and after a period in the Wood Street prison for debt, settled down to the prosperous business of receiving. An Act of Parliament was placed in the Statute Book making receivers accessories to the crimes. Wild, ingenious, if nothing else, collected highwaymen, thieves, pick-pockets, etc., into one big society, storing their thefts, and selling the property again to the legal owners. His "lost property" business soon became flourishing. As a thief-taker he was, no doubt, of use to the authorities, but in the end he got his deserts and, indicted and found guilty of receiving rewards for restoring stolen goods, himself made that journey to Tyburn taken by so many poor devils of his own undoing. If anybody wishes to see the skeleton of this super-scoundrel, he may gaze on it at the Royal College of Surgeons. For diabolical ingenuity and unblushing effrontery, Jonathan Wild stands alone. It will be a long time before Wolverhampton, or any other town in or out of Staffordshire, will produce such another.

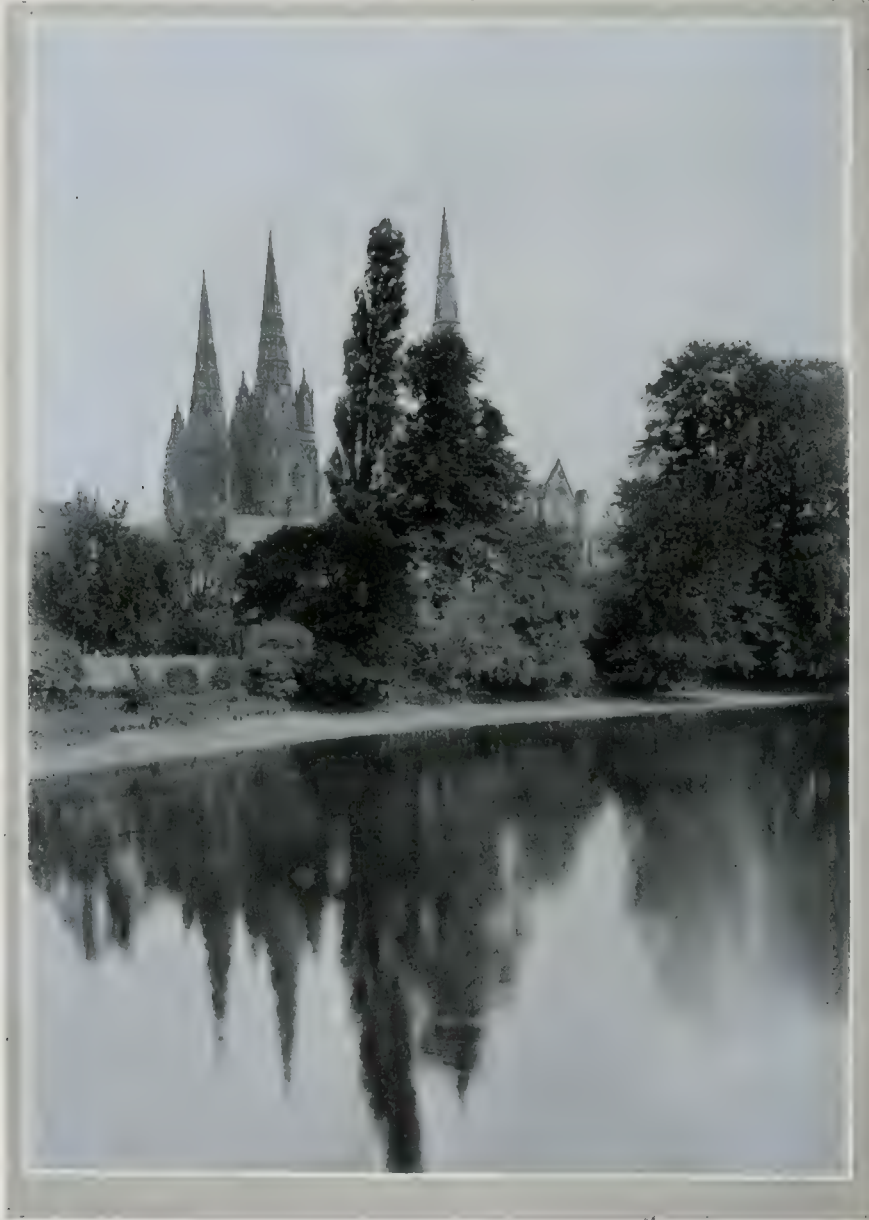


Photo by]

Roberts, Croydon.

THE SPIRES OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, FROM MINSTER POOL.

Among the finest architectural features of the cathedral are these three slender spires which have long been known as "The Ladies of the Vale," and give the building such a unique appearance. Indeed, the mellow tones of its exterior, and the rich decoration which everywhere adorns it, makes Lichfield Cathedral one of the most beautiful in England.

To catalogue the great men who are primarily connected with Staffordshire would make too heavy a demand on our available space. We must satisfy ourselves by merely mentioning Elias Ashmole, of Lichfield, at one time Windsor Herald, author of a work on the Ceremonies of the Order of the Garter, bequeathing his great library to Oxford; Thomas Guy, educated at Tamworth (though born in London), Governor of St. Thomas's and founder of Guy's Hospital; Harrison, the



Photo by

THE LADY CHAPEL, LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

Phot. Chrom. Co., Ltd.

The first cathedral at Lichfield was built by Bishop Hedda late in the seventh century, but, with the exception of modern alterations, the present building dates from between 1200 and 1340. The famous Lady Chapel, with its beautiful sixteenth-century Flemish glass, which was taken from Herkenrode Abbey near Liège, is one of the chief glories of the edifice.



Photo by

TAMWORTH CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

In the present building but little remains of Ethelfleda's fortress or the Norman castle of the Marmions, for most of the edifice dates from the Tudor and Jacobean periods, when the Ferrers family added a manor house. Tamworth Castle was purchased by the town in 1897, and the principal rooms house an interesting collection of local relics.



Photo by

THE CASTLE AND BRIDGE, TAMWORTH.

Photolithrom Co., Ltd.

The ancient town of Tamworth stands at the junction of the Tame and Anker Rivers, near the Warwickshire border. The place has a very interesting early history. In the eighth century it was the residence of Offa, King of Mercia, who enclosed the town with a trench known as "Offa's Dyke," which is still visible in places. The town was captured and destroyed by the Danes in 874, but thirty-nine years later it was refortified by Ethelfleda.

Parliamentarian General: Samuel Johnson, son of a Lichfield bookseller; Izaak Walton, author of the *Compleat Angler*; Archbishop Sheldon, who built in 1669 the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford; Wedgwood, already chronicled in this article; and Anson, most gallant of admirals and hero of the great naval action off Cape Finisterre in 1747.

Stafford itself is pretty well in the middle of the county, an important railway centre. It possesses a river, not a very big one, rejoicing in the name Sow, joined just below the town by the Penk. There was, only it was destroyed in 1800, an act of vandalism in keeping with the Hanoverians, an old Saxon church dedicated to St. Bertelin. This worthy was the reputed founder of the original Stafford, or *Staeth*, the name meaning, of course, a jetty. However, of St. Bertelin, the miracles he wrought and



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

DRAYTON MANOR, DRAYTON BASSET.

Drayton Basset, 3 miles south of Tamworth, is distinguished for its associations with the Lords Basset of Drayton, who were famous in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The large manor was built by the first Sir Robert Peel from designs by Sir Robert Smirke, and stands in a magnificent park to the north of the village. The photograph shows the Statesman's Gallery.

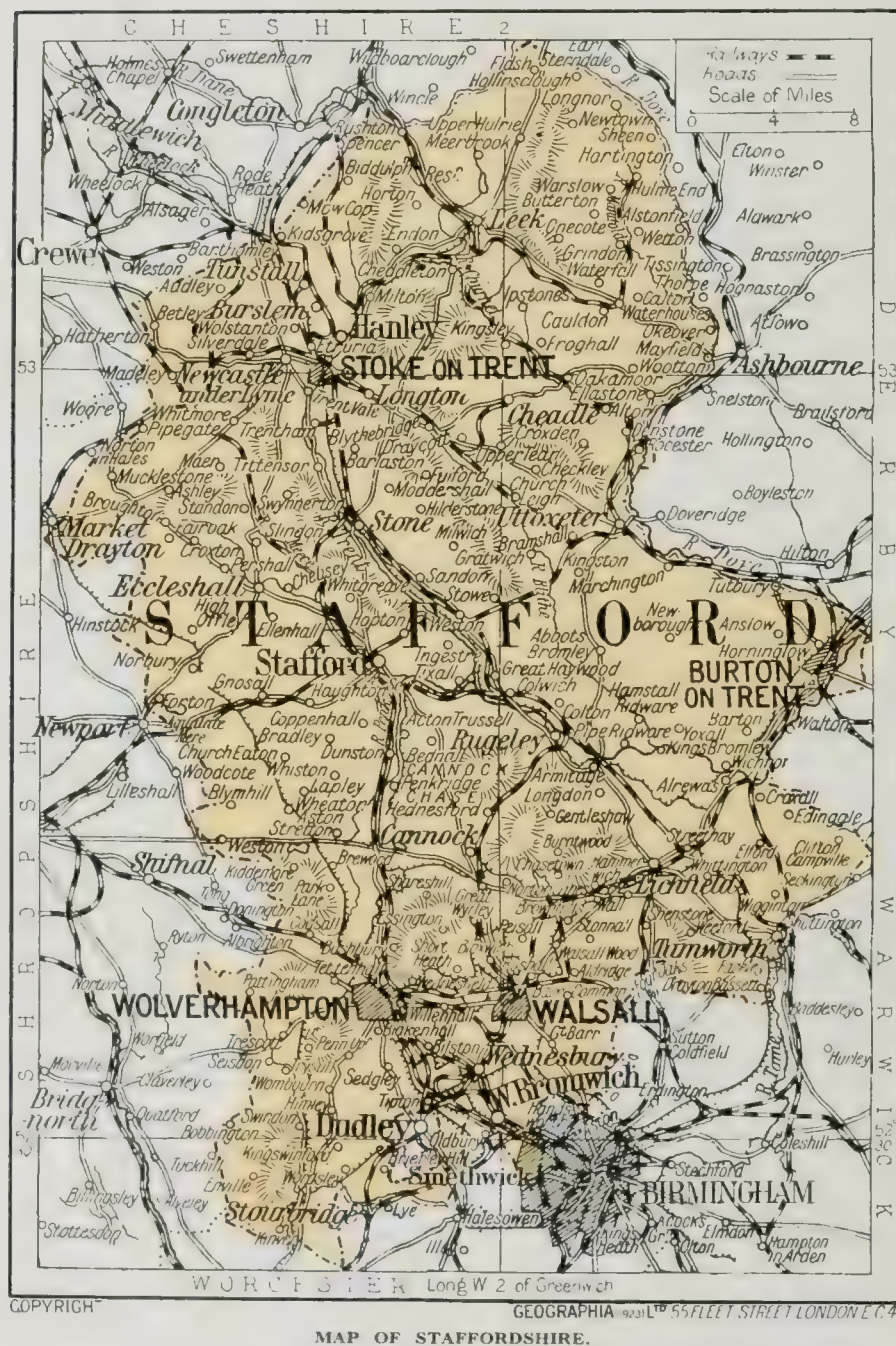
the saintly life he doubtless led, little is known. So we must start our Stafford with Ethelfleda, Alfred's daughter, who married Ethelred, Earl of Mercia. She built a town here in 913, as a stronghold against the inroads of the Danes. The history of the town later on is stormy. William the Conqueror, finding the people of a somewhat stubborn disposition, and inclined to dispute his authority, took steps to subdue them with his usual severity, and built a castle. This last disappeared very soon, possibly burned; at any rate it is not recorded in Domesday. It is probable that William's governor, Robert de Stafford, was an apt pupil of his master, if we may draw any conclusion from the fact that in 1086 out of the hundred and seventy-nine houses in the town fifty-one were empty. William Rufus built another castle, and the town was walled. Castle and walls have now disappeared, and only a fragment is left of one of the gates. Both castle and walls were destroyed by the

Parliamentary commander, Sir William Brereton. He had captured the town with a small force, and the castle, held by Lady Stafford, quickly surrendered. Brereton did wisely in destroying the castle and the walls, for it prevented the town being held any more for the King.

Stafford is justly proud of Sheridan, who sat in Parliament for the town for twenty-six years,

purchasing, as was the custom, the votes that gave him his seat. Later in his life, after he had suffered severe financial loss, he stood again, but no money being forthcoming, his hoped-for constituents had no further use for him. One of the industries of the town was boot-making, and Sheridan's toast, "May the trade of Stafford be trod under foot by all the world," did not please his intensely obtuse constituents, and he became very unpopular.

St. Mary's and St. Chad's are interesting old churches: the former has been much restored of late years; fortunately the restorations were in good hands. In the case of the former the octagonal top to the low central tower is rather unhappy. At one time there was a spire on top of that. The whole effect must have been incongruous in the extreme. The spire met its fate in a storm in 1594. There is a bust to Izaak Walton, who was christened at St. Mary's in the very remarkable



Norman font, decorated with strange creatures, and a couple of Latin inscriptions, one of which reads: "*Discretus non es si non fugis; ecce leones.*"

St. Chad's, one of the finest examples of the Norman period in Staffordshire, was built by a man called Orm. This we know from an inscription on the tower, "*Orm vocatur qui me condidit.*" And that is the beginning and end of our knowledge of Orm the builder of churches. The chancel arch is simply magnificent, the general severity of the Norman style and the heaviness of the chancel



Photo by]

COPPICE WALK, HADEN HILL PARK.

H. Hutton.

Haden Hill Park is in the midst of five towns—Cradley, Blackheath, Cradley Heath, Halesowen, and Old Hill—each being about a mile away. It is the last remaining beauty spot of the once famous "Rowley Regis," which, as its name implies, was at one time the pleasure-ground of kings.



Photo by]

[C. W. Bassano.

HADEN HILL HALL.

For many years the ancient home of the Haden family, Haden Hill Hall is situated in a beautiful park, 3 miles south-east of Dudley. All around the estate, the heath and hills have been torn up by numerous collieries and blackened by works and factories, so that the park is a veritable oasis in the heart of the "Black Country."



Photo by]

[F. Hinton.

DAFFODIL MOUNT, HADEN HILL PARK.

Shenstone, the poet and landscape gardener, had his home a short distance away, and his influence is everywhere apparent in the natural and varied scenery of the park. The photograph shows the Daffodil Mount, which has a very spectacular appearance in the spring, when clothed in its yellow glory.

columns being relieved by the fine orders of moulding. For the rest, the church has suffered at the hands of man and the elements. Like St. Mary's, it has a Norman font with queer creatures carved on it. On the site of the old Norman castle that Brereton destroyed, Sir George Jerningham built, or rather, half built, a castle about a hundred years ago or so. He afterwards became Baron Stafford of Stafford Castle, a fine-sounding title.

St. Chad was the founder, ecclesiastically, of Lichfield. It was in 669 that he became Bishop of Mercia, and he decided to transfer his see to Lichfield from its former habitation, Repton. Bishop Chad's cathedral was not the present one, neither was it on the present site, but just outside the town at Stone. Hedda's was the first cathedral, consecrated in 700. This church had a stormy career,



Photo by

NANNIES ROCK, KINVER.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Known in ancient times as Gynefare, the little town of Kinver stands in a beautiful situation, 4 miles from Stourbridge, and close to the site of what was an extensive Royal forest up to the end of the Middle Ages. In the neighbourhood there are several ancient dwellings which have been hewn out from the solid sandstone rock. With the addition of some modern brickwork, those on Holy Austin Rock are still inhabited.

and suffered severely at the hands of the Danes. Twice more it was pulled down and rebuilt; by Bishop Roger de Clinton, in the twelfth century, and again a hundred years later. Its next stormy time was during the Civil War. The Cathedral Close, which had been fortified by Walter de Langton bishop there at the beginning of the fourteenth century, was held for the King Charles I by the Earl of Chesterfield and Sir Richard Dyott. An incident of the first day's attack gave great cause for rejoicing to the Royalists. Lord Brooke, leading the first attack, was shot in the head by Sir Richard Dyott's dumb son from a vantage post in the central tower. That (a) Brooke should be among the first to be slain, (b) it should be done on St. Chad's Day, and (c) the slayer should be one afflicted with dumbness, suggested to the Royalists nothing short of a miracle. However, the Parliamentary party were not daunted. They renewed the attack with vigour under the energetic lead of Sir John Gell,

and in a week or two captured the Close. Of course the cathedral was terribly damaged. The stained glass was all destroyed, and the central tower had fallen. If one may believe Dugdale, the conquerors not only looted everything they could lay their hands on, but went to the greatest excesses, even going so far as to hunt "a cat with hounds through the church, delighting themselves with the echo from the goodly vaulted roof." But Prince Rupert came along and the Close changed hands again. This time it stayed in the King's hands for three years, until, with the general disintegration of the Royal strength, it was captured, the last to be lost in the country. After the Restoration, in 1660, Bishop Hacket settled down to a thorough restoration of the wrecked cathedral, and taking it all round, he did his work very well. Since Hacket's time, other, and less worthy, restorers have worked



Photo by

WOOTTON HALL.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Wootton Hall is a large mansion standing at the foot of the Weever Hills near Ellastone, and is well known to all readers of George Eliot's "Adam Bede." It dates from about 1730, and for some time was the residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau and his companion, Thérèse le Vasseur.

their will on the patient church, notably two men, Wyatt and Potter, who splashed the interior walls with yellow whitewash and the outside with cement, the whole thing in execrable taste. However, a few years ago it was placed in the very good hands of Sir Gilbert Scott, and the result is all that could be wished.

As for the church itself, it is one of the five spired cathedrals, Chichester, Salisbury, Rochester, and Norwich being the other four. Lichfield has three spires, the central one and two on the west front; the "Ladies of the Vale," they call them; beautiful slender spires they are too. The decoration of the church on the exterior is very rich, and the colour of the stone soft and mellow. The west front is of a curious design in that there is only one window. The rest of the space is devoted to decoration and statues. This decoration is modern, but copied from the original.



Photo L.

OLD HALL, BIDDULPH.

The old Hall at Biddulph, on the Cheshire border, has been in a ruinous state since its destruction by the Parliamentarians under Captain Ashenhurst in 1643. It was built by Francis Biddulph in 1558 and, from the picturesque bullet-marked remains, it was evidently a splendid mansion in its day.

Living in the Past



Photo by

A VIEW NEAR STANSHOPE.

[H. J. Smith]

This photograph was taken near Stanshope, a little hamlet close to Hopedale on the Staffordshire side of the River Dove, and shows a typical bit of the "stonewall" country.



Photo by

THOR'S CAVE AND MANIFOLD VALLEY.

H. J. Smith.

During the dry season the waters of the Manifold disappear through holes in the river bed and for a considerable distance form an underground stream, which, eventually emerging from its subterranean passage, flows into a beautiful glen at Ilam. Thor's Cavern, near Wetton, was inhabited by early man.

Dr. Johnson was born at Lichfield, and the house of his birth came into the hands of the city in 1900. It is turned into a Johnson Museum. Michael Johnson, his father, bought it in 1707, a couple of years before his son's birth.

In beauty of scenery Staffordshire is not lacking, despite the gloom of the "Black Country" and the general drabness of the Potteries. There are two rivers whose valleys are very lovely, and should not be missed by the traveller who would let his eyes have their fill of Nature at her best. These streams are the Manifold and the Hamps, the latter flowing into the former, and both of them into the Dove.

The scenery of these valleys differs from the river scenery of the other parts of the county. The hills are more bare of trees, the valleys are less rocky. Where they lack in what may be called



Photo by

CHINESE PAGODA, ALTON TOWERS.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Alton Towers is a handsome nineteenth-century edifice in the Gothic style, standing on Bunbury Hill opposite the village of Alton on the other side of Churnet Valley. It has been suggested that the several Italian lodges and Chinese pagodas in the lovely gardens rather mar their natural beauty.

grandeur, such as you get in the beauty of the upper parts of the Tamar or the Plym, they win in a gentle kindliness. On the hills are the caves where lived the prehistoric man of the Palaeolithic time, and the barrows where he was buried when he died. The River Hamps at one place, Waterhouses, sinks into fissures, and the river bed, left dry, except in seasons of flood, when the subterranean passages are over filled, is generally covered with the butter bar. The fissures have been stopped at various times with cement, but these attempts to keep the water on the surface have not been successful. The railway that runs down the Hamps Valley and up the Manifold as far as Holme End has been a great blessing. The neighbourhood, lying, as it did, aloof from outside communication has been granted conveniences to local markets, and the narrow-gauge railway is not such a particularly ugly thing.

There are some interesting castles in Staffordshire. The old Stafford one destroyed by Brereton, and the present modern half-finished affair, have been mentioned. Tutbury probably had a Saxon stronghold on the hill where Henry de Ferrers built the castle towards the end of the Conqueror's reign. The next lord of the Castle, Robert de Ferrers, for good service at the Battle of the Standard, was created Earl of Derby by King Stephen, whose help to his gallant supporters had been small enough. The next Ferrers took the wrong side in the royal family squabbles, and backed up Prince Henry. "From the devil we come, to the devil we return," so said Richard Cœur de Lion, the best of a wicked lot. So Robert de Ferrers, supporting the truculent Prince Henry, was turned out of his castle by



Photo by

OLD BRIDGE, CHARTLEY CASTLE.

L. J. Roberts

The thirteenth-century fortress built by William, Earl Ferrers, has given the village of Chartley a considerable historical interest. The magnificent park of 800 acres here was once famous for its herd of wild white cattle. Besides this picturesque old bridge, there are several half-timbered houses in the vicinity that have a certain claim to antiquity.

the King, who straightway had it pulled down. So the history of Tutbury goes on, rebuilt, forfeited, destroyed, and rebuilt again. Thomas Earl of Lancaster, a turbulent and domineering nature if there ever was one, whose father rebuilt Tutbury Castle, at last went too far with Edward II, his cousin. The King attacked the Earl, who fled, and made for the north, for his castle at Pontefract. All his valuables had been taken out of Tutbury Castle, and most of them were lost while fording the River Dove. The suggestion that he hid them in the river will not hold water, since their recovery would be almost impossible, unless the river were low, in which case the first passer-by would get them. Probably the wagons containing them were overturned by the river. The Earl was defeated and captured at Boroughbridge, and probably no one was left alive to tell the tale of the lost treasure. So all remained in the river until 1831, when a great discovery of coined silver was made, a great part of which, claimed by the Duchy of Lancaster, is now in the British Museum.



Fig. 2

PARISH CHURCH FROM THE RIVER, BURTON-ON-TRENT.

The Perpendicular font and some slabs in the south porch are all that remain of the old abbey church, on the site of which the present edifice was erected in 1719. In the grounds of the modern house called "The Abbey" are some slight ruins of the old buildings, consisting of a gateway of the enclosing wall with its porter's lodge, and the lower half of a fine doorway in the Decorated style.

1. Gateway. 2. Porter's Lodge. 3. Abbey.



Photo by]

[D. McLeish.

WALLACE MONUMENT, STIRLING.

This imposing monument was built to commemorate Sir William Wallace, to whose patriotism and courage, and particularly to his victory at Stirling Bridge in 1297, the independence of Scotland was mainly due. The structure stands 220 feet high and crowns a hill near Stirling.



Photo 18.

STIRLING CASTLE.

W. H. Robinson.

Stirling Castle stands in a commanding position at the north-western extremity of the town. Alexander I died here in 1124, and it was the birthplace of James II and James V, but its historical interest has been sacrificed to the requirements of infantry barracks.

STIRLINGSHIRE

ONE of the most important of the midland counties of Scotland, Stirlingshire has a variety of interests, both from the point of view of the sightseer and industrially. Agriculture is largely followed. So far as arable is concerned the usual cereals are cropped, and beans are grown. Black-faced sheep predominate, and short-horns. The principal industry in the south-east of the county is coal-mining, and in the important railway centre of Falkirk iron-works. Incidentally one may mention the Carron Works, a little to the north of Falkirk. These foundries were started in 1760, and at one time cast the old-fashioned kind of gun known as the "carronade." There are also ship-building yards at Grangemouth on the Firth of Forth. These, with many scattered industries, such as calico-printing, chemical works, wool, and so on, make Stirlingshire a very busy county, at any rate so far as the main part and the south-east are concerned.

The capital of the county simply bristles with history, under the leadership, if the



Photo 19.

THE PALACE, STIRLING CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The Palace was built by James V and stands in the form of a quadrangle at the south-western corner of the fortress. It is ornamented with a number of curious pillars and emblematic figures, among which are representations of a king, a queen, a chamberlain, a cook, Venus, and soldiers of the fourteenth century.

expression will pass, of its grand old castle, perched on the lofty, steep rock that frowns over the Carse of Stirling, commanding views unrivalled of Ben Lomond and the Vale of Menteith, Ben Ledi, Ben A'an and the Ochil Hills, and the silver winding of the Forth. Wordsworth penned the picture :

“ From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd,
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd.”

Such is the vista spread out to the grateful eyes of those who climb the hill and seek “ The Queen's Lookout,” an ideal spot. The connection of Stirling Castle with the history of Scotland and with



Photo 1.

VIEW FROM HEADING HILL, NEAR STIRLING.

D. McLeish

This view was taken overlooking the valley of the Forth from Heading Hill near Stirling Castle. Here is the Beheading Stone on which, in the reign of James I, were put to death the Duke of Albany, his two sons, and the Earl of Lennox. To the right are Russian guns captured in the Crimean War, and in the distance is the Wallace Monument.

its kings is old and very intimate. Here, in 1124, Alexander I died, and eighty years later Edward I marched against it with a mighty force, and captured it ; but not until it had withstood the fiercest attacks for three months by every means of battery known to the soldier of those days. The Tower of London was raked bare of its armaments, and the King sent out a great call to arms. So, after a three months' siege, not a day less, a breach was made in the sturdy walls by an engine known as the Wolf, and Edward's forces poured through and the castle was taken. Ten years later came the ruin of Edward II's hopes at Bannockburn, and later still David besieged it again and captured it. A second time the castle stood out for a long time. All the Scottish kings of the name of James took to Stirling Castle. James II and V were born there, James III built the Parliament House, among other additions, and James IV loved to sojourn there.

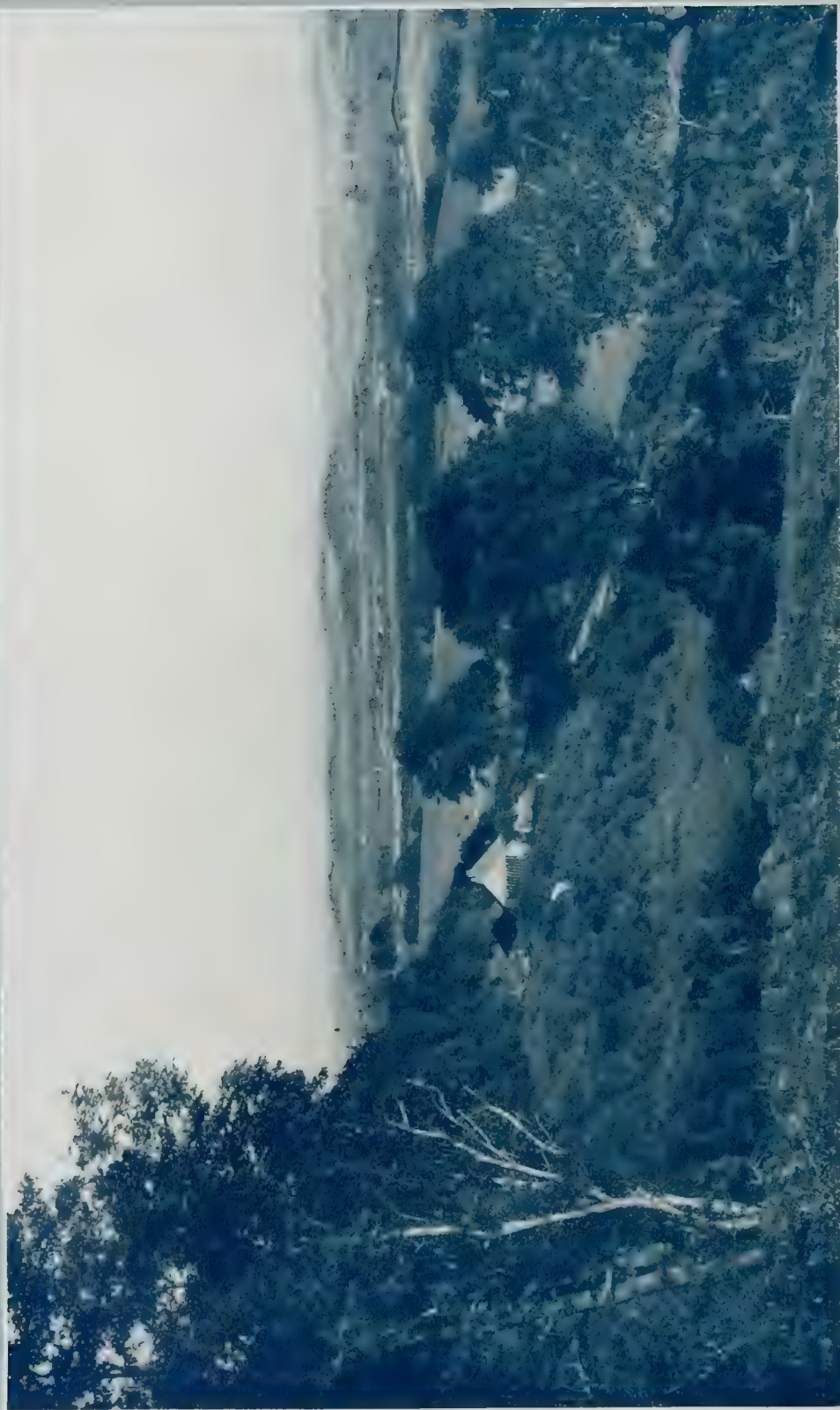


A ROOM IN STIRLING CASTLE.

Watkins & Sons, Ltd.

Photo.

Several of the rooms of the castle have been restored to their former appearance and filled with historical relics. King James III often shut himself up in the castle with his supporters, and he was responsible for enlarging and embellishing the various buildings and for erecting the Parliament House.



[Photo by]

FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN FROM GILLIES' HILL.

In 1314 the Scottish army under Robert Bruce gained a glorious victory here over Edward II's force, which was advancing to relieve Stirling. The appearance of a large body of Bruce's camp-followers over the top of Gillies' Hill was the decisive factor in the battle, for the English thought that reinforcements were coming up, and did not stay to face the issue.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The Palace itself was James V's work, a quadrangle, and the building has remarkably effective sculpture, but on the grotesque side when examined in detail. Across the great square is the Chapel Royal, though its ecclesiastical functions have lapsed. James VI built this in 1594, and his eldest son, Henry, was christened here. Next door to the Chapel Royal is the Douglas Room. William Earl of Douglas set himself out, it appears, to defy everybody, even his sovereign. James II, promising him a safe-conduct, invited him to the castle, and tried to persuade him to adopt a more amenable temper towards himself and the law. Douglas refused, and James, in a temper, stabbed him. The body was at once thrown out of the window, for the truculent Earl had plenty of enemies, and history says that it was buried immediately on the spot. This is as it may be; at any rate, in 1797 a skeleton was found in the garden beneath the window, and the discovery, straightway declared



Photo by

THE BRIDGE, BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

Perth and Co. Ltd.

Bridge of Allan, 3 miles north of Stirling, is a picturesque resort famous for its medicinal waters. The photograph shows the bridge over the Allan Water, which here forms the boundary with Perthshire.

to be the remains of the murdered Earl, gave a touch of colour to the story of the throwing out of the window and hasty burial in the garden. James V used to wander forth from the castle into the town and surrounding country in various disguises, ostensibly to see for himself the administration of justice. The uncharitable and scandal-loving have attributed to the intriguing monarch frivolous motives. Alas! who shall escape calumny?

In the town of Stirling the Greyfriars Church stands. Its looks belie it, for it is not so old as it seems. James IV put it up in 1494, at a time when the pointed Gothic style had generally given way to the Perpendicular. James's Church, however, was Gothic, of the later Pointed style. Mary Stuart's son, afterwards King of England, was crowned here as a youngster, and listened to a sermon by John Knox. If the boy was anything like the man, he probably appreciated the sermon, and more probably

criticised it, an admirable pedantry making up for lack of subtlety. Still, the sixth James must have been quite an amusing person, unconsciously, perhaps, when all is told. There are other interesting things to see in Stirling. There are attractive old houses in Main Street, on one of which there are the following words :

"Heir I forbear, my
name or armes to
fix.

Least I or myne
showld sell these
stones and sticks."

An old house, or what is left of it, stands in Broad Street. This is called Mar's Work, and was built by the Earl of Mar. It has an ecclesiastical appearance, and the stones with which it was built were reputed to have been filched sacrilegiously from Cambuskenneth Abbey by the Earl, for which crime he might never live to see his house completed. The prophecy, if one was ever made, came true ; the Earl did actually die before the house was finished. Here is a quaint inscription on the walls :

"The moir I stand on
appin hitht
My favltis moir svb-
ject ar to sitht.
I pray al lvikaris on
this lvging,
Vith gentil e to gif
thair ivging."

Argyll's lodging is in the French castellated style at one time popular with architects in Scotland. In the '15 Re-



Photo 100

IN WHARRY GLEN, BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

One of the great attractions of Bridge of Allan is the wealth of natural scenery to be found in the vicinity. The lovely Wharry Burn rises near Blairdenon Hill and flows south-west through a romantic glen to join the Allan Water.

bellion the then Duke of Argyll had his headquarters there, but before the house came into the Argyll family it belonged to a very interesting person. This was Sir William Alexander the poet, created Earl of Stirling by Charles I. Alexander got a grant of a large part of Nova Scotia, which he proposed to cut up into baronies. The King gave him the right to mint copper coin of a low value for Scotland, known as *turners*. His various volumes of poetry had a great vogue among the *literati* of the day, and he seems to have been quite a favourite with James VI (I of England), who styled him "my philosophical poet."



LOCH KILSYTH, FROM BANTON.

Kilsyth is a small town 15 miles south of Stirling, near the county boundary. About a mile to the east is a large artificial lake of about 70 acres formed by the River Kelvin and used as a reservoir to the Forth and Clyde Canal. Banton village lies some distance away from the north-eastern end of the lake.



Photo by}

CALENDAR HOUSE, FALKIRK.

This fine old mansion stands in a park of about 400 acres a short distance to the south-east of Falkirk. It was often visited by Mary Queen of Scots, and during the Civil War it was seized by Cromwell, who was on his way to attack Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II) at Torwood.

Two battles were fought at Falkirk. At the first, in 1298, Edward I defeated William Wallace. At the second, in January 1746, Prince Charles Edward met the royal army commanded by General Hawley, the last success that the Jacobites were to gain in Scotland. It was a case of "cherchez la femme," and the woman, in this case, was the Countess of Kilmarnock, whose lord was serving with Charles. The lady's attractions were, apparently, too much for the gallant General, and he stayed at Callender House just a little too long. The Scottish troops manœuvred into a strategic position and the royal troops, arriving on the scene too late, were routed.

The little stream called the Bannock runs into the Forth below Stirling, and it was on its left bank that was fought the great Battle of Bannockburn near the village of that name and the other straggling



Photo by

"JACOB'S LADDER," CAMPSIE GLEN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The parish of Campsie is famous for its lovely glens, formed by the watershed of the Campsie Fells, for their rugged and romantic beauty rivals that of the Trossachs on a smaller scale. The photograph shows a curious rock, known as Jacob's Ladder, in Campsie Glen, which, though comparatively small, is one of the most charming in Scotland.

village of St. Ninian's, or, to use its general name, St. Rinnan's. We have read how Edward I captured Stirling Castle, the greatest stronghold of the North, a veritable bulwark against the Highlands. This was in 1304. Ten years later, Edward II advanced with a hundred thousand men to the relief of Stirling, then being besieged by Robert Bruce. The English king was willing to go to any lengths to retain this fortress. Bruce, with an army of not more than thirty thousand men, took up a strategic position between St. Ninian's village and the Bannock, a position of urgent necessity to him, for his cavalry was his weakest point. He further secured his position by digging pits, and concealing them with branches and turfs, forming traps into which the advancing enemy were bound to fall. The English attack failed, and the appearance of a motley crowd of Bruce's camp followers on a hill to the rear, Gillian Hill, where, with the baggage, they had been placed, caused a panic. Robert Bruce's

victory was complete. The losses are variously estimated, between ten and thirty thousand on the English side, while Bruce's casualties are stated to have been as many as four thousand; this is probably incorrect.

Later on, in 1488, the Sauchie Burn, that runs into the Bannock, was the scene of another battle. James III's nobles had rebelled under the leadership of his son. The battle was joined and the King, attacked by greatly superior forces, was defeated. Severely wounded, he left the stricken field, and fled to Beaton's Mill, where, thrown from his horse crossing the stream, he was borne into the Mill-house. One of his pursuers, pretending to be the priest the King cried for, stabbed him to death. His son, James IV, is said to have worn a heavy iron belt for the rest of his life, as an act of penance. Let us hope that his penance was lasting.

Loch Lomond, giving Stirlingshire some 16 miles of its western border, has been described by many authors in many books, and its islands and bays and beautiful sweeps have inspired, and will continue to inspire, many artists. Macculloch finds an incomparable beauty in its dimensions, "exceeding all others in variety as it does in extent and splendour, and uniting in itself every style of scenery which is found in the other lakes of the Highlands."

Omitting Loch Achray and Loch Katrine, the same writer goes on to say, "it presents numerically more pictures than all the lakes of the Highlands united." Of the twenty-four islands, many of which are of a decent size, three or four are included in the administration of Stirlingshire. Three of these, Inchcaillach, Inchfad, and Inchruim, are pretty big. On the first named, the "Island of Old Women," there was formerly a nunnery, and the place of burial of the M'Gregors, whose monuments can still be found half hidden by the woods



of fir and yew with which the island is covered. Scott speaks of it in the *Lady of the Lake*:

"The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in Inch Caillach wave
Their shadows o'er Clan Alpine's grave."

Ben Lomond, rising three thousand feet, has the great advantage, for the average man at any rate, of being an easy and pleasant ascent, with grass, green and pleasant to the feet, right to the summit, whence the view of the Grampian Hills is superb, and the eye may roam to the south to the Pentlands and the winding Clyde. But the greatest fascination, standing on Ben Lomond's summit, is the beauty of the Loch, the bright silver water, the wooded islands, the little capes and bays marking the shores—as the lake narrows to Glen Falloch, its northern extremity.

Bridge of Allan is a very pleasant home of rest and recuperation for invalids. The wooded hills protect them from the bitter winds of the north and east, and they may take and enjoy, presumably, the waters, in whose composition may be found muriate and sulphate of lime, magnesia and salt. The Allan Water, giving its name to the village, finds its way, a few miles farther down stream, into the Forth.



Photo by]

LOCH LOMOND.

[D. McLeish.

Loch Lomond is the largest and, in many respects, the most beautiful of Scottish lakes. This photograph was taken from the Dumbartonshire side and shows the misty heights of Ben Lomond, reaching 3,192 feet up into the clouds.



Photo by]

LOADING HAY ON THE SHORES OF LOCH LOMOND.

[D. McLeish.

In describing the splendours of this beautiful sheet of water, Macculloch did not exaggerate when he wrote: "... nor do I think that I overrate its richness in scenery when I say that if Loch Achray and Loch Katrine be omitted, it presents numerically more pictures than all the lakes of the Highlands united."



Photo by

THE RIVER ORWELL, NEAR IPSWICH.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.]

The Orwell is really the estuary of the Gipping, which is navigable above Ipswich to Stowmarket. It is to this broad waterway that Ipswich owes its importance as a port, for, besides a considerable trade, it has a service of steamers connecting it with Harwich and Felixstowe.

SUFFOLK

A DISCURSIVE writer of the beginning of the seventeenth century found Suffolk to be delighting in "evenes and plainnes," with no mountains or rocks, "notwithstanding the which it is nott alwayes so low, or flatt, but that in every place, it is severed and devided with little hills easy for ascent, and pleasant ryuers watering the low valleys." Constable, writing about his birthplace, East Bergholt, emphasised the beauty of the scenery, "its gentle declivities, its luxuriant meadow flats sprinkled with flocks and herds, its well-cultivated uplands, its woods and rivers." The two descriptions tally, and give very true pictures of the county. It is, in all essentials, rural, a great part of the population being engaged in tilling the soil, or, on the coast, in fishing. The towns are small, with the exception of the capital, Ipswich, Lowestoft, and Bury St. Edmunds, though the last named does not muster more than seventeen thousand souls. The other towns are simple market centres of quite small population, each serving the needs of its surrounding villages, the gentle monotony of the week varied by the mild thrill of market day. Yet these small Suffolk towns have their particular, and in some cases, individual crafts.



Photo by

WOLSEY'S GATE, IPSWICH.

[D. M. L. & Co.]

The capital of the county, Ipswich is a place of great antiquity, and is mentioned in a Saxon chronicle as having been plundered by the Danes in 991. The city was the birthplace of Cardinal Wolsey in 1471, and this old gateway is the only relic of a college he founded here for Secular Canons.

industries that, at some time in their career, bring them into the sharp limelight of the public eye. Agricultural engines are made at several places—Leiston, Wickham Market, on the River Deben, and Bury St. Edmunds. Beccles and Bungay manufacture marine engines and possess important printing works. Stowmarket has cordite works and Haverhill textiles, while in the north, on the Norfolk border, Brandon folk dress rabbit-skins, for the warrens in the Thetford and Brandon neighbourhoods abound with rabbits, and shape flints for church building. This last industry is particularly interesting, and justifies a few words. The country round about abounds in warrens and in flint quarries, and continual discoveries of flint implements point to a population in the Stone Ages above the ordinary. The ancient men of their age passed away, but the flints remained, and in Brandon there grew up with the town this old industry of flint-knapping. For



Photo L.

ANCIENT HOUSE, IPSWICH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

This old house dates from 1567, when it was built by George Coppinge, and is one of the most striking antiquities in the town. The front offers a spectacular example of seventeenth-century ornamental woodwork. Plaster figures on the lower part of the bay windows represent Atlas, America, Africa, Asia, and Europe.

many years a large part of their energy in this direction was concentrated on the shaping of gun flints. The march of industry, however, introduced percussion caps, and gun flints were no longer in demand, save for export to the Congo and various parts of Central Africa, where they are traded by barter.

Agriculture, the staple of the county's industries, is, and has always been, carried on carefully and thoroughly. The Suffolk farmer has been reputed for generations to be a practical and skilful man, growing crops of unrivalled wheat on stiff land, as a rule not that which could be fairly described as rich. William Cobbett, as direct and hard-hitting in his writings as he was in his somewhat tempestuous life, makes no bones about his opinion of the country: "... the homesteads so snug; the stocks of turnips so abundant; the sheep and cattle in such fine order; the wheat all drilled; the ploughman so expert; the furrows, if a quarter of a mile long, as straight as a line, and laid as truly as with a level



[Photo by]

PINMILL BAY.

[F. C. Fayers.

This pretty bay is situated on the River Orwell a few miles from Ipswich and is much frequented as an anchoring place for yachts. Pinmill was once rather notorious on account of the smuggling escapades of some of its inhabitants.



[Photo by]

OLD CHURCH, FELIXSTOWE.

[Valentin & Son, Ltd.

Felixstowe is a picturesque seaside resort of comparatively modern growth, extending along the coast from the Orwell estuary. The ancient parish church has two interesting Early English doorways, but the rest of the building is Perpendicular or modern work.

... I have always found Suffolk farmers great boasters of their superiority over others, and I must say it is not without reason." Praise, indeed, from Cæsar! The cultivation of the country is thorough throughout: fenlands have been reclaimed, the marshes drained and turned into pasture land, and even the waste sandy spaces in the Bury-Mildenhall-Brandon area have been cleared and put into rotation. Over and above the generous yield from the arable and pasture land, there is a great Suffolk industry in breeding for the London market – turkeys, geese, ducks, and chickens, and, of course, rabbits from the Brandon and Mildenhall warrens.

Touching the history of Suffolk, we are first concerned with the British whom Aulus Plautius found there, and whom he defeated. These were the Iceni, in alliance with Boadicea and the Trinobantes,



Photo. 18.

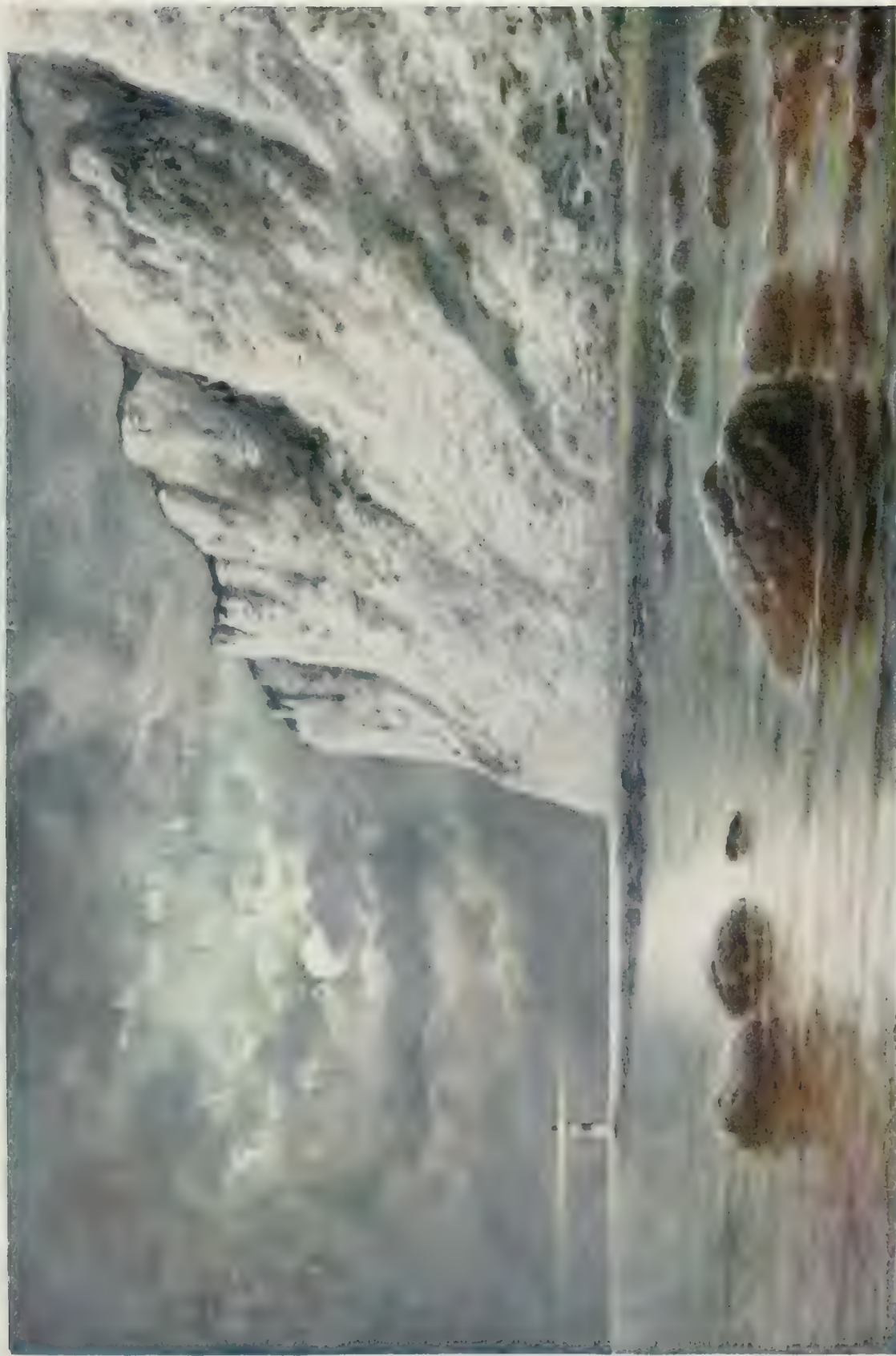
FLATFORD BRIDGE, EAST BERGHOLT.

[E. O. Hoppe.]

John Constable was born at East Bergholt in the Stour Valley in 1776. His father was a rich miller whose beautiful old mill still stands close to the village. The house in which the famous painter was born stood on the north side of the church, but only the garden and some of the outbuildings remain. Flatford Bridge, 1½ miles west of Dedham, was one of his favourite subjects.

whose rebellion against their Roman masters is known to every schoolboy. The defeat of the warlike British Queen by Suetonius Paulinus took place somewhere in East Anglia. The probabilities point to somewhere in the north-west portion of Suffolk, or across the borders into Cambridgeshire or Norfolk.

The Romans left their usual relics, and amongst them one of the finest in England – Burgh Castle. This, the Roman station of *Gariononum*, consists of three sides of a rectangle, the powerful walls 14 feet high and 9 feet thick, massive in brick and flint, surrounding a compound of, roughly, an acre and a half. On one side are four round towers, sturdy and solid, depressed on the top to accommodate some great weapon for slinging, possibly a ballister. Burgh Castle was probably built in about A.D. 46 by the Emperor Claudius' general, Publius Ostorius Scapula.



BEACHY HEAD, SUSSEX.

Beachy Head is the finest promontory on the South Coast. Five hundred feet above the sea, it is composed entirely of chalk, and has, moreover, a great historical interest. In 1690 a battle was fought beneath the shadow of the cliffs, when the English and Dutch fleets under Lord Torrington were routed by de Tourville's French squadron. A magnificent view is obtained from these cliffs, especially looking west, when one sees the famous Seven Sisters, seven picturesque headlands, in all their splendour.

The Angles arrived in the fifth century, and Redwald, seated at Framlingham, embraced Christianity; accepted, rather than embraced, for his complete conversion seems to have been rather a half-hearted affair, if we believe Bede's record that the King put up two altars in a temple, one for the new faith, one for the old, or in the venerable chronicler's own words, "for offerings to devils." Then came the Danes, a name for Norsemen generally, and near Thetford was fought a great battle, resulting in the rout of Edmund by Ingvar and Ubba. Edmund, legends say, fled to Hoxne, on the Waveney, where he was betrayed to the Danes and killed. The belief is very strong locally that Hoxne was the scene of his martyrdom, but modern research has thrown considerable doubts on its authenticity. "Haglesdun" where, according to the chronicler Abbo, Edmund was slain, may or may not have been Hoxne. However, the legend of Hoxne runs that the defeated Saxon king, while hiding beneath the bridge at



[Photo. 18.]

THE "BELL CAGE," EAST BERGHOLT CHURCHYARD.

[L. O. Hops.]

According to a local legend Bergholt Church was deprived of its steeple by the Devil, so the bells were hung in this curious cage in the churchyard, where they are still rung from time to time. The building was restored in 1901.

Hoxne, was recognised by his golden spurs by a wedding party at that moment crossing the river, who proceeded to betray him to the Danes, and that he laid a curse on all who should cross the bridge *en route* for the wedding. For wedding couples the bridge has ever since been regarded with superstition. So much for the story of the death of Edmund, the King and Martyr. Those whose days are spent beneath the shadow of the Royal Exchange in the City of London will remember the beautiful Wren Church of St. Edmund the King in Lombard Street.

It is, however, at Bury St. Edmunds that the king has had undying fame and honour. To the little town known as Beodricsworth, they brought Edmund's body from Hoxne, where it had lain for more than thirty years. This was in 903. A monastery was built over St. Edmund's shrine, and many pilgrims flocked thither to share in the miracles that came to pass over the incorruptible body

of the martyred king. Amongst other kings to pay visits of devotion came Richard Lion Heart, said by all to be a deeply religious man. Only a few years later the knights and clergy and barons gathered in serious conclave there, the meeting that culminated in slippery John's signing Magna Charta at Runnymede. *Sacrarium Regis Cunabula Legis*. St. Edmundsbury is a proud town, and justly proud of its great motto.

Bury's relations with the great world and with the warring elements lasted from the meeting of the barons and clergy in John's reign to 1644, when Hopkins hanged forty people in the town. Earlier, in 1326, when luckless and foolish Edward II lost his crown, Queen Isabella came to Bury, and the next year there was a shocking affair in the town, when the burgesses, protesting against the abbot's



Photo by

A PRETTY REACH OF THE STOUR.

[Herbert Felton.]

The Stour rises in Cambridgeshire and has a south-easterly course of some 47 miles along the boundary between Suffolk and Essex to Manningtree, where it opens out into a broad estuary. The valley of the Stour is famous for its beautiful scenery, and the county gains a large measure of its natural charm from this, the loveliest of all Suffolk's rivers. The photograph shows a typical bit of scenery in the "Constable Country."

rule in the town, stormed the monastery. Fifty-four years later the abbey was again plundered, and the abbot beheaded; this during the rebellion headed by Jack Straw. The present abbey gate replaced the one destroyed in the 1327 uproar, mentioned above. It is a good Decorated example, with a fine west front, and was the main door to the great monastery, of which very little now remains, though the general plan of the monastery, cloisters, abbot's stables, brewhouse, and so on, have been carefully conjectured, as the various buildings originally stood in what is now the Botanical Gardens. The Norman Tower, carefully preserved, is a solid example of the period, eleventh century, 86 feet high, and very square and sturdy. In it hang the bells of the cathedral of the diocese of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich. This diocese was lately formed from parts of the bishoprics of St. Albans and Norwich respectively. St. James's Cathedral was first built by Abbot Anselm about 1125, and is, as it now stands,



Photo. E.A.

H. J. Smith.

BELL INN, KERSEY.

The village of Kersey, 2 miles north-west of Hadleigh, is a place of considerable antiquity, having been the seat of a priory in the reign of Henry III. The photograph shows the entrance to the Bell Inn, which is one of the several picturesque old houses in the village street.



Photo by

OLD COTTAGE AT CHILTON.

[R. Stansland Pugh.]

Chilton is a small village 1½ miles north-east of Sudbury. Many old cottages, such as these, with thatched roofs and moss-covered walls, contribute to the rural picturesqueness of Suffolk. Some of the poorer dwellings were built of a substance called "clay-lump," while earlier still "wattle and daub" was extensively used.

of the fifteenth century, but much rebuilt in modern days. St. James's is on the north and St. Mary's on the south of the Norman Tower. The latter, Perpendicular in the main, has a striking hammer-beam roof, finely carved, and is remarkable for many memorials and brasses. It is sad to relate that the gravestone of Bury's last abbot, John Noell, was taken away, a seemingly sacrilegious act, and that of an entire nonentity put in the place of it. There is also a memorial that strikes a note deeper than that struck by any to ancient ecclesiastic functionaries. This is one to the gallant men of the 12th Foot, the present Suffolk Regiment, who perished in the disaster of the *Birkenhead* in 1857. The Suffolks have had a glorious record throughout their career.

Ipswich, the county town of Suffolk, is comparable with a much smaller town, Bridgwater, in Somerset, which readers of *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL* will know. These two towns, eliminating the great disparity in their size, are both seaports situated far up a tidal river, though the Orwell is more an estuary; both have similar industries in the way of bricks and tiles and engineering, and both have docks and are well acquainted with shipping. The River Orwell changes its name above the town,

and becomes the Gipping. This change of name on the part of English rivers is always puzzling, but not at all unusual. At Oxford the Thames is called Isis; at Cambridge the Cam above the town becomes the Granta; and at Devonport the beautiful sweep of the Tamar below its juncture with the Tavy becomes the Hamoaze. So the River Gipping, rising 4 or 5 miles from Stowmarket,



By permission of,

THE NAVE, CAVENDISH CHURCH.

[Underwood Press Service.]

Cavendish is a large village standing in a picturesque situation on the right bank of the Stour. The parish church is mainly in the Perpendicular style, but the tower is Early English and has several unusual features, including an old fireplace on the second story with a long chimney shaft. In this photograph of the nave the fine flat timber roof and the old wooden lectern can be distinguished.

widens into the broad estuary, if a rather muddy one at low tides, of the River Orwell, and so into the sea at Harwich. Large steamers and tall-masted sailing ships, now alas! getting fewer and fewer, find their way up the Orwell to Ipswich, and take up their cargo from barges that have come down stream on the Gipping from Stowmarket a dozen miles away. The port of Ipswich has a busy enough appearance.

Generally speaking, Ipswich is not what would be popularly described as "a quaint old-world town." It would probably not relish such a description. There are, of course, a few antiquities, but not very many. It once possessed walls and a castle, but they are no more, and like its old monastery, a forgotten memory, if the reader will permit a contradiction in terms. However, so far as its sea-going



Photo by

THE ABBOT'S BRIDGE, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

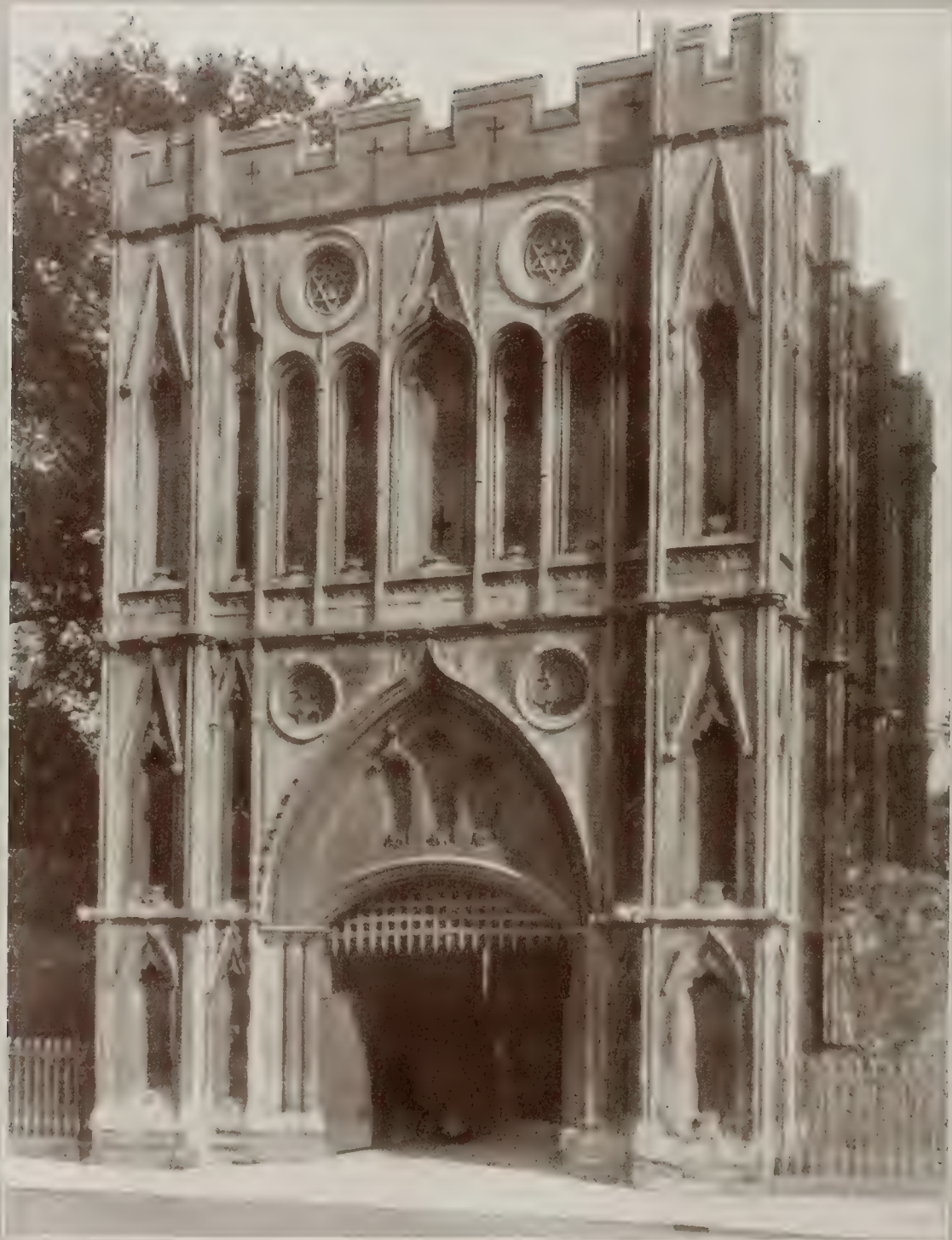
[H. N. King.]

Bury St. Edmunds is a place of great antiquity and ranks third in size among Suffolk towns. It stands in a beautiful situation on a hill sloping down to the tiny River Lark, which is here spanned by this picturesque thirteenth-century bridge, originally built to connect the monastery wall with that of a vineyard.

trade is concerned, Ipswich has quite a long and prosperous history. Its charter dates from 1199, and it was then a centre for the distribution of wool. John Evelyn, the indefatigable diarist, found it a most satisfactory place. "There is not," he wrote, "any beggar asking for alms in the whole place, a thing very extraordinary, so ordered by the providence of the magistrates. It has in it fourteen or fifteen beautiful churches" (there were as many as nine churches there at the time of the Conquest); "in a word, it is for building, cleanness, and good order, one of the best towns in England." Defoe agreed with Evelyn, and found that Ipswich possessed, among other solid attractions, "very agreeable and improving company almost of every kind." On the reverse of the medal, however, we ought not to forget the comment on the town by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, to Charles II. "Ipswich," he declared, was a "town without inhabitants, a river without water, streets without names, and where



MAP OF SUFFOLK.



By permission of

ABBAY GATE, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

[Underwood Press Service.]

A church and monastery were founded at Bury—then known as Beodricsworth—by Sigebert, King of the East Angles, about the year 631. The abbey gate, with its richly ornamented west front, was built soon after 1327, and is the main entrance to the famous monastery.

the asses wore boots." ("Birds without song, rivers without water," etc., they used to say about South Africa.) So much for the various opinions on Ipswich. Dickens described the emblem of that famous hostelry, the Great White Horse, as a "stone statue of some rapacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane carthorse, which is elevated above the principal door." "The Great White Horse," he continues, in *Pickwick* of course, "is famous in the neighbourhood, in the same degree as a prize ox, or county paper chronicled turnip, or unwieldy pig for its enormous size. Never were such labyrinths of uncarpeted passages, such clusters of mouldy, ill-lighted rooms, such huge numbers of small dens for eating or sleeping in, beneath any one roof as are collected together between the four walls of the Great White Horse at Ipswich."

Times have changed, some people say for the worse, and with the permutations of time the Great White Horse, too, has changed: though not for the worse. But to-day, adding a hygienic veneer of



Photo by]

[H. N. King

THE GARDEN, HENGRAVE HALL.

Hengrave Hall is a handsome Tudor mansion of white brick with stone dressings, dating from 1525, when it was built by Sir Thomas Kytson, a London merchant. To-day, only about a third of the edifice remains, the outer court having been removed in 1775 together with other portions.

modern creature comfort, pulling down a bit here and rebuilding a bit there, the Great White Horse is in essentials the same as it was on that fatal night when Mr. Pickwick made the terrible and never-to-be-too-much-deplored mistake over the number of his bedroom.

There is an early seventeenth-century house in the Butter Market, called Sparrowe's House, or more usually, Ancient House, which is not merely remarkable; it can justly be described as unique in the wealth and beauty of its woodwork. There is a set of beautiful bay windows, on the lower parts of which, modelled in plaster, are designs representing America, Africa, Asia, and Europe, while the pediments of the dormer windows above are similarly carved. Inside, there are beautifully panelled rooms and decorated ceilings. It is certainly a very remarkable house.

Framlingham, at the end of a little railway branching off from the main line to Yarmouth, aloof, far from the outer world, has a history of its own, wherein the "pomp and circumstance" that surround royal and noble visitors is not lacking. To Framlingham, where there was then a castle, built probably

by the East Anglian king Redwald, came Edmund, King and Martyr, in 870, when the Danes had defeated him at Thetford. So runs the story; but it is not necessarily the truth. There are many legends of the Martyr King, for the authenticity of which there is not too much authority.* So far as one can gather, the Bigods, to whom Henry I gave Framlingham Manor, had a castle there, most likely Redwald's Saxon stronghold. This castle, whatever it may have been, was dismantled at the order of Henry II, for Hugh Bigod had sided with the rebellious Earl of Leicester against the King. It will be remembered how this same Hugh Bigod had rebelled in 1136 against Stephen, seizing Norwich Castle. Framlingham Castle must have been rebuilt, for we read of it being surrendered by Roger Bigod to John in 1215.

However, the Bigods, powerful, arrogant, turbulent family as they were, did not last for ever.



Photo by,

EYE CHURCH FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The ancient church at Eye originally belonged to a Benedictine priory founded by the Malets in the Norman period as a cell to Bernay. The stately tower of stone and flint stands 100 feet high and is divided into four stages.

They became extinct some seventy years later, and Framlingham Castle passed into the hands of the Crown. The first Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray, held it until he died in 1399. Then, after another reversion to the Crown, it went to Sir Thomas Erpingham by way of exchange. Four years later it was granted to Thomas, Earl of Mowbray, but his tenure lasted only a few months, for he was beheaded at York in 1405. A complete list of the long succession of castellans of Framlingham would be too long to include in *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*. Let us be satisfied with noting that it was held by several more successive Mowbrays, and later by the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk of the second creation. On the attainder of the third Duke of this line, the castle once again reverted to the Crown, and the King, Edward VI, gave it to his sister, Princess Mary. Eventually it was bequeathed by its last purchaser, Sir Robert Hitcham, to Pembroke College, Cambridge, which possesses it to-day.



By James H. H.

BECCLES FROM THE RIVER.

One of the prettiest views of this old town may be obtained from the marsh-bordered banks of the Waveney, which passes close by the bold promontory on which Beccles is built. Standing above the red-roofed houses is the massive detached tower of the church, so placed in case its weight should prove too much for the steep bank sloping down from the west end of the church.

[United Press Service]

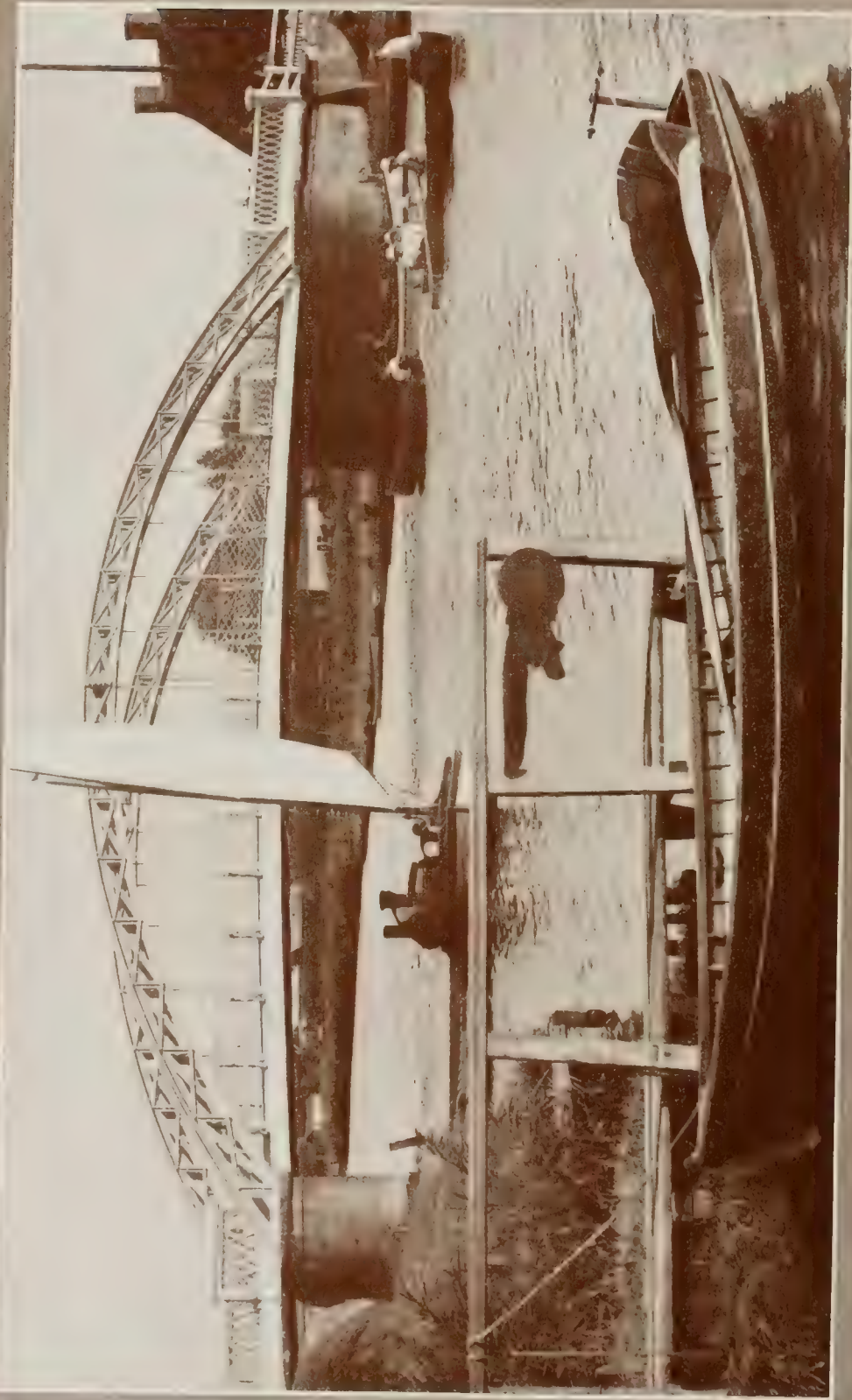


Photo by

THE WAVENEY AT ST. OLAVE'S.

The Waveney is one of the principal rivers of Broadland, and it forms the greater part of the northern boundary of the county. The river rises near South Lopham in Norfolk and flows 50 miles east-north-east to the Breydon Water. It is navigable to wherries and cruising yachts as far as Bungay.

[Photograph Co., Ltd.]

Now comes the most exciting time in the old castle's long life. Princess Mary, on the death of her brother Edward VI, hurried to Framlingham Castle, on the advice of, and supported by, her two staunch adherents, Bedingfield and Sir Henry Jerningham. It will be remembered that her position was difficult in the extreme. Framlingham was an ideal base from which she could watch the quickly passing events, and carry on her campaign. Besides being a very powerful fortress, equipped to withstand, if put to it, a long and strenuous siege, it was within an easy day's march of the sea at the port of Aldeburgh. However, the new Queen was in no immediate danger. The nobles and knights of Suffolk, with their retainers, flocked to her standard flying over the gate at Framlingham Castle, and in less than a week she had an army of thirteen thousand men quartered round her. The efforts of the Privy Council to damage her cause were vain. At Yarmouth the crews of six ships despatched



Photo by

ON THE COAST AT KESSINGLAND.

E. Standand Pugh.

Kessingland is a large fishing village and resort 4 miles south of Lowestoft. At the foot of the cliffs are the remarkable Forest Bed deposits, in which have been found the bones of many extinct animals, including species of rhinoceros, cave bears, hyænas, elephants, tigers, and three-toed horses.

by the Council surrendered voluntarily to Jerningham, and the Earl of Bath, himself a Councillor, marched to Framlingham with a large force of arms in the Queen's support. Even the villagers of the countryside, according to old parochial account books, went to what lengths they could to assist the Queen in her campaign. So, in triumph, Mary marched to London, supported by a great force, and Stowe chronicles the good tidings of such a quantity of beer left at Framlingham that it was sold for sixpence a barrel, while big loaves went at four a penny. An unpopular and unhappy queen, let us not grudge to Mary her one spontaneous wave of popularity.

Of Framlingham Castle to-day, the outer walls are practically intact, with no appearance of ruin, from a distance at least. But within the great area that they enclose there is complete desolation. Saving those walls with their towers, and Thomas Howard's Gate Tower, little is left of the actual castle

buildings. The Gate Tower, built at the end of the fifteenth century, in Henry VII's time, is the latest part of what is left of the castle. For the rest, the usual buildings appertaining to a feudal stronghold of the greater sort occupied a part of the courtyard, the chapel, the great hall, stables, storehouses, kitchen, and dining hall. These last were pulled down in 1729, when a workhouse was put up on the site; but the other buildings, including the wine-cellar, brewhouse, and mill-house, had been destroyed earlier. The explanation for this apparently wholesale destruction can be found in the will of the last owner, Sir Robert Hitcham, who desired "all the castle, saving the stone building," to be pulled down, and the materials used, *inter alia*, for building almshouses.

Although Suffolk possesses no port of outstanding importance, compared, that is to say, with



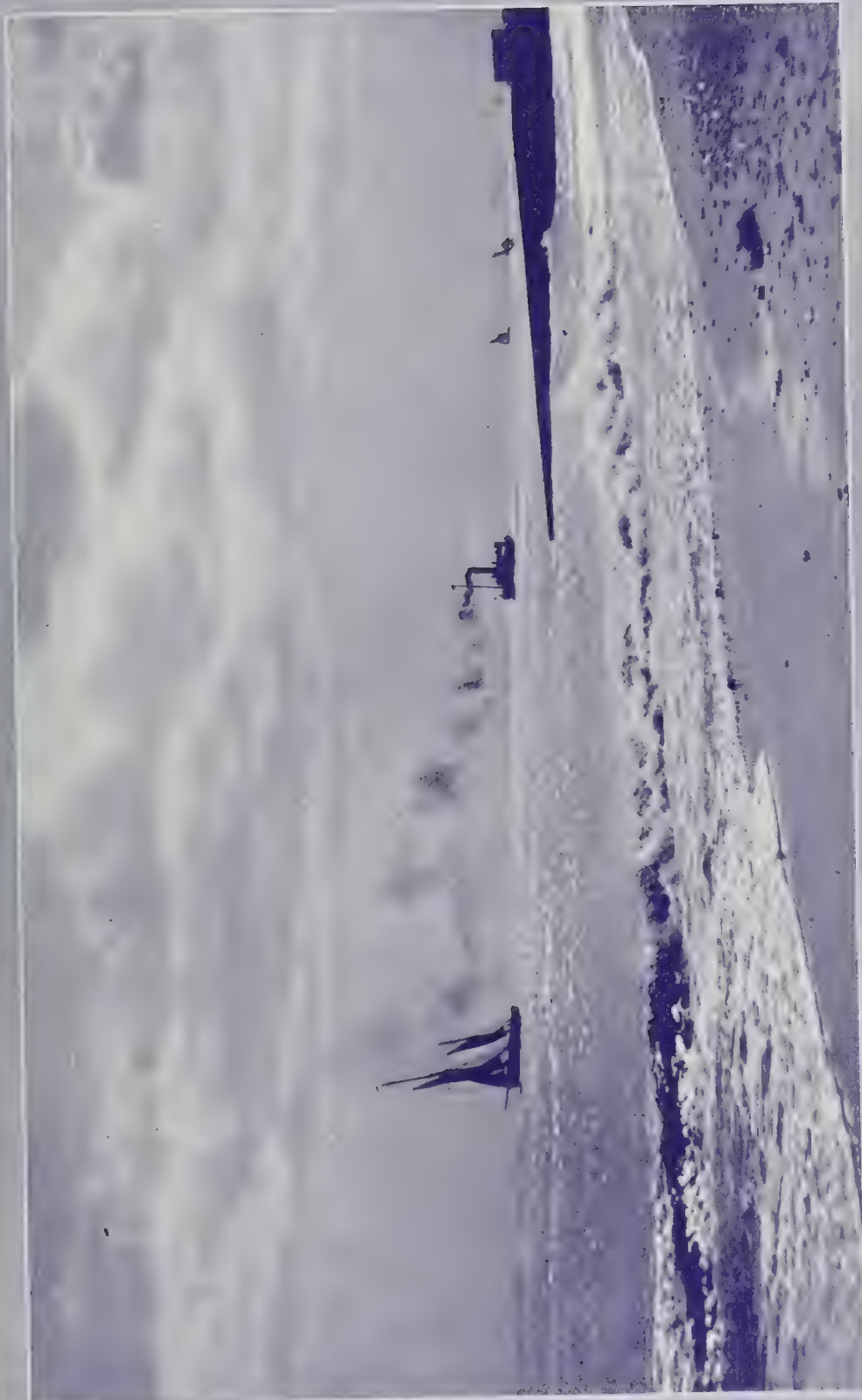
[Photo by]

[Francis & Co., Norwich.]

ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, HERRINGFLEET.

The picturesque village of Herringfleet stands close to the River Waveney, about 5½ miles north of Lowestoft. Among the several interesting features of St. Margaret's Church are the windows of the upper storey of the Norman tower, the stained glass windows from the church of the Friars Minor in Cologne, and an Early English inarched tomb.

such shipping centres as Hull or Newcastle, there are, eliminating, for the moment, Harwich and Lowestoft, several little places that in early days were ports, albeit in a small way, of standing. Now their old glory has faded and (often literally) gone "down cliff." Let us consider them, starting with Woodbridge, at the head of the estuarine river Deben, 10 miles from the open sea at Bawdsley Haven. Originally a British settlement, with a Roman military camp near by at Burgh, or *Combretonium* in Antonine's time, it reached a certain degree of importance by the early thirteenth century, and as a port was flourishing a couple of centuries later, building its own ships, and carrying corn to Scotland and as far as Iceland. Defoe, who took a good deal of interest in the county, found it a busy place full of prosperous butter merchants. To-day, its shipping is small, coal and other necessities of life arriving in barges, and a certain export of bricks and corn.



OFF THE NESS, LOWESTOFT.

Although it is perhaps best known as a watering-place, Lowestoft may also claim some distinction for being the most important seaport and the second largest town in Suffolk. On the Ness the most easterly point in England—stands the Low Lighthouse, which has had to be moved inland several times owing to the encroachments of the sea.



Photo by

EVENING IN LOWESTOFT HARBOUR.

Lowestoft has a very large fishing fleet of both steam and sailing drifters, which are chiefly engaged in the herring and mackerel fisheries, although turbot, soles, plaice, cod, and skate number among the catch. Between September and December, when the herring season is at its height, hundreds of Scottish trawlers augment the local fleet, and often almost the entire area of the extensive quay is covered with fish, either lying in heaps or packed in barrels.

[E. Staniland Pugh.

There are memories of a busy past in its church, a noble Perpendicular one, with a high tower, the Shire Hall, designed probably by a Flemish architect, a pretty old timbered house in New Street (*en passant*, this street is 400 years old), and the Bull Inn.

Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of "Omar Khayyám," himself a native of Bredfield—he was born in the old Jacobean Bredfield House in 1800—lived at Woodbridge, and here entertained his many friends, including Tennyson, Carlyle and Thackeray, and listened, let us hope with pleasure, to the bagpipe playing of Punch's greatest artist, Charles Keene. Fitzgerald married the daughter of the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, at Woodbridge, and when he died in 1883 he was buried at Boulge close by, and over his last resting-place there grows a rose-tree, whose seeds were brought



[Photo by]

BUNGAY CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

From the Conquest to the reign of Edward I, Bungay Castle was a fortress of the Bigod family, except during short periods when it was confiscated by the King. It passed later to the Uffords and Howards, and in 1800 it was bought by the Duke of Norfolk. The ruins consist of two low circular towers and some fragments of the keep, which has immensely thick walls.

from Omar's grave at Naishápur, a fitting tribute from the Omar Khayyám Club to a great poet and Victorian. In truth, Woodbridge and its pretty countryside have many charming memories.

Orford, too, was a port, but the harbour silted up. Still, there is something of interest in what is now but a village. There is the keep of the castle, a polygon in outward shape, but circular within, 60 feet high, with various chambers and dungeons. There were surrounding walls, with embattled towers, but these have gone, and the keep served as a lighthouse at one time. Henry II had the castle built at a time when Bigod was causing trouble at Framlingham, as has been mentioned earlier in this article. Who has not heard of the "Wild Man of Orford"? He, or it, was caught by fishermen in 1180, so we learn from Ralph of Coggeshall, and, though a fish, was shaped like a man, and lived at Orford Castle for six months, presumably an earlier castle than the one whose keep remains to-day. "He spake not a word; all manner of meats he did gladly eat, but most greedily raw fish. . . . Often-

times he was brought to the church, but never showed any sign of adoration." However, one day the man-fish, tired, perhaps, of his captivity, or his diet, or both, went back to the sea, and was never seen again. It is a pleasant story, and one can only regret that such things do not happen nowadays.

Aldeburgh is now a very popular seaside place, and is no longer a port, but in Elizabeth's spacious days it boasted a large fishing fleet, and for more than two hundred and fifty years sent two Members to Parliament. But the sea gained on the town, and as a port it had no option but to retire gracefully. Crabbe the poet was born here, and for a very short time was curate at the parish church; but the actual house in which he first saw the world was washed away by the sea with ten others in 1779. The Moot Hall at Aldeburgh is its chief attraction for the antiquary. It is a two-storey house with an outside



Photo by

WEATHER-BEATEN PORCH, PAKEFIELD CHURCH.

Francis & Co., Norwich.

The village of Pakefield, 1½ miles south-west of Lowestoft, has suffered considerably from coast erosion and many houses have been swallowed up by the sea. The ancient church presents several unusual features. The nave and aisle, separated by seven pointed arches, are of exactly the same size and were evidently intended for two different congregations, as each had its own altar.

staircase, flint and brick, timbered. The actual date of its building is doubtful, but it was certainly standing in Elizabeth's time.

The history of Dunwich a few miles up the coast is principally ecclesiastical. At the same time it was a port, and, in its day, one of the busiest on the Suffolk coast. Its development was slow but sustained, and, according to Gardner, Dunwich of Edward I's time had a considerable fleet of ships of war, "sixteen fair ships, twenty barks or vessels trading to the North Seas, Iceland, etc.," and a few fishing-boats; a place of importance. Then Fate, in the form of the sea, overtook it, and early in the fourteenth century not only the harbour but 400 houses were washed away. A little later four churches followed, and two of the gates. The extent of the ecclesiastical connections of Dunwich may be gauged from the fact that besides the four churches swept away, there had been - this we learn from a sixteenth-



Picture

KELSALE CHURCH.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This ancient church stands on a hill to the north of the village 1½ miles from Saxmundham. The original building was Norman, but the chancel and nave were rebuilt in 1878. An added charm is given to the churchyard by the picturesque lych-gate, and the village is situated in the most attractive wooded surroundings.



Picture

FRAMLINGHAM CASTLE.

H. N. Kitchin

One of the most interesting of the smaller towns of East Anglia is Framlingham, which is famous for its castle, dating mainly from the time of Edward I. Externally the walls appear in a perfect state of preservation and it is only on entering the great court that the full extent of the ruin effected can be realised. It was here that Queen Mary then Princess found refuge before her succession to the English throne. The fortress was built by the Bigods and remained for many years the property of the Dukes of Norfolk.

century manuscript—two friaries, their churches and buildings, another very old church, two hospitals, and three chapels.

Continuing our peregrination northwards we come to Walberswick, at the mouth of the Blyth. There is no more popular spot in East Anglia than this little village, and it has been drawn and painted almost as much as Clovelly in Devon, which is saying a great deal. Walberswick is one of the few places that cling to the memory even from one's childhood. Forty years ago, to a boy its charm and fascination were incredible. The shingly walk from its bigger neighbour, Southwold, past the tarred wooden huts, wherein the fishermen kept their nets and the other alluring mysteries of their enviable craft ; the little tidal river Blyth, how big and noble it looked, and how fierce the current ;



Photo by

PARHAM HALL, NEAR FRAMLINGHAM.

P. W. Lamborough.

This building, now used as a farmhouse, is a fine example of an Elizabethan baronial hall encompassed by a moat. It possesses a splendid Tudor arch decorated with the arms of the Uffords and the Willoughbys, who were former owners of the place. It has been regarded as a one-time residence of the poet Crabbe ; this is an error, however, as he lived in a hall nearby, of which no trace now remains.

the quaint village beyond, with the joy of crossing the swift stream in the ferry-boat ; the rumble of the absurd little narrow-gauge railway that runs from Halesworth to Southwold—these are the memories of the days of bucket and spade and shrimping net, when Queen Victoria's Jubilee was still to come.

Blythburgh, a little way up-stream from Walberswick, and, like the latter, possessing a station on the narrow-gauge railway, was once a port, but the river silted, and the little town decayed. The church is its predominating feature ; a noble Perpendicular building. The tower is a shade too small for the rest, but taken as a whole the church is remarkably symmetrical in its design, and elaborate in its decoration.



Photo by

GUILDFORD, FROM MILLMEAD.

Herbert Felton.

The capital of Surrey, Guildford is picturesquely situated on a hill sloping down to the River Wey. Many old and famous buildings contribute to the ancient history of the town, which can be traced back to King Alfred, who is said to have left it in his will to his son Ethelwald.

SURREY

IT seems advisable at the outset to explain that this survey of Surrey is not concerned with that part of the county which is London either in fact or in spirit. The district south of the Thames which is officially incorporated in London County has been previously dealt with in this work: that other district, south of London County's border, which is virtually a suburban extension of the capital, has no real claim to consideration in *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*, though the historic interest of places such as Kingston and Richmond gives them a special status. But after the amazing building activity of the last twenty to thirty years, it would be difficult to maintain that the "beauties" of Surrey are to be found north of a line drawn from Walton-on-Thames through Esher, Epsom, and Purley to the Kent border, so if the north-east corner of the county is treated here in a somewhat perfunctory manner, the effect is designed and not accidental.

Geographically, Surrey presents itself conveniently for dissection. The chalk ridge known as the North Downs traverses it from east to west. A parallel ridge, of contrasting geological formation and cul-



Photo by

AN OLD BYWAY IN GUILDFORD.

F. T. T. T.

Guildford chiefly consists of one long street beginning at the bridge over the Wey and ascending steeply up the hill. Both here and in the smaller byways some of the houses show signs of considerable antiquity, and the charming blend of ancient and modern is full of fascination.



Photo by **ST. MARY'S CHURCH, GUILDFORD.** *[E. Bastard.]*
 In spite of extensive restoration, the old parish church of St. Mary still presents some fine examples of Saxon and late Norman work.

teenth century men thought it worth fighting about; by the seventeenth it was in such a state of dilapidation that in the Civil Wars it was left severely alone by both sides—to the very great advantage of Guildford.

Guildford's churches are not without interest to the antiquary and the patriotic townsman, but certainly appeal less to the casual visitor than some of the secular buildings which have survived all the chances and changes of the century. What could be more attractive, for instance, than that triumph of architecture in brick, "Abbot's Hospital." Those who consider that stone alone is compatible with dignity must be recommended to look more than once at this triumph of Jacobean art. The Hospital

minating in the well-known Leith Hill, runs south of the Guildford-Dorking road and forms the most striking object in the famous view from Newlands Corner. South of these heights is the Weald, to the north the plain of the Thames Valley, and roads, rivers and railways run through the gaps which divide them.

Guildford, the county capital, has had no lack of advocates to trumpet its charms far and wide. As the years pass, however, the trumpeting is apt to become fainter, for the modern builder, purveyor of nasty, and by no means cheap, horrors, has thoroughly invaded the old place and built over its outskirts. He even appears to have an eye upon the charming and celebrated High Street, whose overhanging clock hardly the hastiest of motorists can miss, and whose double row of houses, mostly ancient and almost all quaint, is one of the few genuine relics of a long-lost Britain.

Of the twelfth-century castle little remains but the Norman keep, no bad specimen of its kind, but curiously destitute of any very thrilling historical associations. The castle appears to have been one of those strongholds which were always either too strong or too weak to make much history. In the thir-



Photo by **ABBOT'S HOSPITAL QUAD, GUILDFORD.** *[E. Bastard.]*
 This interesting old building was founded in 1619 by George Abbot, the famous Calvinistic archbishop, and was intended for the support of a Master, twelve brethren, ten sisters, and two nurses.



Photo by

THE CASTLE KEEP, GUILDFORD.

H. N. King

The castle at Guildford was often occupied by Henry III and once it came into the possession of Louis of France. Its history has been comparatively peaceful, it having been used in turn as a county gaol and a private residence. In 1885 the ruins were sold to the town, and to-day the only substantial remains are the walls of the square Norman keep standing on an older artificial mound.



By permission of

THE PILGRIM'S WAY FROM ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL.

(Underwood Press Service.)

One of the earliest tracks ever made in England stretched from Dover to Salisbury Plain, and part of this became known as the Pilgrim's Way after the murder of Thomas à Becket, the great archbishop, in Canterbury Cathedral, owing to the number of pilgrims that visited his tomb.

was a loving gift from one of Guildford's most distinguished sons--all the more distinguished because George Abbot rose from poverty and obscurity to become Archbishop of Canterbury and a great figure in the political world. The date of foundation is 1619, and both the materials and general air of the building are redolent of the period, though the warm dark red of the brick is in cheerful contrast to the somewhat cold sectarianism of the donor. It is one of the oddities of history that men should have produced cheerful and friendly things when their hearts have been particularly hard against each other.

Another famous relic of ancient Guildford is its Grammar School, one of the earliest in the country, and fortunate in still possessing buildings which are even more eloquent proofs of age than sealed and dated documents. It was founded by a Guildford man, Robert Becketingham, who went to London



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ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL, CHILWORTH.

Underwood Press Service

Chilworth or St. Martha-on-the-Hill stands on a ridge 720 feet above sea-level, about 2 miles south-east of Guildford. A conspicuous landmark is formed by the old chapel, which, although restored in 1848, still retains some interesting late Norman work. St. Martha is probably a corruption of St. Martyrs, after a tradition relating to the massacre of early Christians on the hill-top.

towards the end of the fifteenth century and discovered fame and fortune there. Fortunately for the young school, Edward VI took an interest in it and launched it on a career of distinguished usefulness. So though there is no ground for describing King Edward as the founder, no one but the blindest of partisans will deny him a share of the credit.

Guildford's Town Hall, and its famous clock, thrust themselves so forcibly on the notice of the passing traveller that it would be sheer heresy to omit to say that both date from the end of the seventeenth century, and recall with sufficient vividness the era when England had emerged from the troubles of sectarian strife and was rapidly transforming itself into a land fit for a nation of shopkeepers.

Before going further afield, it seems convenient to deal with a number of points in the vicinity of

Guildford, prefacing a rapid sketch with the classical quotation from Cobbett's *Rural Rides*, the Heaven-sent Baedeker of anyone sojourning in these regions :

"The town of Guildford, taken with its environs, I, who have seen so many, many towns, think the prettiest, and, taken all together, the most agreeable and most happy-looking that I ever saw in my life. Here are hill and dale in endless variety. Here are the chalk and the sand, vieing with each other in making beautiful scenes. Here is a navigable river and fine meadows. Here are woods and downs. Here is something of everything but fat marshes and their skeleton-making agues."

The growth of a suburban Guildford—of a quite unusually dreary and depressing type—has spoiled the picture, at any rate so far as an area within a radius of a mile and a half from the Town Hall is



[By permission of]

A COTTAGE ON THE WEY AT EASHING, NEAR GODALMING.

[Underwood Press Service.]

The Wey rises near Alton in Hampshire and flows 41 miles north-east past Farnham, Godalming, and Guildford to the Thames at Weybridge. This pretty riverside scene is typical of the beautiful Surrey scenery, about which more books have been written than about any other county in England.

concerned ; but once away from the brick wilderness, the charms that fascinated Cobbett still weave a strange and binding spell.

The most earthbound motorist on the Guildford-Godalming road can hardly have failed to observe the picturesque St. Catherine's Chapel, perched above a cutting. Even in its forlorn state of ruin, it speaks eloquently of the time when the Canterbury pilgrims stopped here for spiritual sustenance as they stopped at many a wayside inn for physical nourishment.

Even more eloquent than St. Catherine's is St. Martha's Chapel, conspicuous on its isolated hill in the valley leading to Dorking. In the view from Newlands Corner, or any of the other celebrated eeries in this quarter, it is a feature which cannot be missed, and for that reason, no doubt, it was selected as the site of a little sanctuary in the earliest times. The term "St. Martha" conjures up a vision of some noble and saintly dame ; but that vision is an illusion, for the term is really a corruption of the word "martyrs." Who was martyred, and why or where, no one knows, but it



Photo by]

THE CHURCH, WITLEY.

F. Eastard.

Witley owes much of its reputation for picturesqueness to its charming situation in the prettily wooded district to the south-west of Godalming. Not the least of its attractions is the old parish church, which, with its lichen-covered roof and ivy-grown thirteenth-century tower crowned by a spire, has been described as one of the most beautiful in Surrey.



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THE DEVIL'S JUMPS, NEAR HINDHEAD.

Underwood Press Service.

On the common at Churt, 6 miles south of Hindhead, are three small conical hills which have long been known as the Devil's Jumps. Local gossip has woven round them an atmosphere of mystery, and there are many curious legends and folk-tales connected with their history.



Photo by

THURSLEY VILLAGE.

Herbert Felton.

Thursley is a small village near the old Portsmouth Road, on the breezy uplands about 2 miles north of Hindhead. In the churchyard is the tombstone of an unknown sailor who was murdered by three tramps at the Devil's Punch Bowl, on September 24, 1786, while walking from London to Portsmouth.



Photo by

[E. Bastard.]

RUINS OF WAVERLEY ABBEY, NEAR FARNHAM.

Waverley Abbey was founded in 1128 by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, and is the earliest Cistercian foundation in England.

periods. To try to express the attractions of Shere in terms of individual buildings is an effort foredoomed to failure. Considered as a whole or in detail, it stands for all that sunny restfulness and genial conservatism which have not yet been banished from the countryside, and remains a mute and standing protest against the type of brick and slate box which now passes muster for a "home."

A celebrated mansion hereabouts is Wotton House, which figures freely in the immortal pages of John Evelyn's *Diary*, and is indissolubly associated with that great

must have been long before the oldest existing (Norman) portion of the present restored church was built.

A little way beyond the chapel is Albury, whose fame has been more or less reduced to that of Albury Park, with gardens designed by the diarist Evelyn and containing an historic yew hedge notable enough for Cobbett to describe in considerable detail. Here, too, is the so-called "Silent Pool," certainly remote and pretty enough to stir the imagination of an inventive novelist, but hardly worthy of being made the *locus in quo* of the absurd scene placed here by Martin Tupper in his historical romance, *Stephen Langton*. According to Mr. Tupper, a beautiful maiden was one day bathing in the pool when King John, casually passing, caught a glimpse of her. John's reputation was too well known to leave much doubt as to the probable result of the meeting, so when the King rode into the water towards her, the maiden cowered into the depths and was most lamentably drowned, notwithstanding the stout efforts of a manly young brother, who only shared her fate.

A mile or so east of Albury is Shere, with its interesting church and a wealth of ancient houses and cottages of different



By permission of

PUTTENHAM CHURCH.

[Underwood Press Service]

The ancient church of Puttenham nestles among the woods on the south side of the Hog's Back.

English gentleman. The house has changed greatly since his time, but it would be unpardonable to break with tradition and omit his classic description of his old home :

"The house is large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen it may be compared to one of the most pleasant seats in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse to make it conspicuous. I will say nothing of the air, because the pre-eminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy ; but I should speak much of the gardens, fountains, and groves that adorn it, were they not generally known to be amongst the most natural and . . . the most magnificent that England afforded."

It is hardly fitting to add to the volume of literature produced on the subject of "the Pilgrim's



By permission of,

VIRGINIA WATER.

[Underwood Press Service.]

This artificial sheet of water stands at the south-east corner of Windsor Great Park and is surrounded by beautifully laid out grounds. It was constructed in 1746 for the Duke of Cumberland, by damming a number of streams, and is 1½ miles long.

Way," a theme which has captured the imagination of writers of all kinds for many centuries and occasionally resulted in wondrous outpourings of topographical mysticism. What the lawyers would call the "admitted or agreed facts" appear to be these: that the route which crosses the county along the summit of the North Downs is of immemorial antiquity, and was widely known and used long before Becket was murdered and buried at Canterbury ; and that the pilgrims who thronged from the west to his shrine used that old highway in the main, with occasional deviations as convenience, pleasure, or the need for refreshment indicated. Thus while the ancient track in Western Surrey runs along the top of the Hog's Back, the Pilgrim's Way runs just below the crest on the southern side.

There is no need to say that he who follows the Pilgrim's Way through the county gets practically the best of all it has to offer in the way of scenery, if only because the views enclose the vast



By permission of

THE THAMES NEAR WEYBRIDGE.

[Underwood Press Secured.]

For some 25 miles of its course, that is to say from Runnymede to Barnes, the Thames forms the northern boundary of Surrey. The winding river is everywhere lined with picturesque villages, and there is no lack of scenic incident which may tempt the beauty-lover to seek its waters.



Photo by

RUNNYMEDE AND MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

[Sport and General.]

Runnymede is famous for its associations with the signing of the Magna Charta in 1215, for on an island in the river is the spot where King John is said to have signed this historic document. A cottage near by contains the stone on which the parchment rested.



Photo by

WISLEY CHURCH.

[Herbert Felton.]

The little hamlet of Wisley, near Byfleet, is one of the beauty spots of Surrey, and the scenery on the pretty common to which it gives its name is beloved of the landscape artist. The chancel and nave of the ancient church are mostly late Norman, dating from about 1150.



Photo by **PYRFORD CHURCH PORCH.** *(F. Bastard.)*
The little church of St. Nicholas at Pyrford was restored in 1869. It stands on a hill above a tributary of the Wey and overlooks Newark Priory ruins.

the twelfth century, and lived a useful life (as "useful" was understood in those restless times) until the Civil War of the seventeenth century, when it was dismantled by the Parliamentarians after a short siege. Itself restored after the Restoration, it is now an exceedingly curious but successful medley of building styles and periods, and of overwhelming fascination to the type of antiquary who cannot rest until he has dated (or affected to date) every brick and stone.

Among Farnham's many pleasant neighbours is the picturesque but fragmentary ruin of

stretch of Weald which carries the eye over the Sussex border to the noble line of the distant South Downs.

No part of the ancient way is more famous for its views, north and south, than the "Hog's Back" stretch between Guildford and Farnham. To this attraction it adds the charms of the Pilgrim's Way at its foot, the ancient and historic church of Compton with its unique double chancel (not to mention the chapel, cemetery, and picture-gallery associated with the late G. F. Watts), and the manifold delights of two other Surrey villages, Seale and Puttenham, which make an indelible impression upon even the most sophisticated globe-trotter.

Farnham itself must be pronounced on the dull side, especially judged by the standard set elsewhere in the county. Though a very ancient place it can give little actual proof of age beyond its castle. Now Farnham Castle is inhabited, and a certain delicacy protests against prying into private houses, even if they do happen to have a history stretching back almost to the Conquest. All that may be said with propriety here is that the castle was built by the Bishops of Winchester in the middle of



Photo by **NEWARK PRIORY, NEAR PYRFORD.** *(F. Bastard.)*
The ruins of Newark Priory, which stand on the Wey close to the village of Pyrford, date from the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Waverley Abbey, in its day one of the greatest and most famous in the country. Farther south again is the delightful district of which Frensham is the centre, a great area of heath which has its monotony broken by a series of picturesque heights.

Of Frensham Church the experts have much to say which would be out of place here. Its "popular" feature, however, is not this or that architectural detail, but the huge copper cauldron which played, so they say, a large part in the nefarious doings of "Mother Ludlam" the witch. "They" also tell an alternative story, if we may accept the evidence of Surrey's seventeenth-century biographer, Aubrey, for :

"It was brought hither by the fairies, time out of mind, from Borough hill, about a mile from hence. . . . On this Borough hill . . . is a great stone lying along, of the length of about six feet :



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VIEW NEAR WALTON-ON-THAMES.

[Aerofilms.]

Walton-on-Thames, a growing town of about 15,000 inhabitants, stands on a pretty reach of the Thames to the east of Weybridge. At a place called Halliford opposite the town, Cæsar is said to have forded the river on his way to attack the Britons.

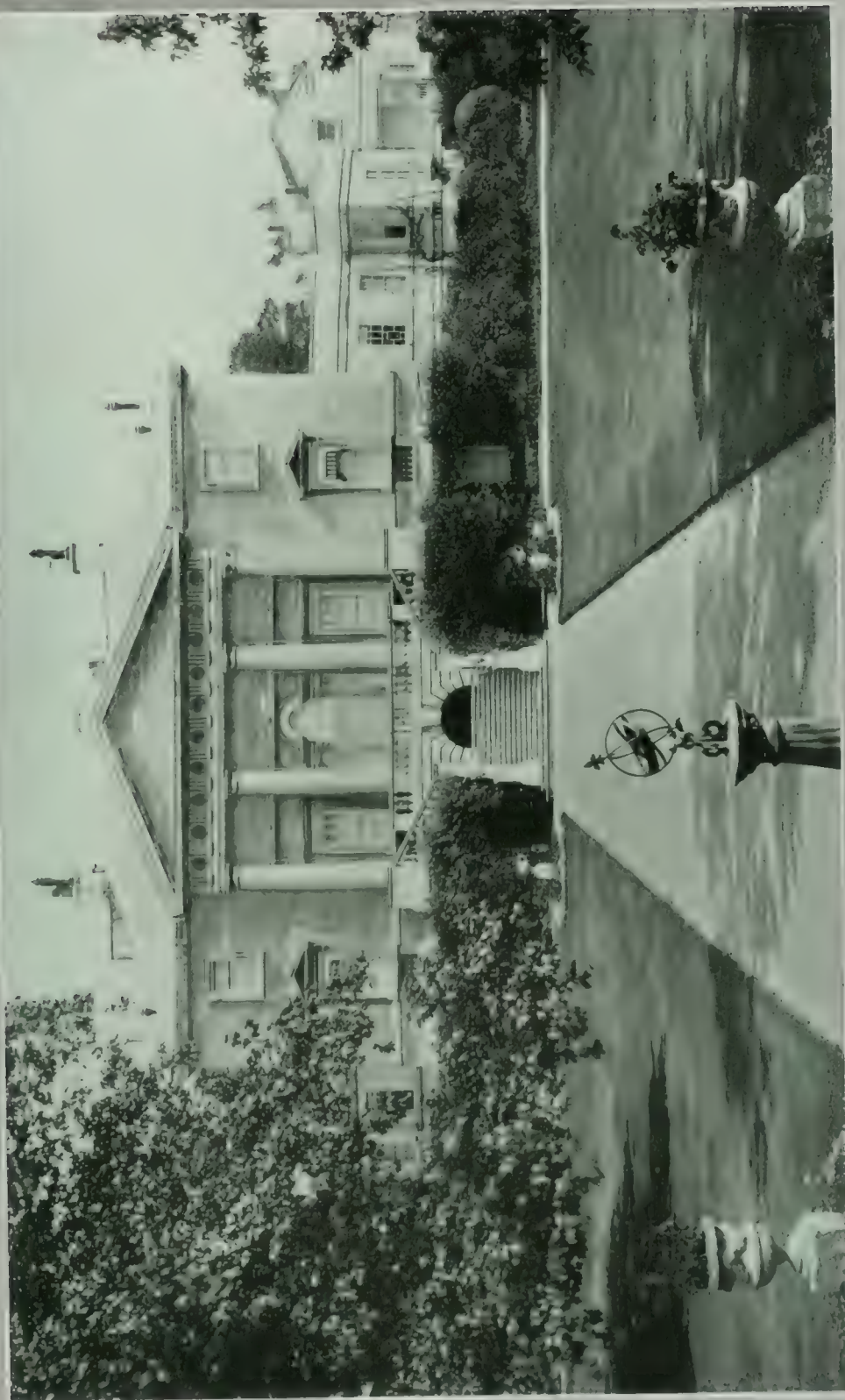
they went to this stone, and knocked at it, and declared that they would borrow, and when they would repay, and a Voice would answer when they should come, and that they should find what they desired to borrow at that stone. This caldron, with the trivet, was borrowed here after the manner aforesaid, but not returned according to promise; and though the caldron was afterwards carried to the stone, it could not be received, and ever since that time no borrowing there. . . ."

Which seems a very prosaic clue to a problem !

In the extreme south-western corner of the county is that area of beautifully-wooded hills which is comprehensively known as Hindhead. To praise Hindhead is surely superfluous, so great is its fame throughout our country; but whether that fame is to last or not depends upon whether it will be possible to put some check upon the building mania which may in due course convert these glorious hills into an outer suburb of London.

WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND.

White Lodge has long been a royal residence, and in 1894 it was the birthplace of the Prince of Wales. The house stands near the centre of Richmond Park and is approached by a long avenue, which is the scene of a conversation between Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline in Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Midlothian."





KEW GARDENS.

The Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew were founded by command of the King in 1760, and eighty years later presented to the nation by Queen Victoria. The wonderful collection of plants and trees and the numerous hot-houses make them the finest of their kind in the world. A pagoda, several ornamental temples, an artificial lake, and a giant flagstaff number among the features of the grounds.

But whatever may happen to the scenery of Hindhead, human nature being what it is, it is tolerably certain that modernism will never dispel the unholy fascination of the celebrated Hindhead murder which brings many a pilgrim up to the scene of the crime who has no emotion to waste on "scenery." The story has become part and parcel of the institutions of Surrey and the essential



Photo by

KEW BRIDGE FROM STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN.

[Herbert Felton.]

A little to the east of the Royal Botanical Gardens the Thames is crossed by Kew Bridge, built by the architect Paine in 1759 to supersede an old wooden structure. In spite of the nearness of London, the beauty of the scene shown in the photograph is only enhanced and not created by the deep evening shadows and the sunset glow.

facts can be sufficiently gathered from two inscriptions. The first is on the stone at the Devil's Punch Bowl. It runs thus: "ERECTED in detestation of a barbarous murder, Committed here on an unknown sailor, On Sep^r 24th, 1786. By Edward Lonigan, Michael Casey and Jas. Marshall. Who were all taken the same day, And hung in chains near this place."

The second is on the "unknown sailor's" grave in Thursley churchyard:

"When pitying Eyes to see my Grave shall come,
And with a generous Tear bedew my Tomb;
Here they shall read my melancholy Fate,
With murder and Barbarity complete.
In perfect Health, and in the Flower of Age,
I fell a Victim to three Ruffians' Rage;



Photo 131

ON WIMBLEDON COMMON.

J. J. J. 141.

Wimbledon Common covers an area of about 1,000 acres near the south-eastern border of the County of London. It was preserved for the nation in 1871 and contains, rather surprisingly, many relics of prehistoric man. Near the old windmill in the centre a considerable number of hut circles, barrows, and other earthworks have been found.

On bended knees I mercy strove t' obtain,
Their Thirst of Blood made all Entreaties vain.
No dear Relation, or still dearer Friend,
Weeps my hard Lot, or miserable End;
Yet o'er my sad Remains, (my Name unknown,)
A generous Public have inscribed this Stone."

Surrey, though one of the several counties that hem in the Metropolis, scores over the others in that it possesses more of the "truly rural" appearance. Put aside, for the sake of this argument, the more distant section south of the road running from Westerham, itself in Kent, to Farnham on the Hampshire border, via Redhill, Dorking, and Guildford, and confine yourself to the Surrey north of this line. It is full of rural beauty, but its atmosphere is London. The inhabitants of the villages that

have developed (detestable term!) or sprung up mushroom-like on the breezy downs and in the wooded valleys, eat and sleep and breathe the air in Surrey, but their hearts are in London, to which the manifold branches of the Southern Railway bear them swiftly in the morning, and whence they return at dewy eve to the family bosoms. To London their womenfolk go for their shopping, barring such domestic necessities as are obtainable at the local butcher's and baker's and candlestick-maker's, though the last-named merchant is at a discount in these electric days. It is in London that they seek their amusements, and from the London papers they glean the talk of the town.

The farmer and his man have nothing in common with the lawyer and his clerk, the Civil Servant and the man of commerce, whose work calls them to the great City, where their sons and daughters will follow them next year. Thus the mental outlook of a great part of Surrey is suburban, and, broadly speaking, differs little in essentials from that of Hendon, Finchley, or Walthamstow. But



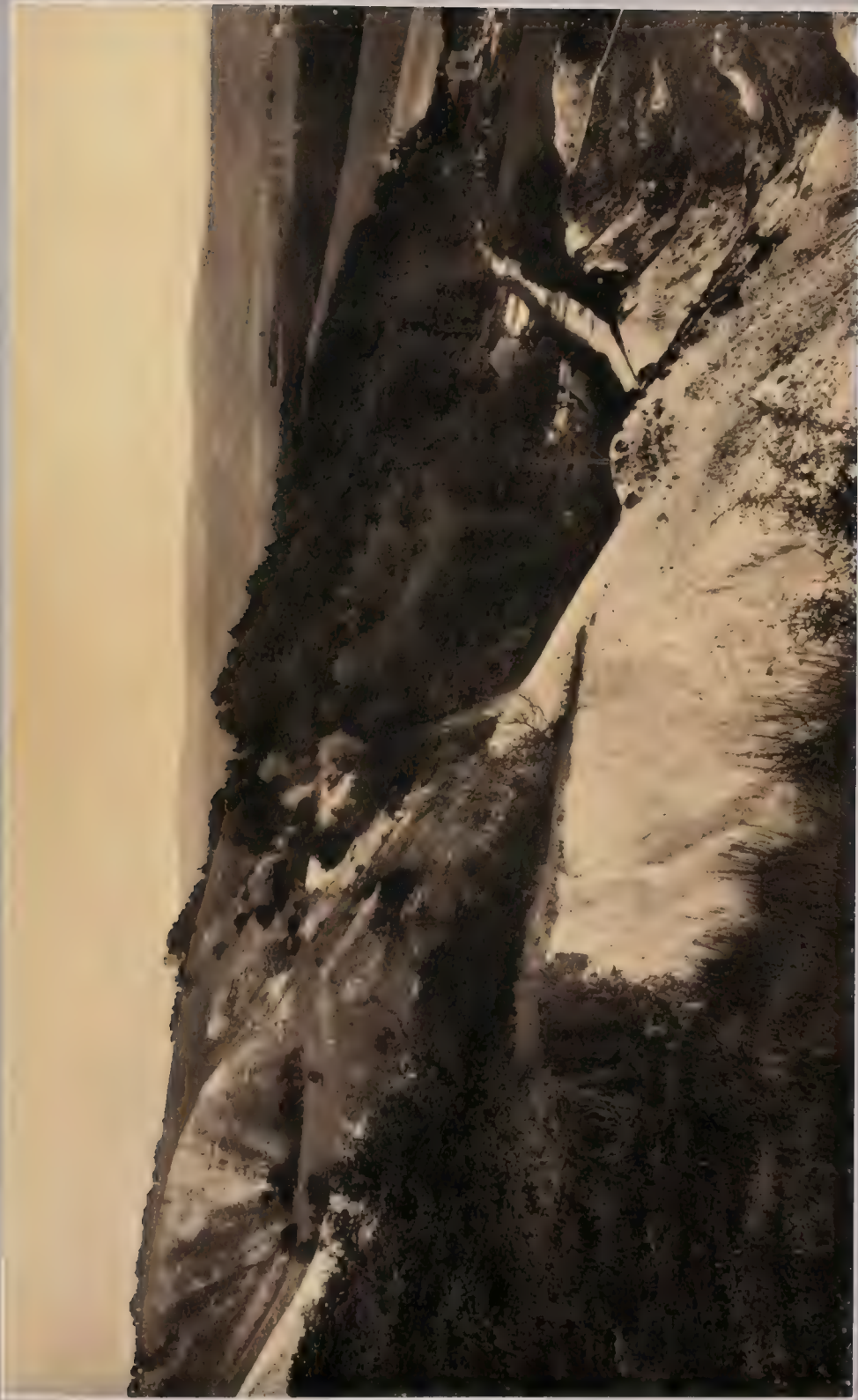
Photo by]

WOODCOTE POND, NEAR EPSOM.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

Woodcote is a tiny hamlet on the Wandle in the south part of the parish of Beddington. Considerable Roman remains have been found there from time to time.

whereas Middlesex, to take the most obvious county, seems to gather the Londoner to its heart as the picture theatre gathers in its nightly crowds, with an air of good-humoured "Let 'em all come" *bonhomie*, Surrey says: "Yes, you may come and live with me. You may breathe my pure air, and watch my golden sunsets on my wind-swept downs, and wander along my woody bridle-paths, but you shall never spoil me." So, despite the Londoner who dumps himself with his bricks and mortar, Surrey remains its lovely self. All this, intended to be a passing thought, has become somewhat of a dissertation. He is wise, though, the man who transports his wife and other belongings from the "cribbed, cabin'd, and confined" existence in the high and narrow streets, and "squats," in a very ordinary bungalow, on the generous spaces of the Surrey high lands; and whether he becomes a countryman in the truest sense doesn't matter a jot. He has the world of sun and air and sky to gain, and his only trouble is a feeling of claustrophobia when he has to sleep in town.



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ON THE NORTH DOWNS, NEAR OXTED.

J. Frith & Co., Ltd.

The village of Oxted is situated just to the south of the North Downs. It contains an interesting old church and several half-timbered buildings. The North Downs are the great feature of the county, traversing Surrey from Hampshire to Kent and including such well-known heights as the Hog's Back, Box Hill, Leth Hill, and Hindhead.

It would hardly be fair in a general survey to leave out the biggest town in the county, simply on the grounds that it is on the verge of London. Croydon is 10 miles from Ludgate Circus, due south, and there are still plenty of pastures serving their useful purpose between it and the serried ranks of London's streets. Let it be distinctly understood that Croydon, thickly populated with London bread-winners,



Photo by **ST. PETER'S CROSS AND VILLAGE "CAGE," LINGFIELD.** Dell & Wainwright.

Though perhaps best known as the proud possessor of a racecourse, Lingfield is not without other and, to many, more alluring marks of distinction. The village is of considerable antiquity, and lies in that pretty stretch of country near the junction of the three counties Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. St. Peter's Cross and the old cage or lock-up are attractive features of Plaistow Street.

and of mushroom-like expansion though it be, has a very distinct history, and can boast antiquities as interesting to the archæologist as are those of the next town. There are remnants of the Neolithic age, relics of the Celts in bronze, and, coming to the times of authentic history, uncommonly good examples of Roman pottery. The early fifteenth-century church, terribly damaged by fire in the 'sixties, has been restored, or, rather, rebuilt by Sir Gilbert Scott. Still, there are parts left of the old fabric, noticeably in the tower and south porch, with the tombs of the Archbishops Grindal, Sheldon, and Whitgift. There are, of course, for Croydon parish has been split up and subdivided, many other churches, but they are mostly of the middle to late Victorian period, and, though admirable buildings for their purpose, do not justify description.

The Archbishop's Palace is generally attributed to Stephen Langton, who, it will be remembered, was elected to the Archiepiscopate by the monks of Canterbury in 1206, on the advice of

Pope Innocent, against the wishes of King John, who championed the cause of his nominee, John de Gray, Bishop of Norwich, a man, it would appear, of no great culture or particular qualifications, but endowed with a high degree of complaisance, an admirable asset in a courtier. The Palace is probably considerably older, and since Langton's time it has been built on to by many of his successors up to as late as Archbishop Juxon. The last to occupy the Palace was Hutton, who died in 1758.



From the East End by

MERMAID INN, RYE, SUSSEX.

The ancient town of Rye was once a flourishing port, but owing to the gradual advance of the coastline the sea is now 2 miles distant. The place has an old-world and very picturesque appearance, and contains several remarkable buildings, including the twelfth-century Ypres Tower. The famous Mermaid Inn, near the west end of the High Street, dates from the sixteenth century, but has been largely restored.

G. F. Nicholls

In the eighteenth century, when reverence for the old and beautiful was at a discount, the Palace was sold, and was put to a succession of utilitarian occupations, at one time, in fact, being turned into a wash-house. Time, however, has dealt wisely with the minds of men. The old building has been bought, and is now carefully tended. It might have become a museum, a housing for glass cases containing little bits of stone, but Fate decided otherwise, and the old Palace now rings with the laughter of happy schoolgirls ; and the ghosts of bygone prelates rejoice thereby.

There is another antiquity in Croydon which has lately been the subject of considerable controversy. This is the Whitgift Hospital, built by the Archbishop of that name at the very end of the sixteenth century. It is an almshouse for six and thirty poor people of Croydon and Lambeth, and surrounds a



P. 136

ON BOX HILL.

F. Bastard

This famous hill was named after the box-trees which flourish on its slopes. Rising to a height of 600 feet above the Mole near Dorking, Box Hill commands a magnificent panorama of the country, extending south to the Sussex Downs.

charming quadrangle, well preserved, and little altered. *Qui da' pauperi non indigeat.* Thus the good Archbishop's motto, with his arms, over the door.

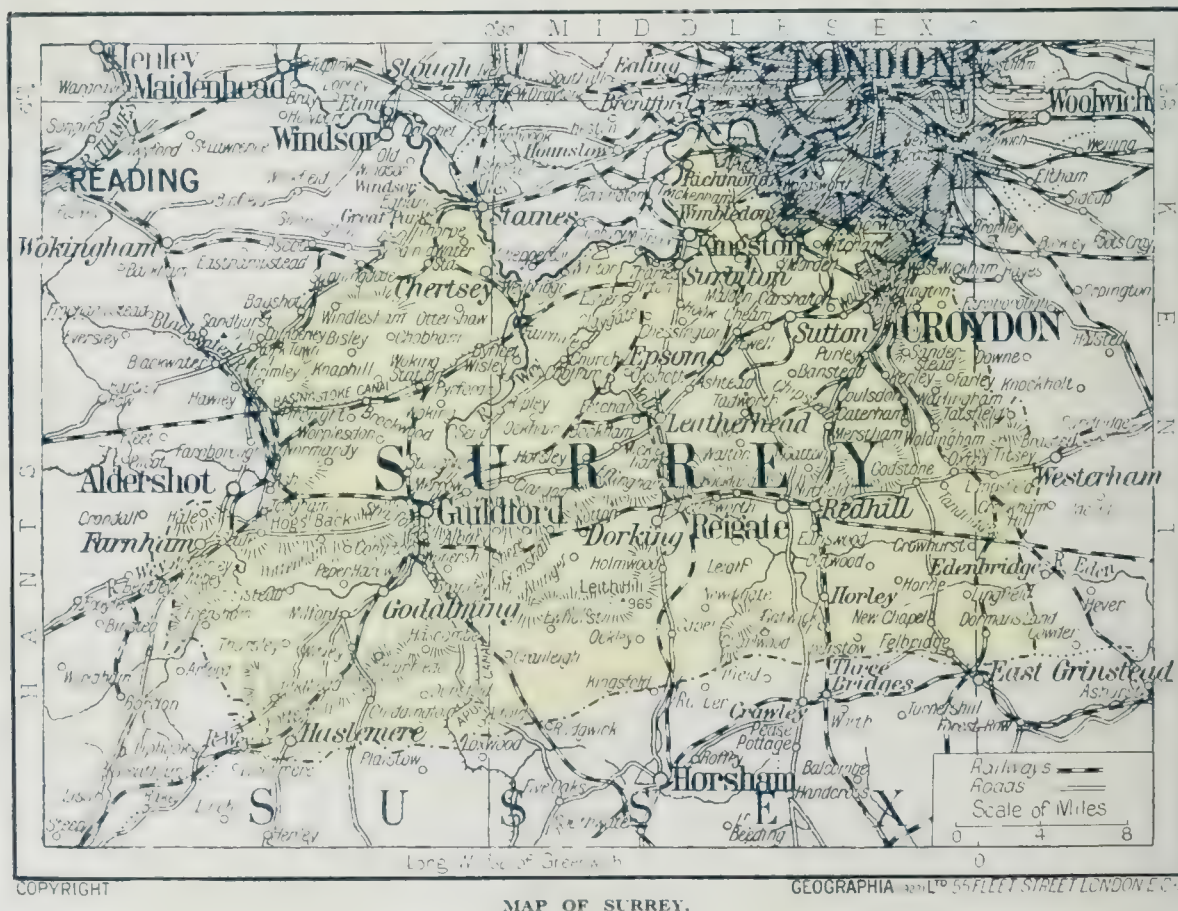
We imagine Croydon in the seventeenth century much as it is now, save in size, a busy, bustling, clean town, proud of its ecclesiastical importance, a prosperous market centre. Yet here are the words of the contemporary poet, Patrick Hannay :

" In midst of these stands Croydon clothed in blacke,
In a low bottome sink of all these hills ;
And is in receipt of all the durtie wracke
Which from their tops still in abundance trills."

Pleasant words, these, in the ears of the burgesses of a town which boasts a death rate phenomenally low !

Close to the entirely modern Wimbledon, formerly stood the Augustinian Priory of Merton. The original monastery, built by Gilbert the Norman in 1115, was of timber, as was the second one. The third was started in 1130, for a prior and thirty-six canons, and the cloister and buildings were finished by 1136. It shared the fate of others, for in 1538 Henry VIII pulled it down, and carted away its venerable stones to build Nonsuch Palace.

If Croydon may be said to introduce the stranger to London, Richmond, in its turn, welcomes the Londoner to the country. Croydon, though technically not in it, is part and parcel, a valued partner and fellow-worker, of its great neighbour, while Richmond remains a country town, as well as being a Royal Borough. This is evident immediately you leave the station to tread the narrow winding street



that presently gives you a glimpse of the river and high-arched bridge, thence the climb up the Hill, culminating in the Terrace with that superb panorama of the silver curving river, a vista that transcends everything else of its kind round London.

Richmond's old name, Shene, may have its derivation in the Saxon word *Scine*, shining ; a happy origin if it be so. But it is probably not. The name is most likely to be a corruption. Though not found in Domesday, it occurs in the Harleian Manuscript, spelt *Syene*, which may connect it with the old Syon Convent. Such might run counter to the theory that the convent was named after Mount Sion. Leaving aside etymological controversy, we find that the old Shene possessed an early Royal residence, probably a simple manor house, in Henry I's time. This was granted to a man named Betel, but when that family became extinct the manor reverted to the Crown. So far, therefore, as the Royal Palace is concerned, Edward I is its real founder. Edward II and Edward III lived there, and it was improved and beautified by Richard II. On the death within its walls of his beloved Queen, Anne of Bohemia, in 1394, he is supposed to have given an order for its complete demolition. Successive



By permission of

A SUNLIT SLOPE ON BOX HILL.

"Underwood Press Service."

There was formerly a much larger number of trees on Box Hill, but in 1800 all the box was sold and two years later 40 tons had been cut down. Many groves have been left, however, to spread their shade over the open hillside and add to the beauty of this wonderful buttress of the chalky North Downs.



By permission of

BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER MOLE, LEATHERHEAD.

"Underwood Press Service."

At Leatherhead the Mole or Emlyn Stream widens out considerably, and is here crossed by a handsome bridge of fourteen arches. Close by is an old inn, known as "Ye Olde Running Horse," which was celebrated by John Skelton, who wrote some verses about the landlady.



Page 15

ABINGER HAMMER.

H. J. Smith.

Abinger Hammer, a small village in the parish of Abinger, takes its name from an iron furnace which formerly stood here. This unusual model of a workman striking a bell is one of the best-known features of the village.

sovereigns, Lancastrian and Yorkist, variously occupied it, neglected it, or rebuilt it, and the next really important step in its history is when Henry VII gave Shene the name of his old title, Richmond, and built his glorious castle, "girded and encompassed with a strong and mighty brick wall, barred and bent with towers in his each corner and angle and also in his midway. His openings be strong gates of double timber and heart of oak, stuck full of nails right thick, and crossed with bars of iron." These stirring words are from a manuscript written in 1513. Henry VII was justly proud of his splendid Palace. Wolsey occupied it at one time, but not for long, for, as all the world knows, he fell from his high estate, "like Lucifer, never to rise again," and stayed for a while at Dean Colet's Lodge in Richmond Park. Henry VIII's wives Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, and Anne of Cleves all lived there, and Edward VI preferred it to Windsor, for, he declared, that great castle seemed to him to be like a



Photo by

CASTLE MILL, DORKING.

[Lionel Wood]

The ancient town of Dorking is prettily situated in the valley of the Mole, between Box Hill and Leith Hill. This picturesque old mill is a favourite, though perhaps somewhat hackneyed, subject for painters, but it cannot be denied that it owes much of its attractiveness to the singular charm of its setting.

prison. It was finally demolished by order of the Commonwealth, which had no use for Royal Palaces. Fortunately, its destruction was preceded by a survey, carefully preserved to this day, that describes in great detail the plan and decoration of the building. Within the old gateway of the Palace there is now a charming Queen Anne house.

Outside its historic interest, Kingston is not attractive; a big, busy enough place, and, with its suburb Surbiton, a healthy and pleasant home for the London bread-winner. The river above Surbiton becomes interesting, the beautiful grounds of Hampton Court, already discussed in the article on Middlesex in *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*, on the left bank, and the collection of pretty and fantastic riverside bungalows on the Surrey side. At East Molesey the River Mole joins the Thames, having meandered a winding, leisurely course through Surrey from its birthplace across the Sussex border. It is a small

affair throughout, and nowhere navigable. Walton-on-Thames, Weybridge, and Chertsey are all on the Surrey side. With the exception of the memory of Henry VIII's palace at Oatlands, near Weybridge, destroyed during the Civil War, Chertsey is the only really interesting one of the three places. Erkenwald, Bishop of London—though this was later—founded the Benedictine Abbey there in 666, his co-founder being Frithwald, the lieutenant of the King of the Mercians. The Danes treated it ruthlessly, burning the place and killing the abbot and ninety monks. However, the abbey was rebuilt later on, and enjoyed the liberal patronage of the Confessor. At the suppression of the religious houses the abbot and his monks were exposed to the basest and most slanderous accusations by Legh, Thomas Cromwell's man, to whom scruples were unknown.



Photo by]

[H. N. King.

DEEPDENE, DORKING.

Deepdene is a large country mansion, standing in grounds of over 400 acres, to the east of Dorking. It was long the property of the Hope family, and Thomas Hope collected here a fine museum of paintings and sculptures. The Doric temple from which this photograph was taken is reached by a long grassy glade leading from the house.

An open meadow on the other side of Egham holds a glorious name. It is Runimede. Here, on a June morning in the year of grace 1215, King John, brought at last to bay by the Barons, affixed his seal to the Great Charter, not, as has often been averred, on the island in the river just above known as Magna Charta Island. The words that stand at the end of the Charter should prove this to the satisfaction of any reasonable person: "*Data per manum nostram in prato quod vocatur Runimede inter Windeshoran et Stanes*"—"given by our hand in the meadow which is called Runimede between Windsor and Staines"—clear enough, in all conscience. Still, romance, and there is nothing quite so romantic as an island, especially an up-river one, has even a greater retinue than fact, especially when the fact is supported by undeniable evidence; the obstinate merely dons another coat of obstinacy.



Notes by

GREAT TANGLEY MANOR HOUSE, WONERSH.

[E. Bastard.]

The neighbourhood of Wonersh is particularly rich in old, half-timbered houses. This ancient moated mansion in the north of the parish dates from 1582, and is a fine example of a style of architecture peculiar to the Tudor period.



By permission of

CAPEL CHURCH.

Underwood Press Service.

Capel is a large village 6 miles south of Dorking on the Horsham road. The church contains some good thirteenth-century work, including a fine font executed in Petworth marble.



its permission of

A BEAUTIFUL SURREY SCENE.

Underwood Press Service.

It is romantic scenes such as this that have made Surrey so rich in the natural beauties of which it is so justly proud. The photograph shows one of the Postford Ponds near Chilworth.



Photo by]



Pictans

LEWES PRIORY.

The priory of St. Pancras at Lewes was founded about the year 1078 by William de Warenne, and has left very slight remains. The photograph on the left shows the west extension of the south dormer, and the one on the right shows the remains of the south dormitory undercroft.

SUSSEX

STORED away in the sacred precincts of the South Kensington Museum, docketed, photographed, the subject of treatises by the dozen and theories by the hundred, is a skull, a simple skull with a broken jaw-bone. This is the Piltdown man, who roamed the uplands and hid in the wild undergrowth, and listened, perhaps, to the pipes of Pan. But railways and telegraph poles, telephones and motor-cars, and all the other abominations that we proudly offer from civilisation's basket, have driven Pan and his pipes away, and he is no more heard, except, perhaps, "where Helicon breaks down in cliff to the sea," and by the children in Kensington Gardens, which, of course, goes without saying. When did this father of Sussex, this Piltdown man, live? Ten, twenty, thirty thousand years ago? It doesn't matter. We know that he lived; his life was primitive; perhaps he did not even know the use of fire; and even if he did, he would make his water hot by putting it in a hole and dropping red-hot stones from his fire in it. He lived in a great forest, extending north to the Downs and the Surrey Hills and until the marshy valley of the Thames was reached, and south to the chalk cliffs and the sea. Time has



Photo by

Herbert Eaton

THE BARBICAN, LEWES CASTLE.

Lewes Castle was built by William de Warenne, the first Earl of Surrey, during the reign of the Conqueror, but of this fortress only two gateways remain. The Barbican House stands opposite the castle gate and is the Museum of the Sussex Archaeological Society.

turned his glass more than once since the Piltdown man lived in the great forests, and Sussex has been gradually metamorphosed from a great area of moor and woodland, where the bear and the wolf and the boar had their lairs, into a peaceful, beautifully undulating country. To-day the sheep and cattle, knowing nought of wild beasts, feed in their well-hedged pastures, and, save for the kestrel hovering in the sunshine to drop in a minute on to the frightened skylark, the owl at dusk seeking some wandering field-mouse, or the stoat, sinuous and beady-eyed, lurking near the cottager's chickens, life is a sinecure for all.

Sussex has so much to offer that he who would attempt a short survey of the county knows not where to start. There are no strongly marked contrasts. Sussex is all of a piece, pastures and moorland and downs, ending, as if by chance, with the sea. The coast is not wonderful, not an object for the tourist such as the wild scenery of Cornwall, or the coloured coombes of South Devon. The Sussex



Photo by

[Lionel Wood.]

MILL AT BARCOMBE MILLS.

The small village of Barcombe Mills is a well-known Sussex beauty spot about 4 miles from Lewes.

coast is beautiful just because the sea is always beautiful. Eliminate the glittering sea-fronts of Hastings and Eastbourne and Brighton and Worthing (what a lot civilisation has to answer for!), and Sussex, the real Sussex of hill and dale, down and woodland, just comes to an end where the waves beat the rolling shingle, their "long withdrawing roar," and the eastward drift piles it up against the long seaweedy groynes. It is a placid sea-coast, yet there are fine rugged cliffs of sandstone at Hastings, running eastward, though not far, for we reach the mouth of the river Rother, and beyond is Romney Marsh, not so strange and eerie as it was, but still the unique Romney Marsh of story.

In this corner of the county, Winchelsea and Rye naturally attract the first attention. Winchelsea, as we see it to-day, is the new town, an upstart of merely six hundred years or so. Old Winchelsea found a watery grave, for it was submerged by the sea. King Edward I founded the new town, with the aid of the Bishop of Ely, John de Kirkby. It seems strange that the energies of mediæval prelates



Photo by

MANOR HOUSE, DITCHLING.

(Herbert Felton)

The Manor House at Ditchling, 6 miles north of Brighton, was given by Henry VIII to one of his wives. In the photograph can be seen an old outside stairway and a fine Tudor window in the gable.



Photo by

THE PARISH CHURCH, BRIGHTON.

[Lionel Wood,

The parish church of St. Peter's stands in prettily laid-out grounds at the head of Victoria Gardens. Although of little historical interest, the church is a notable architectural achievement, and, as the photograph shows, has a certain impressive grandeur when viewed through the early morning mist.

always appear to have found their openings in other people's dioceses. They carefully planned the town, with streets crossing each other at right angles, and squares. Some of this admirable "town-planning" can be seen to-day, though a great deal of it has gone to grass. Old Winchelsea, as thriving as any of the other Cinque Ports, was, as we have said, submerged, so far as can be gathered, quickly; but of the details of this disaster, whether it was a sudden storm, or the work of months or years, nothing definite is known. The new town on the hill continued to thrive. At any rate, it was worth the attention of raiders from the sea, for three times in its history the French sailed in, sacked and burnt it. Then—so contrariwise do the Fates behave—the greedy sea was (shall we say ?) bored, and left it, slowly and surely, and the glorious old Cinque Port was just a little town on a hill, left alone to listen to the waves grumbling a mile away.



Photo by

ALCISTON BARN.

Williams

Alciston, a hilly parish which lies 6½ miles south-east of Lewes, belonged in ancient times to the Abbot of Battle. The old Sussex barns were very strongly built with massive oaken beams, and many of them retained their usefulness for centuries.

Rye, like old Winchelsea, suffered from the encroachments of the sea, and the authorities made repeated efforts to drain the marshes. True, in one respect they were successful, but while they saved Rye from Scylla, they handed her over to Charybdis, for the harbour, partly as the result of these efforts, silted up, and soon there was none at all. All attempts at keeping the harbour open failed, and Rye, like its neighbour, is now not a port at all. Cœur de Lion built the first walls, affording the town a real protection against marauders, such as the old tower of William de Ypres, built in Stephen's time, could hardly give. The church is splendid, Norman in the tower and transepts, with Transitional work in the nave, and the chancel Early English. Traditionally, the altar is a mahogany table from a wrecked ship of the Armada, and Queen Elizabeth presented the church with its wonderful clock, whose big pendulum swings to and fro inside the building. We may as well believe the Armada story for want of any adequate

contradiction ; but, unless the parish accounts are in error, the clock was bought by the churchwardens in 1560. In St. Nicholas's chapel in the south aisle, a door was made by order of the Mayor in 1569 for "making and laying the ordnance there," and later, when a survey was made of potential fortifications in the town, St. Clare's Chapel, in the north aisle, was reported as suitable for a powder-house. Yet the church has suffered very little, despite such warlike preparations.

Camber Castle lies in the marsh near Rye and Winchelsea. It is a low, powerful place to look at, but not very old. A branch of the sea ran by it in 1531, when it was built as one of the Rye harbour defences, but its usefulness as such did not last long, for the Port of Rye had already reached the autumn of its days, and very soon Camber was to stand a full mile from the sea. So it was then dismantled, and the lead was sold. It is pleasant to learn that those responsible for removing the lead and handing



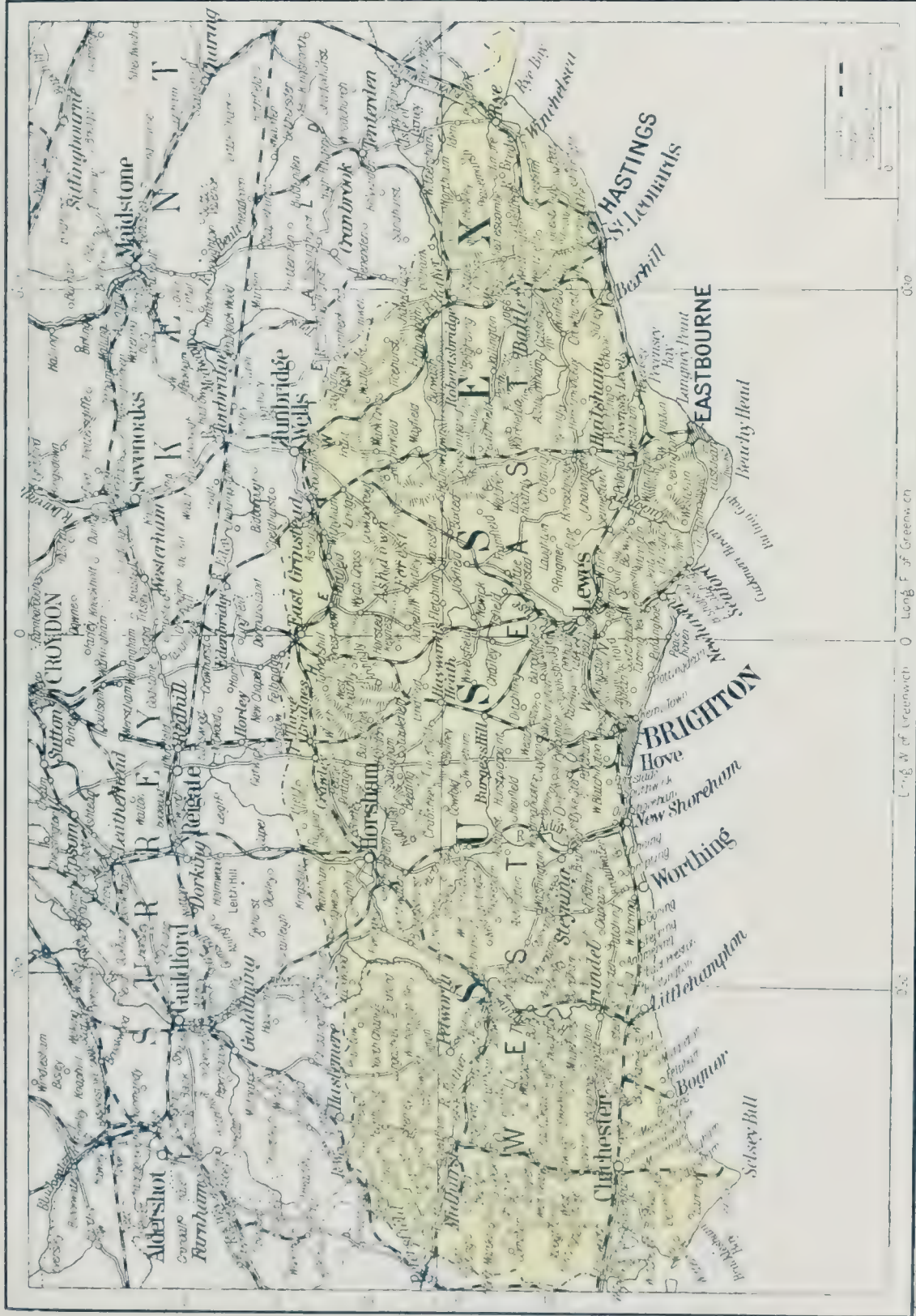
PATCHAM WINDMILL.

Herbert T. Loom

Patcham is a small village about 3 miles north of Brighton. This picturesque old windmill on the Downs near the village is a striking landmark on the countryside.

it over to the Parliamentary Committee for Sussex took great pains to guard it from thieves when weather conditions prevented much work on it. "... as yet," they wrote, "there is but little of it brought away . . . We intend, with all convenience, to bring away the rest, of which, when it is done you shall have speedie notice."

To Rye there came the Huguenot refugees after St. Bartholomew, a continuous influx from immediately after that terrible August night in 1572, right through the autumn that followed. This influx was too much for the town, for, though very many merely passed through to other places of refuge, an uncomfortable number, probably of the small artisan class, remained. To cope with this the Mayor and Jurats ordered that the shipowners should not, under pain of heavy fines, bring over any other than those who could support themselves adequately.



GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

MAP OF SUSSEX.

Long. N. of Greenwich. 0 Long. E. of Greenwich. 0

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Photo by

THE WEALD FROM DEVIL'S DYKE.

From the top of the Dyke Hill, 697 feet above sea-level, a magnificent view over the Weald can be obtained, while on an exceptionally clear day the towers of the Crystal Palace are just visible. The Dyke was traditionally cut by the Devil in order to let in the sea and submerge the churches in the Weald.

E. Waymark.

Hastings with its neighbour, St. Leonards, needs no introducing in its modern form of a big seaside resort, and even a distant suburb for the London breadwinner to establish his family. In its older form the town is most interesting. Old Hastings was a port in Saxon times, but the harbours, for there were two, silted up, first one, then the other. Then the town became a faded memory until the "seaside holiday" mode came in to stay. To-day there is a fine fishing fleet, and the old town is as picturesque as can be expected. It runs up a valley between two cliffs, and the only real relics of its ancient days are the churches of St. Clement and All Saints. The castle on the hill above the town is little more than a fragmentary ruin. Still, it has a history. The Count d'Eu occupied it after the Conquest for the purpose of keeping the Channel clear for the King's messengers to and from



Photo by

BRAMBER VILLAGE, SHOWING BRAMBER CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.

(Reg. W. Moore, M. 1)

Although there are traces of its Roman origin, the ancient village of Bramber gains its historical interest from the Norman fortress built here to defend the valley of the Adur. It was once the stronghold of the Braose lordship, but owing largely to the great Civil War little now remains. The chief portion is a square tower, probably Norman, on the south side, which is roughly built of flint. Of the central keep only the mound is left, but this commands a wide view of the Surrey Hills and the Downs. Bramber was once a port at the head of the Adur estuary.

Normandy. Later, John, after receiving homage from the Barons there, held a tourney in the castle, the first, it is supposed, to have been held in the country. On the side of the hill are the St. Clement's Caves, always popular with unsophisticated age and adventurous youth. But, for boys who didn't mind a scramble, much more fun were the caves on the East Cliff, now for many years closed up. No one went there, and there were no threepennies demanded at the entrance. But keen explorers armed themselves with candles, and had a glorious time. Some forty years ago these objects of yearly visitation were called—by certain small boys, at any rate—Robin Hood's Caves.

Not very far from Hastings, near Robertsbridge, is Bodiam Castle, surrounded by its moat. It is a perfect and regular example of the time, late fourteenth century. It is remarkable for the eight

towers, the four at the corners being round, while midway between each round tower is a square one. Within are the ruins of the dwelling-houses, round the green court, the chapel and hall, buttery and kitchen. As a mighty stronghold it lived for close on three hundred years, but the Civil War led to the dismantling.

Pevensey is full of historical interest, of which the ruined castle is only a part. Here was a Roman station, the town of Anderida, lying within its own wall, which to-day surrounds the castle; a powerful cemented-flint wall with seven towers, and the two towers that flank the gate, the Porta Decumana. The moat round the castle is now a mere ditch, and of the castle itself only a ruin is left, though the general construction can easily be traced. William landed at Pevensey from Normandy, and the building of the castle was started shortly after the Conquest. Here the redoubtable Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, William's half-brother, was besieged; here Maud was besieged by Stephen. It was used,



Photo 13

SAXON HOUSE, STEYNING.

[Dell and Wainwright.]

Steyning is a market town of great antiquity, 5 miles north-west of Shoreham. This Saxon house, built of timber with wooden nails, is one of the most interesting of the many ancient houses in the old-fashioned streets.

as were so many fortresses, as a prison, but by Elizabethan times it had fallen into decay. Pevensey was once, like Hastings, Winchelsea, and Rye, a harbour, but now it lies a mile from the sea, and no trace of the harbour can now be seen.

Sir Roger de Fiennes, who fought on that glorious Crispin's Day, built Hurstmonceaux Castle in 1440, of brick, a material very rarely used for building purposes in the fifteenth century. The fact that it was inhabited as late as the end of the eighteenth century will account for the admirable state of preservation. It was dismantled because the owner wanted to build a new house which was a great pity, for there is no reason why Hurstmonceaux Castle should not be in a perfect, habitable state to-day.

Where Battle now stands, there was a moor to which the Normans gave the name Senlac. Here was fought the decisive action generally known as the Battle of Hastings. On the exact site of the battle the famous abbey was built. William I was responsible for the foundation, in fulfilment of a vow, importing Benedictines from Normandy. Although the abbey was started in 1066, it was



Photo 11

SOMPTING CHURCH.

H. J. T. T. T.

The Church at Sompting, near Lancing, is very interesting from an antiquarian point of view, and the curious Saxon style of tower with its Rhenish "helm" or gabled roof is the only example of its kind in England.



Photo by

AT GORING-BY-SEA.

Miss E. Warren.

Goring is a small coast village a little to the west of Worthing. In an entrenchment on top of Highdown Hill, at the back, have been found a number of ancient relics dating from the Bronze Age. Sussex is famed for its pretty cottages, and those shown in the photograph are typical of many hundreds distributed through the county.



By permission of

MILL-POND, STORRINGTON.

Underwood Press Service

The little village of Storrington is pleasantly situated near extensive commons a mile to the north of the Downs and 5 miles south-east of Pulborough. This charming old mill-pond with its mirror-like surface is one of the pictorial attractions of the village.

not finished until 1074, when Rufus dedicated it. During its life as a religious house of some four hundred and fifty years, ending, of course, with the Dissolution, it acquired great wealth, and was, certainly, as rich as any in England. The abbey, part of which Sir Anthony Browne, to whom it was granted after the Dissolution, destroyed, came into the good hands of Sir Harry Vane, afterwards Duke of Cleveland, in 1857, who restored it thoroughly, but with due reverence. The great church of the abbey has disappeared in its entirety, save for a few small fragments. The high altar, located in the middle of the garden in 1517, was placed, by William's express order, on the exact spot where Harold fell. The only part of the old building that remains is the gateway. This, however, was built some two hundred years later than William's abbey, in the thirteenth century.



BY J. H. B. 1901

AMBERLEY CASTLE.

Underwood Press, Sussex

This ruined castle was originally granted to the Bishops of Selsey, and some time before the Conquest became the residence of the Bishops of Chichester. Inside the walls is a beautiful sixteenth-century house, built by Bishop Sherborne, who was the last prelate to reside here.

Along the flat coast from Pevensey, dotted with Martello towers, is Eastbourne; and beyond Meads, its suburb, the chalk cliffs rise, dropping down to the valley and mouth of the Sussex Ouse at Newhaven. Of Eastbourne itself there is little to be said. It is really more a residential town by the sea, than a seaside resort. The inhabitants, showing great acumen, cherish this idea jealously, eschew vulgarity, and politely and delicately scowl at the trippers. It is, too, a great educational centre, and is said to boast, like the traditional Irish lake and its islands, of a school for every day of the year. It is certainly an admirable place for young people to imbibe their education: the air is superb and the climate could not be bettered. All this residential part of the town is on the western side, creeping up on to the spacious downs and to the cliffs at Meads. The old town, which does not look very old, on the Pevensey side, seems detached and aloof from its aristocratic and particularly correct neighbour. The

terraced paths along the slope to the sea are sheltered from the cold winds of winter, and there are broad smooth lawns and flowering shrubs. A writer of the Regency, in describing Eastbourne, would probably include in his polished, rounded periods the words elegant, agreeable, and refined. Still, the simple burgesses of the old town may equally enjoy the bright sun and the sparkling, if somewhat dazzling sea.

Inland from the cliffs between Eastbourne and Newhaven there are pretty villages. At Wilmington there was once a Benedictine priory. The old gateway, with flanking towers, is still there, and the rest is now incorporated with a farmhouse, wherein many interesting traces of the mediæval work still remain. The church is one of the many short-spined homely churches so frequently to be found in Sussex, old enough, too, with Norman windows to lighten the chancel. There is the figure of a man



Photo by

BURY, SHOWING THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Herbert Eaton.

Bury is a small village on the Arun, 4 miles north of Arundel. Bury Hill commands a fine view across the flats to Amberley on the other side of the river.

traced in white on the downs above the village, the Long Man of Wilmington. He is two hundred and thirty feet high, and in each hand he holds a staff. Alfriston is the happy hunting-ground of artists; small blame to them, for it is wholly charming. The church is very fine, and the old parsonage is of timber. Perhaps to painters and, for that matter, everybody else who makes his little pilgrimage to Alfriston, the chief joy is the Star Inn, early sixteenth century, and beautifully carved. Lullington Church is justly celebrated for its modest dimensions, one of the smallest in the country. The chancel only is left now, but even the whole church, for there are traces of the old nave, must have been very little. But you can almost count its parishioners on your fingers, so the charming little building fulfils its purpose as well as and—who knows?—better, perhaps, than many of its larger sisters.

Seaford died a long time ago, and has lately come to life, a young, flourishing seaside resort.

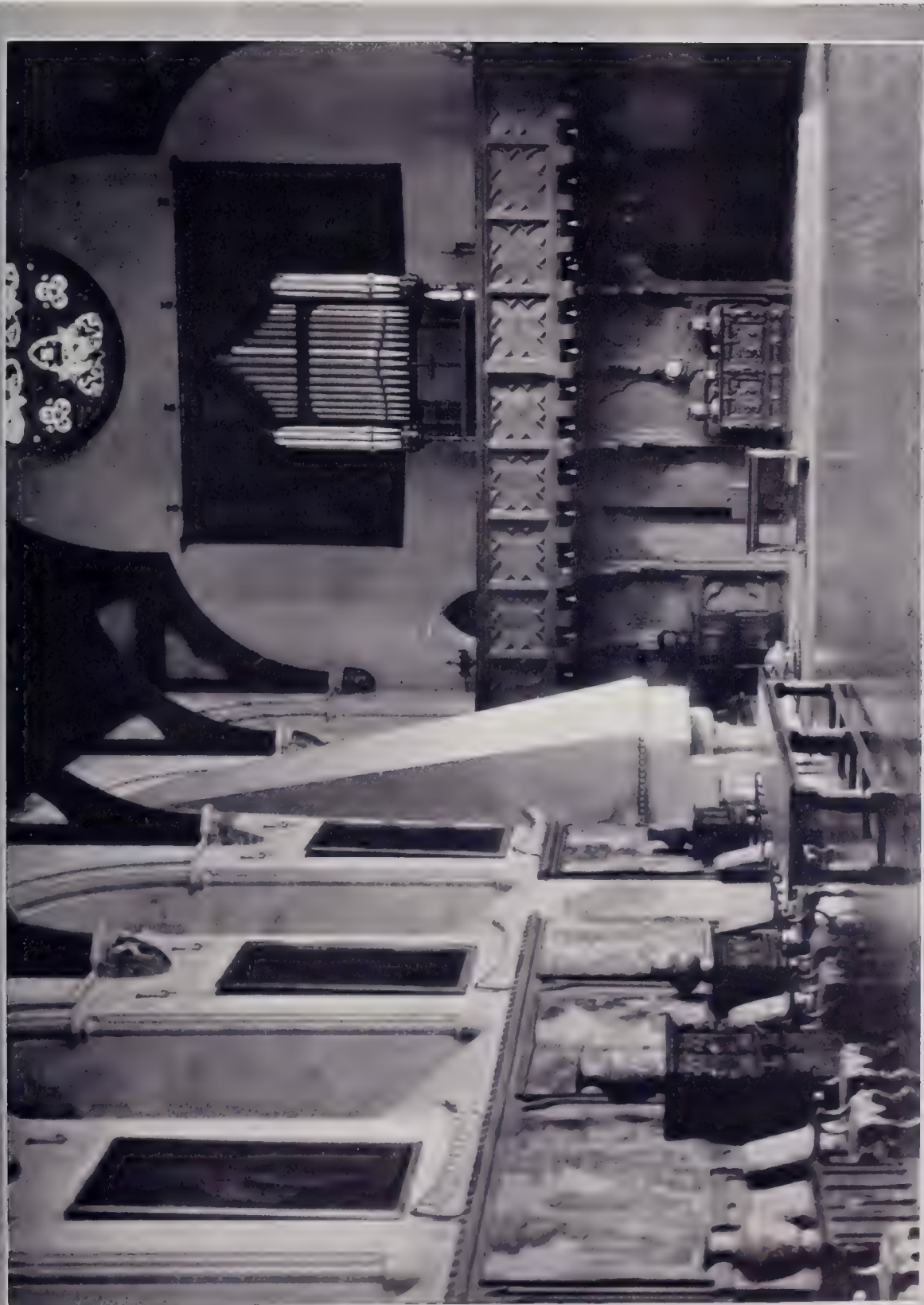


Photo. 15.

BARONIAL HALL, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

This famous castle, for many years the seat of the Dukes of Norfolk, was originally founded in the eleventh century, on the site of an earlier Saxon building, to guard the gap in the Downs made by the River Arun. The fortress has been three times besieged—by Henry 1, Stephen, and, finally, by the Parliamentarians when, after holding out for seventeen days, it was taken and laid to ruin. The barons' hall has a window of stained glass representing the signing of the Magna Charta.

T. O. Hoppe.



Photo E.

THE QUADRANGLE, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

[Photodion Co., Ltd.]

The present stately buildings were commenced at the end of the eighteenth century and cover an area of about 5 acres. This extensive quadrangle in the modern Gothic style is entered by a gateway 88 feet high, flanked by two hexagonal towers, and has on one side the twelfth-century keep and other remains of the old castle.



Photo G.

ARUNDEL CASTLE.

L. Waymark.

The castle stands in a strong position at the head of the town, overlooking the Arun from the verge of a high plateau. Although the buildings have been described as solemn and incongruous, viewed from afar, the noble mass of ramparts peeping over the hanging woods of the park gives a lasting impression of magnificence.

Roman traders knew it well, and, as a dependency of Hastings, it was a member of the Cinque Ports, though not always so very dependent. It was in its palmy days under the Edwards, but the harbour was silted up, and the old town drooped and died. Hastings, too, had died from similar causes, and the two cripples were incorporated by Henry VIII, or, strictly speaking, Seaford was annexed to the larger town. Then the Ouse, after struggling for so many years through the

blocked-up harbour, deserted it and dug for itself a new channel to the sea a mile or so to the west, and the name given to the quays and wharves that grew up at its mouth, near the little village of Meeching, was Newhaven. The parish church of Newhaven is really the old one of Meeching, with Norman pillars and arches, for Newhaven itself is no older than Queen Elizabeth's time. Let it not be thought that Newhaven, as a port, is an upstart of cross-Channel traffic of to-day,



Photo by

AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF ARUNDEL CASTLE.

I. O. Hoff

This photograph, taken through the twin windows of an upper floor of the castle, gives an unusual view of the battlements, with the Arun Valley and the rolling Downs beyond.



Photo by

SWANSMORE LAKE, ARUNDEL PARK.

I. G. Woods

Arundel Castle is surrounded by a magnificent park, 7 miles in circuit, containing a large number of deer. The wonderful view to the south along the Arun Valley has been immortalised by Turner. Swansmore Lake is a picturesque sheet of water below the wooded slopes at the lower end of the park.

From the time when the Ouse chose Meeching for its new outlet to the sea the port has flourished and grown. It is worth remembering that in the time of the first Stuarts the port was known as Meeching Haven. The chalk cliffs rise again beyond Newhaven, to drop down at the extreme Kemp Town end of Brighton.

Of county capitals, few are quite so interesting as Lewes. It lies in a hollow of the downs, in the valley of the Sussex Ouse, and is altogether a charming town. Whatever its age may be, the Saxon town must have been of considerable importance, for Æthelstan, who died in 940, established two mints there. William de Warenne built Lewes Castle, of which two gateways remain. The keep, now used to house the treasures of the Sussex Archaeological Society, was built a couple of centuries



Photo by

INTERIOR, CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

The Cathedral at Chichester was originally founded in 1091, but was not finally completed until the thirteenth century. The most unique features of the nave are the double aisles, the outer of which were formed by throwing into one a series of chapels built during the thirteenth century. The choir has some well-carved misericords.

later. In the parish church, St. Michael's, there is a brass supposed to be of a de Warenne—not the builder of the original castle, however, for the conjectured date is about 1380. On the monument to Sir Nicholas Pelham, who defended Seaford against the French in 1545, are some delightful lines :

“ What time the French sought to have sackt Sea-Foord,
This Pelham did repel 'em back aboard.”

The priory has disappeared these many days, and what stones that remained have been put in the museum in the castle keep. It was the first Cluniac settlement in England. William de Warenne founded it in 1078, with his wife Gundrada. It is mostly remembered as the sleeping-place of



Photo by]

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

H. N. King.

A dignified appearance is given to the exterior by the graceful spire, built at the beginning of the fifteenth century and reconstructed in 1866 after it had collapsed into the church, having become damaged by lightning 140 years before. The bell tower, 120 feet high, is the only remaining example in the country of a detached belfry adjoining a cathedral.



Photo by

THE BUTTER CROSS, CHICHESTER.

[Herbert Felton.]

This handsome butter-cross was built by Bishop Storey in the reign of Henry VIII, and is the only complete one in the county. The belfry was added in 1724 by Dame Farrington, who also presented the clock.

Henry III on the night before the Battle of Lewes, whither, too, he repaired in haste when the Royal forces were broken.

The battle was fought on the slopes above the town and the priory. The King, we know, slept the night, the 13th of May, 1264, at the Cluniac priory, while Simon de Montfort was at Fletchling, 9 miles to the north. Before the dawn the Earl marched his troops south, taking cover in the woods that fringed the downs. He disposed his forces in three commands. On the left the Londoners were placed, reputed to have been 15,000 strong. In the centre was Gilbert de Clare, and on his right his sons Henry and Guy. The Earl commanded the reserve. "We shall fight this day," he cried to his followers "for the weal of England, and to keep our faith. Let us beseech the Lord of all, that, if it be



Photo 15.

G. Long.

SUNSET AT BOSHAM.

Although Bosham is now little more than a sleepy fishing village on a creek of Chichester Harbour, it has a history as eventful as any other place in the county. It has traces of both Saxon and Roman occupation, and it was from here that Harold, afterwards king, started on his fateful voyage that brought him into Duke William's power.

His pleasure, He will give us strength and help." The Royalist army, unprepared, and hastily aroused after a night of unseemly revelry, very different from the religious devotion shown by Simon de Montfort's men, advanced in three divisions. Prince Edward faced the Londoners, marching in advance of the left and centre of Henry's army. The King led the left wing in person, opposing Henry and Guy; and Richard of Cornwall, King of the Romans, the King's brother, commanded the centre, facing Gilbert de Clare. Prince Edward without much difficulty broke down the Earl's left, and chased it off the field, but elsewhere the Royalists were faring badly. De Montfort, concentrating on his enemy's centre, finally, after an obstinate resistance, overwhelmed it. Richard of Cornwall was driven off, and the King, his horse hamstrung, fled to the priory. He attempted a sally, hoping to recover his ground, but the field was irretrievably lost. The Prince, who had chased the Londoners far back,

wasting his time in capturing a litter left there, returned too late to be of any good, and, with his father, surrendered.

Of Brighton one prefers to think of its past. The present is what it is, a huge seaside resort, a slice of residential London planted by the sea, an enormous length of parade, with piers of an ugliness beyond comparison. All this there is and more of the same *genre*, but also there is no beauty. Still, for a man who has a weakness for the amenities of the Metropolis, joined to brilliant sunshine, air supercharged with ozone, and a sea that, with a little encouragement from the winds, will dash mountain-high over the parade, affording a truly elegant object for the

eye and the camera, Brighton is a sound place in which to stay. Like so many other of the Sussex ports, it suffered from inroads of the sea.

From the Conquest until the beginning of the eighteenth century a period of stagnation followed, and then came the new-born enthusiasm for sea-bathing and the advent of Prince George. So, with the somewhat vulgar and garish splendour of the Regency as its sponsor, Brighton was reborn. Macaulay gives us a graphic picture of the old village in the days of its decline: "A few poor fishermen, however, still continued to dry their nets on these cliffs, on which now a town more than twice as large and populous



Photo by

Humphrey Joel

THE QUAY, BOSHAM HARBOUR.

Modern Bosham shows few signs of its former importance as a landing-place, and, apart from the oyster industry, practically the only activity of this mediaeval port is connected with the numerous yachts using the anchorage afforded by the creek.



Photo by

BOSHAM HARBOUR.

A. G. Willis.

An interesting tradition connected with Bosham relates that it was here that Canute commanded the waves to retire, and a tile in the ancient church marks the burial-place of a skeleton reputed to be that of his daughter.



A. H. Linnell

Photo 1A

RUINS OF BOXGROVE PRIORY.

The parish church at Boxgrove, 3½ miles north-east of Chichester, was originally a famous Benedictine Priory, founded for three monks by Robert de Haya in the reign of Henry I. The most striking feature of the old building is the curious arrangement of the vaulting, which is not to be found elsewhere in the county.



Photo 13

A FORD NEAR HEYSHOTT.

E. Weymark.

Heyshott is a small village about 2 miles south-east of Midhurst. The photograph shows a charming beauty spot known as Dunsford Hollow, on a tributary of the Rother.



Photo 14

THE LAWN AND STABLES, GOODWOOD.

H. N. King.

Since it was bought in 1720 by a son of Charles II, Goodwood has been the seat of the Dukes of Richmond. The house is noted for its remarkable collection of valuable paintings, both family and historical. It is surrounded by a magnificent park, famous for its cedar-trees and containing a large pheasantry, stables, and kennels.

as the Bristol of the Stuarts presents mile after mile its gay and fantastic front to the sea."

"Winds are glancing from sunbright Lancing to Shoreham crowned with the grace of years,
Shoreham, clad with the sunset, glad and grave with glory that death reverts."

Swinburne's words are often quoted ; but Shoreham, "crowned with the grace of years," is a spot wherein to pause in our peregrination in this most gracious of counties. Like "New" Winchelsea, there is not much that is new in New Shoreham lying at the mouth of the river. Of Roman origin it certainly is not. At the mouth, or up an estuary of the River Adur, there was undoubtedly a Roman station, the *Portus Adurni*, but this station was either at Aldrington, near Hove, where the Adur in



Photo by

H. N. King

A COTTAGE AT MIDHURST.

The little town of Midhurst is situated in an extremely pretty region, with the timbered heights of Bexley Heath to the north and the undulating Downs to the south. Owing to the plentiful supply of wood to be obtained at one time from the Sussex forests, oak was extensively used in conjunction with clay plaster in the construction of cottages and farmhouses, thus producing a very pleasing effect.

earlier times entered the sea—Roman remains discovered there suggest this theory—or somewhere near Bramber a few miles inland. This *Portus Adurni* has been much discussed. Old Shoreham had ceased to be a port, owing to the blocking up of its harbour, and New Shoreham had come into existence in the twelfth century. It soon achieved trade and distinction. John, when his brother Cœur de Lion died, landed there in 1199, and honoured it in 1209 by making it a free port, on payment, it must be admitted, for kings in those days did not grant their favours for nothing, of seventy pounds from the citizens ; not a great sum, indeed, though representing well over a thousand pounds of our money to-day. The port's prosperity evidently increased, for a hundred and thirty-seven years later we read of it supplying the King's navy—Edward III, of course—with twenty-six ships. Still later, in 1651, Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II, is heard of at Shoreham. On October 14, with Wilmot and

Colonel Gounter, after the "crowning glory" of Worcester, he left Hambledon in Hampshire to ride to Brighton, passing by Racton, where Gounter lived, to avoid Chichester, and so through Arundel, where they nearly encountered the Parliamentary governor of the castle, Captain Morley. However, they were able to avoid him, and by way of Houghton, for to cross Arundel Bridge was too risky, reached Bramber, and so to the then little fishing village of Brighton, and later embarked, probably between Brighton and Shoreham, and arrived unmolested at Fécamp.

Bramber had, at the Norman Conquest, William de Braose as its lord, and he built himself a castle, probably on the site, or near it, of the old Saxon one. The Norman castle, of which only the fragment of the barbican tower now remains, was a powerful one in its day, stayed for many generations with the same family, the descendants of William the Conqueror's grantee, de Braose. Thence it passed to



Photo by

EASEBOURNE CHURCH.

H. N. King.

The church at Easebourne, a mile to the north of Midhurst, stands close to the entrance to Cowdray Park. Although it has been mainly rebuilt, parts of the nave and the south door date from the early Norman period. Embodied in a private house to the south of the church are some remains of the nunnery which formerly stood here.

the Mowbrays, and later to the Howards, who were granted the Norfolk title. Concerning the first Howard to be Duke of Norfolk, one remembers the lines :

" Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

The castle disappeared in the Civil War, besieged and destroyed by Cromwell's men. The little place rejoiced in the possession of two Members of Parliament as late as 1832, when the heavy axe of the Reform Act fell on it. Still, an electorate of less than fifty voters was just a shade on the small side for two Members. However, though the castle, with its stir and clash of arms, has passed away, and the two duly elected legislators, who probably seldom went near their constituency (" Why,



Photo by

COWDRAY HOUSE RUINS, NEAR MIDHURST.

How at Exton.

The magnificent remains of Cowdray House form one of the most interesting ruins in the county. The mansion was built by the Earl of Southampton in the reign of Henry VIII, and is a splendid example of the kind of building that prevailed during the Tudor Period. In 1793, a week after the last Viscount Montague died, Cowdray was destroyed by fire. The photograph shows the turreted entrance gateway, which is still fairly intact.



Photo by

THE ROTHER AT FITTLEWORTH.

[Herbert Felton]

Sussex has two rivers of the name of Rother. This one rises near Priors Dean in Hampshire and flows east past Petersfield and Midhurst to the Arun near Fittleworth, a tiny village $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the north of Petworth.

that's the place I'm Member for!" cried Wilberforce, riding through the village in 1819), are buried in the limbo of things forgotten. Bramber is a charming little village, one long street of pretty cottages running down to the Adur, and a timbered house, called St. Mary's House, that has few rivals. Then, too, there is the church, which in its pre-Civil War days must have been rather attractive, cruciform with a Norman tower, rather low. The chancel and transepts were destroyed during the wars, but a new chancel, a small one, has been built up since. One is apt to marvel at the patience of country churches. Through the centuries of their existence, they are burned, and pulled down, and rebuilt, bit by bit, until but a fragment of wall, or an arch of a window, shows their early origin. One feels that they would tumble down of their own volition, so flat that not one stone remains on another, in sheer desperation at the eternal "meddling and mauling of man." Surely the little churches show a truly Christian patience!



Photo by,

PETWORTH MILL.

(Herbert Felton.

The little town of Petworth is famous for its narrow streets, which are lined with many beautiful old buildings. The charm of this ancient mill is enhanced by its reflection in the shining waters of the Rother.

One of the four Sussex saints, St. Cuthman, is credited with the foundation of the original Saxon church at Steyning. The other three, *en passant*, are Saints Lewinna, Wiltrid, and Richard. Following was the church, Norman this time, built by the monks of Fécamp, to whom Edward the Confessor gave the site. The town, quite a little one, is, in itself, interesting and quite picturesque, with an old clock tower and timbered houses, and, once, before 1832—the Reform Act again—two Members of Parliament. We are not suggesting that the two Members were either interesting or picturesque. The Georgian period was sordid, and our legislators were, for the most part, corrupt. Steyning is a useful base from which to explore a pleasant countryside, of which not the least interesting is Chanetonbury Ring. Archaeologists place the Ring in the Neolithic period, and the Romans certainly occupied it later. Still later a ghost wandered here, the worried soul of a Saxon, slain at the battle of Senlac, for ever seeking

his hidden store. Strangely enough, a treasure of old coins was unearthed by a plough at Changton Farm in 1866, and possibly the lost spirit is appeased. Let us hope so.

If the wayfarer will travel north from Chanctonbury for the space of 4 miles, he will find, in a village called Thakenham, a memorial to those who lost their lives in the Great War, whose inscription touches a note so inspiring that its quotation is justified here :

“ We lie dead in many lands that you may live here in peace.”

To a village community the dead are very near, for they lie just beneath the green of the churchyard. So they remain with their living belongings. It is not the same in towns. Village people would not think lightly of Wordsworth's “ We are Seven.”



Photo 15

STOPHAM BRIDGE.

(E. Bastard).

Stopham is a small village 1 mile west of Pulborough. Here the Arun is crossed by a picturesque seven-arched bridge dating from 1309.

The western section of the South Downs, broken by the valley of the Adur, runs westward, with the little villages of Washington and Sullington, and the township of Amberley to drop down to the River Arun, the finest of the four gaps in the Downs. Amberley possessed a castle before the Conquest, the property of the Bishop of Selsea, the predecessors of the Bishops of Chichester, and is an attractive place. In the sixteenth century a bishop, showing an admirable appreciation for his creature comforts, built a comfortable house within the walls which still stands. The ivy-clad gateway once, of course, had a portcullis, the groove still showing, and there is a moat, now dried up.

The antiquity of Chichester demands a few words on its early history. The Romans, in Vespasian's time, called it *Regnum*, and Cogidubnus, the chief of the British tribe of the *Regni*, reconciled, apparently,



Photo by

J. J. Esart

THE LYCH-GATE, PULBOROUGH CHURCH.

The ancient town of Pulborough dates from Roman times, and several traces of that period, including part of "Stone Street," have been found in the vicinity. Among the most picturesque features of the large and striking church is this beautiful lych-gate, which is undoubtedly a genuine antiquity.

to his conquerors, continued to live there. Then came the Saxons, landing at Selsea in 477 and *Regnum* was occupied and rechristened Chichester, the *ceaster* of Cissa, Aella's son. The Saxons, as one knows, were not town-dwellers, so that the dearth of history of the town during their period is not to be wondered at. Chichester crops up again at the Conquest, with Roger de Montgomery as William's grantee. His castle has completely disappeared. In 1642, after a week's siege, it fell to Waller's forces. Since the turmoil of the Civil War, its history has been the usual placid one of any English cathedral town, whose sole interest centres on the great church and the quiet amenities of the Close.

Chichester Cathedral differs from others in that it is, practically, a one-period church, the twelfth century. One is not disturbed by the ever succeeding evidence of the ambitions and



Photo by:

THE BRIDGE, LEONARDSLEE.

[H. N. King.

The photograph shows one of the beauty spots in the grounds of Leonardslee, a country seat 4 miles south-east of Horsham. A little to the north is the extensive tract of St. Leonard's Forest, one of the largest in the county and formerly part of the great Saxon Andredswald.

ideals of many architects. (Normally, the varying styles blend pleasantly, and violent contrasts are not usual, saving such as the Renaissance north door of Ely, and the west towers of Westminster Abbey, to quote two prominent examples.)

It was Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, who started the ecclesiastical fortunes of Chichester by transferring thither the South Saxon bishopric from Selsea. The first cathedral built by Bishop Ralph in 1108 was burnt, but the energetic prelate set about rebuilding it, completing his second church by 1124, that is to say, the church as it now stands, allowing, of course, for various dilapidations caused by fire, noticeably sixty years after the consecration, and the damage caused by, or, at least, attributed to, the Parliamentary soldiers after the siege. The Puritan soldier is generally accused of breaking up every church he entered; it is a pity that people will not take some of these stories with a grain of salt.



A TIPPERARY VILLAGE.

Tipperary is essentially an agricultural county, and most of the villages are actively engaged in dairy farming and sheep-breeding. Their houses are of a poorer character than those of people of kindred occupation in most parts of Great Britain, but in the eyes of many this is more than compensated for by the surrounding scenery.

After this fire of 1186 the wooden roof was rebuilt, this time of stone, with a considerable use, following a fashion of the time, of Purbeck marble.

The lofty spire was struck by lightning during a terrific storm in 1721, and for many years the question of the advisability of removing it was frequently raised, though a survey satisfied the architects that there was no danger to be anticipated. In 1813 it was reported safe, but during the next forty years things changed, and the condition of the spire demanded immediate attention. Then came the crash. It was in 1861, when the work of restoration had already been started. With hardly any warning the spire swayed, and the tower crashed into the choir, nave, and transepts, the spire itself falling across the roof, and broke on one of the flying buttresses. So much for one description, told in vivid detail in the *Builder* of the day; though one claiming to have been an eye-witness declared



Photo by

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HORSHAM.

F. Trith & Co., Ltd.

The parish church of Horsham has been considerably enlarged and restored, and is now a building of fine proportions. This distant photograph of the church is a striking study in reflections.

that the "spire and tower sank out of sight with little noise into the centre of the building." The present spire, built immediately after the débâcle of 1861, and finished in 1866, is an exact replica of the old one. For those to whom figures make an appeal, Chichester spire is 271 feet high, the third highest of the cathedral churches of England.

At Selsey, Wilfrid of York converted the South Saxons to Christianity and taught them to catch fish. Hitherto they had been limited to grubbing up eels. Wilfrid, too, founded the monastery and the cathedral, and was the first bishop of the Selsey diocese that lasted till the transfer to Chichester, some four hundred years afterwards. But the sea swept quietly over all, and cathedral, monastery and, though of a much later date, deer park, are now beneath the waters. The village of Selsey is small now, but before long, for it has had a light railway for nearly thirty years, it will no doubt grow and wax fat, for it is a popular place in its quiet and level way.

The lilies of St. Leonard's Forest are beautiful in their season, and about them hangs a tale. It is of St. Leonard himself, who had a terrific encounter with a dragon in the days when dragons ever haunted the high woods and levied a toll of human lives from the frightened humans, until such time as a gallant came along in shining armour and sent the dragons to their appointed place. So with the dragon whom St. Leonard slew in the forest that now bears his name. But the encounter was long, and the knight was sorely hurt, and bleeding from many wounds; and wherever his blood fell there sprang a lily, purely white. Thus the legend of the good and gallant St. Leonard and the dragon. Yet of the forest there are still more tales. The hermit who dwelt in that wood—for there were hermits, as well as dragons and knights, in every wood in the halcyon days—was grumpy, and—shame on him!—detested the nightingales, who, he declared, disturbed his devotions; as if the devotions of a grumpy



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A SUSSEX FARM IN WINTER: ASHDOWN FOREST.

(Continued) Press Service.

Ashdown Forest is a rugged upland plateau, reaching in one place to a height of over 700 feet and forming the most beautiful part of the great Forest Ridge, which extends from Horsham to Hastings. The white mantle of snow has given a picturesque appearance to buildings that might otherwise appear commonplace.

old hermit could come to any harm from the magic voice of the "light-winged Dryad of the trees." Therefore, he cursed them, and the nightingales fled from those leafy glades, and were heard no more. Yet, again, another tale, of Squire Poulett this one, who would chase those riding through the dark wood, and leap up behind them, headless and fearsome. *Post equitem sedet atra cura.* It is a gruesome tale, and the hermit was a nasty old man. Let us rejoice in St. Leonard and the lilies.

St. Leonard's Forest is in the immediate neighbourhood of Horsham, and is still thickly wooded. The family of De Braose were the original owners, though it later on was partitioned among many hands. Mike Mill's Race is a splendid mile-long avenue. From the lofty Beacon Tower near Coalgate, standing on high ground, a wonderful view can be obtained, the green of the trees, in their varying shades, stretching out on all sides, oaks and beeches and the darker splashes of fir. The hills of Surrey, Leith Hill and Hindhead and Blackdown, are on one side, and on another the Ridge stretches far east.



Photo by

INTERIOR, WORTH CHURCH.

E. Bastard.

The famous church at Worth is highly interesting on account of its Saxon ground-plan and other work of the eleventh century, including the massive arches leading to the chancel and transepts and three two-light windows each divided by a large baluster. The village lies a little to the north of the Forest Ridge, 6¹ miles west of East Grinstead.



Photo by

COTTAGE NEAR CROWBOROUGH.

[Lionel Wood.]

Situated, as it is, 792 feet above sea-level, Crowborough is the highest point in the Forest Ridge. Crowborough Beacon, which lies to the south of the town, consists of a wild expanse of moorland on which numerous houses have been built.



Photo by

BODIAM CASTLE.

[Humbrey Joel.]

Thirteen miles north of Hastings, in the valley of the Rother, stand the picturesque ruins of Bodiam Castle. The fortress was built towards the close of the fourteenth century, and its massive walls are surrounded by a moat, which is supplied with water from neighbouring springs. It was recently bequeathed by Lord Curzon to the nation.

Horsham, the centre of many railway lines, is in itself an important market town, though of no great size, a blessed thing in a country town; it is not particularly interesting in itself, but is an admirable base for neighbouring rambles. There is, as we have said, St. Leonard's Forest to explore on one side,



Photo by

ASHDOWN FOREST, FROM CROWBOROUGH.

A. H. Taitner

From a point on the Lewes Road, a short distance from the summit of Crowborough Beacon, a magnificent panorama, extending as far as the South Downs 14 miles away, is revealed; while on the way to Crowborough Warren, near Beacon Cottage, one can enjoy a fine view over the beautiful Ashdown Forest.

and all around are pretty lanes and pleasant little villages, unspoilt by the ruthless march of Time. Cuckfield, on the Southern Forest Ridge, near Hayward's Heath, has an admirable Elizabethan house, Cuckfield Park, with some striking lime-trees, one of which, if we may believe the tradition, sheds a bough on the approaching death of any member of the family. Harrison Ainsworth's *Rookwood Hall* is said to refer to this house, but as the novelist placed his story in Yorkshire, we must, respectfully, doubt it.

Ardingly is best known to the younger generation for its school, St. Saviour's College, one of Canon Woodard's foundations, of which the other two in Sussex are at Hurstpierpoint and Lancing. The other point of interest is Wakehurst Place, built in 1590 by Sir Edward Culpeper. This is a very fine example of Elizabethan architecture, stone-built in three storeys, though it is a pity that the long wings



Photo by

RYE HARBOUR.

H. S. Newcombe.

Although Rye has considerably deteriorated as a seaport since the Middle Ages owing to the retreat of the sea, it still carries on a limited trade and ranks next in importance to Newhaven. The harbour has been transferred to the mouth of the Rother, and only small boats can ascend to the historic little town now 2 miles from the sea.

were shortened some sixty years ago. There are drawings of the old house by Grimm, dated 1780, in the British Museum. The interior is remarkable for the lavish decoration. In the fifteenth century two sisters, co-heiresses, Margaret and Elizabeth Wakehurst, married two Culpepers, Richard and Nicholas; and with the Culpepers, Wakehurst Place remained until 1694.

Sussex, as the map will show, runs down to the series of bays, estuaries, and islands that stretch eastward from Portsmouth. In this corner Sussex ends with Chichester Harbour, facing Hayling Island. At the head of one of the creeks, 4 miles from Chichester itself, is a sleepy little place bearing the absurd name of Bosham. Perhaps because of the palpable absurdity of the patronymic, Bosham has hidden its head at the end of this backwater of the sea. Yet, sleepy, quiet, dreamy little spot that it is, Bosham can tell a story of the long past. That Vespasian encamped there, when in command of the second division, during the conquest of Britain under Claudius, is doubtful, though there is plenty



Photo by]

MERMAID INN, RYE.

[R. C. de Mogen,

One of the most interesting and picturesque of the many old houses in Rye is the famous Mermaid Inn, now a private hotel, in Mermaid Street. It dates from the sixteenth century and, although now much restored, has lost little of its ancient appearance.



Photo by

ROUGH SEA, HASTINGS.

[Judges', Ltd.]

Hastings is an historical town of great antiquity and one of the Cinque Ports. Combined with St. Leonards, it forms the second largest town and one of the most picturesque watering-places in the county. The awe-inspiring sight afforded by the waves dashing against the sea-front with a thundering roar and flinging columns of spray high in the air, in some measure compensates the residents for the biting fury of the winter gales.



Photo by

ON A SUSSEX FARM.

[Judges', Ltd.]

As in most of the southern counties, agriculture is the principal industry, and, in spite of the comparative poorness of the soil, a considerable acreage is under cultivation for various crops, hop-growing, and market-gardening, while at the end of the summer even parts of the Downs are resplendent with golden corn.

of evidence pointing to it. What is definite history is that St. Wilfrid of York, in 681, found a community of Irish monks established here, and preaching Christianity. Simple stories have sprung up and are still told of Bosham. The Danes invaded the place, bringing their ships up the creek, and carried away the church bells, whose weight sunk the ships that bore them, and their chimes are still heard over the islands. Then there was Canute, who, on the shores of that favoured spot, bade the waves retire at his kingly pleasure, as the gentle little ripples of the tide crept up the creek. Bosham may as well have the credit of the story as Southampton, or any other place. There is an addition in its favour, in that a little daughter of Canute's is supposed to have died and been buried there.

For a long time it was thought that a recessed tomb in the chancel, with a female figure on it, was



Photo by

THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY, BATTLE ABBEY.

H. N. King.

The celebrated abbey at Battle, 6½ miles north-west of Hastings, was founded by William the Conqueror on the site where Harold erected his standard and afterwards fell. The photograph shows the fine fourteenth-century gatehouse, which, with its battlements, triple archway, and ribbed vaulting, is the most interesting and imposing part of the ruins.

the burial-place of the child. The style is, however, much too late. But, in the 'sixties, the then vicar took the opportunity of the church being in the hands of workmen to investigate on the traditional site. His labours were amply rewarded. A small stone coffin was unearthed, containing the skeleton of a child. Whether or not this was the nine-year-old daughter of Canute cannot, of course, be decided; so at that one must be content.

Those who would see Bosham as it was, or to be exact an incident of the time, may find, in the Bayeux tapestry, Harold, hawk at wrist, going to Bosham Church, before he set sail for Normandy.

The church in its long life has borne the imprints of many architectural periods: Roman, for there are foundations of a *basilica*, Saxon in the tower and chancel arch, Norman when the Saxon chancel was lengthened, and a general alteration to Early English when in the hands of the prebendaries of Bishop Warlewaste's college. The church and the little green, the old mill and the stream flowing into the

creek, are altogether as charming a spot in which to linger and dream of the past as any in the country. Thus Tennyson :

“ the sea creek—the petty rill
That falls into it—the green field—the gray church—
The simple lobster-basket and the mesh.”

Arundel Castle is, of course, in a superb position, and, in speaking of its outlook, superlatives are justified. Beneath it, cutting a deep gap in the chalky ridge, flows the River Arun, tidal as far as the town, and navigable for small vessels as far as the bridge. The view of the hill from a little distance



Photo by,

THE OLD HOSPITAL, BATTLE ABBEY.

(Bellamy

The first abbot was appointed in 1076, and the abbey remained in the possession of the Benedictines until it was given to Sir Anthony Browne by Henry VIII at the Dissolution in 1538. The inhabited parts of the buildings include the Abbot's Hall, the Abbot's Lodge, and the modern library.

away is indeed striking. The rise of the downs, suggesting an old cliff, recalls the times, in the misty past, when the tide covered the pleasant meadows that we see all around us to-day, e'er ever the waters receded. The fine old keep and its attendant buildings crowning the wooded summit make Arundel one of the most effective eminences in England. Everything joins in touching the note of harmony ; nothing jars the eye. In the days before Saxon and Norman came there were numerous earthworks, the strong places of the Britons. The first castle was certainly there in Alfred's reign, and, apparently, a royal fortress, for he bequeathed it to his nephew, Athelm. Again, one builder of Arundel was Bevis. This worthy was a knight of Southampton, living and heaping up undying fame before the time of the Conquest. A great warrior was this Sir Bevis, and a slayer of dragons. There is, as a matter of fact, very little tangible evidence in support of his reputed connection with either Southampton or Arundel.



Photo by]

CRYPT UNDER REFECTORY, BATTLE ABBEY.

U. Bastard.

All that is left of the refectory consists of the walls of a fine Early English hall, pierced with lancet windows. Beneath is a vaulted crypt containing three chambers said to be the Monk's Parlour, the Day Room, and the Scriptorium.



Photo by

NORMANHURST, CATSFIELD.

Near Catsfield, 2½ miles from Battle, is Normanhurst, the stately seat of Lord Brassey. The house, which is surrounded by beautiful grounds, is a modern building in the French style prevailing in the fourteenth century.

[H. N. King,

However, mediæval lore has turned him into a figure of romance worthy to be classed with Guy of Warwick and Robin Hood, so let us not doubt the legends of his prowess, or that he was the first châtelain of the great castle on Arundel's woody hill. His name is still kept in Bevis's Tower, a barbican tower in the park. Of the castle itself the keep remains, circular and Norman, of Caen stone without, and flint in the interior. The buildings that were destroyed in 1644, after the capture of the castle by the Parliamentary troops, were rebuilt, and, of late, have been transmogrified into the thirteenth-century period. As to the success of this experiment opinions differ.

William the Conqueror granted the castle to his trusty henchman Roger de Montgomery, one of the most powerful of the Norman barons, and during the next five hundred years it changed hands several



Photo by]

HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE.

Herbert Fellow.

The picturesque ruins of Hurstmonceux Castle have been recently restored and enlarged by Colonel Lowther and have an exceedingly interesting history. The castle was built in 1440 by Sir Roger de Fienes and is an extensive red-brick structure over 200 feet square.

times, staying for the longest period with the Fitz-Alans, a matter of three hundred years. Of war, of course, it saw plenty, being the object of three sieges. The first was in 1102. Roger de Montgomery's son, Robert de Belesme, held it, but in his absence the castle was surrendered to Henry I, who gave it to his wife, Queen Adeliza. Thirty-seven years later, in Stephen's troubled reign, it was attacked by the King himself, for Queen Matilda had taken refuge there with Adeliza. The last siege, during the Civil Wars, was short and vigorous. The castle was garrisoned by some of the gentlemen of Sussex. Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary General, started his proceedings by clearing the town of Royalists and driving them into the castle. This was a sound move, for it isolated and concentrated his enemy in the castle, where he could deal with them undisturbed. On the church tower he mounted a couple of guns, training them on to the western side of the castle, and he quickly placed more batteries in position. The defending troops in the castle had, of course, great advantages of position, but these



Photo by,

MICHELHAM PRIORY.

Bellamy.

Michelham Priory, 2½ miles west of Hailsham, was founded in the thirteenth century for Augustinian canons. The ruins, which are mostly incorporated in a farmhouse, are surrounded by a moat crossed by a massive stone bridge. The photograph shows the entrance gatehouse from the east.



Photo by

MICHELHAM PRIORY MILL.

Bellamy.

The mill of the old priory is still in good working order and is one of the most interesting antiquities in the neighbourhood. At the back of the adjacent farm are some remains of Early English arches, which are believed to be part of the chapel, while inside are two old chambers and a crypt.

were reduced and minimised by the crowding of so many in a small space, lack of food and water, and by the admirably directed fire from Waller's guns. The siege lasted a little over a fortnight. After the capitulation, the majority of the buildings were, as has been said, destroyed.

The Earls of Arundel have been rather an unfortunate family. To go back to Edmund Fitz-Alan: he stood by his king, Edward II, to the end, and was murdered before his king's eyes at Bristol. His grandson, Richard, was beheaded for conspiracy, again in his king's presence, Richard II this time. A third fell on the field of battle, and Queen Elizabeth packed another Fitz-Alan off to prison. Of the Howards, the first Duke of Norfolk, "Jockey of Norfolk," was killed fighting for Richard Crookback at Bosworth Field. Later, a descendant, the brilliant Earl of Surrey, was beheaded: the fourth Duke, who aspired to the hand of Mary Stuart, lucklessly shared her fate, and his son, debarred the title and estates, died, a prisoner already condemned to death, in the Tower of London. The title was, however, revived in the family's favour at the Restoration.

On the slopes of the downs, 4 miles from Chichester, is the seat of the Duke of Richmond



Photo 15.

PEVENSEY CASTLE.

L. J. F. Lillies.
The history of Pevensey is romantic and interesting. After the Romans had left, Anderida, as it was then known, was stormed and taken by the Saxons, and in 1066 it was the landing-place of William the Conqueror, whose half-brother Robert first built the castle, within the Roman walls. From then until the sixteenth century, when it was allowed to go to ruin, the fortress was constantly a centre of warfare, having been besieged by Robert de Mortain in 1088, Stephen in 1144, the Barons in 1265, and by Richard II in 1399.

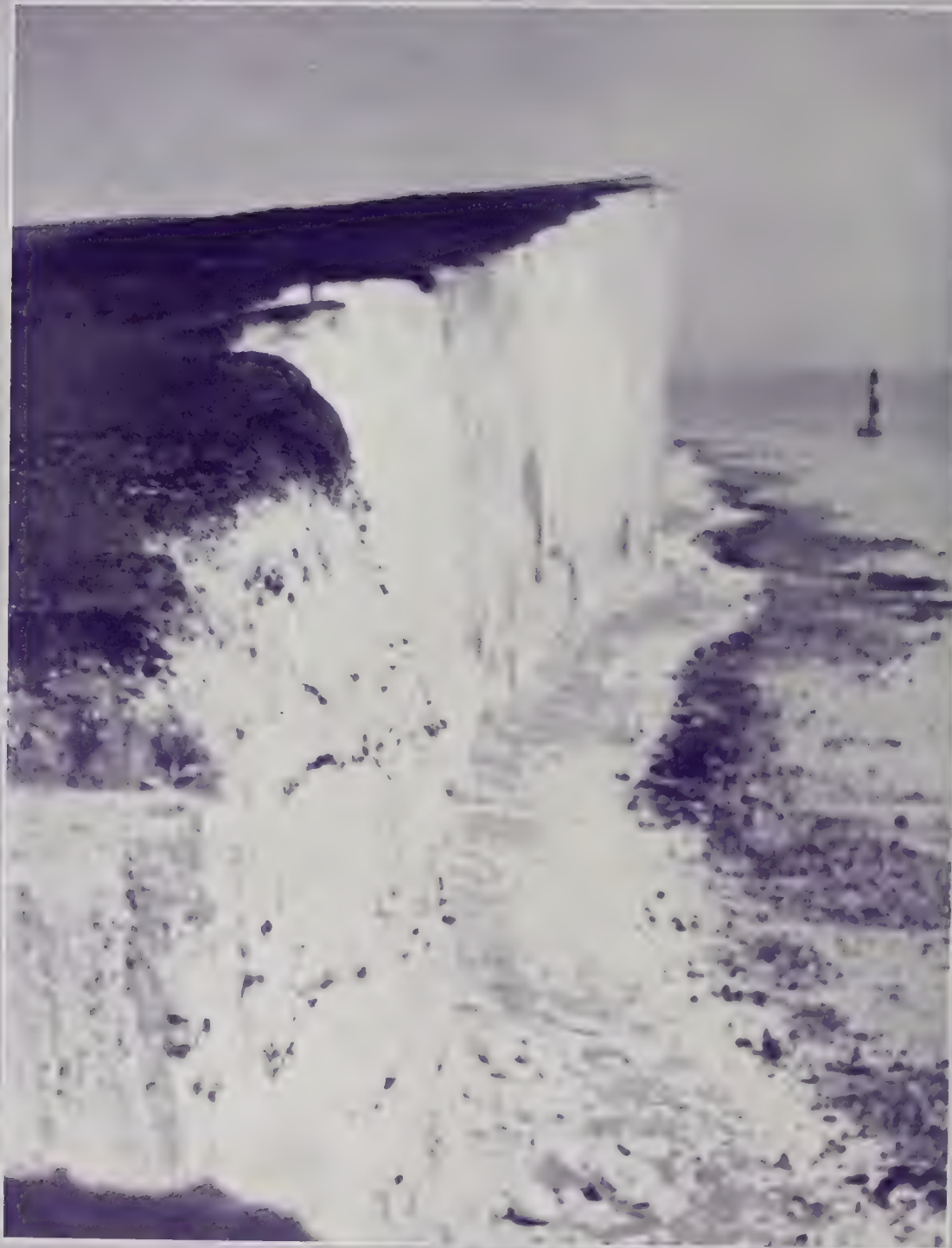


Photo by

BEACHY HEAD.

Lionel Woolf.

At Beachy Head the Downs reach the sea and form a precipitous headland of chalk cliff, 512 feet above the sea. The lighthouse at the foot was built in 1902 to replace the Belle Tout Lighthouse, erected about a mile west of the highest point in 1831, to put a stop to the numerous shipwrecks which had made the place notorious.

and Gordon. Goodwood Park, a new house, but built on the site of an earlier and, from all reports, a far more attractive one. The present one is certainly not handsome. It came to the family in the way of purchase by the first Duke of Richmond. He was a son of King Charles II and Louise de K roualle, whom one remembers as the ambassador "s ductrice," a product of the united brains of Louis XIV and his wily minister, Colbert, despatched from the Louvre to use her persuasive powers on the volatile Charles. The lady succeeded, at any rate, in fascinating the king, for he created her Duchess of Portsmouth. Of Goodwood Park, the principal interest is not so much in the house, which, as we say, is not very beautiful, nor in the park, which certainly has some superb timber, noticeably, cork trees and holm oaks. There are some Van Dycks, including portraits of Charles I and his Queen, Henriette Marie, and their two sons, Henry and Charles. There are, too, Lely's portraits of Mistress Eleanor Gwynne and La K roualle, already mentioned, and one of that most famous of Restoration beauties, Frances



Photograph

ON THE DOWNS NEAR EASTBOURNE.

Judges', Ltd.

The fine chalk Downs for which Sussex is famous enter the county from the west and continue in almost unbroken line to the sea at Beachy Head. They average in height just over 600 feet, but Duncton Down, Linch Down, Ditchling Beacon, Beacon Hill, and Chanctonbury are all in the neighbourhood of 800 feet. The tops of the Downs are covered with bare short grass and their undulating line is unbroken except for an occasional clump of trees.

Stuart. That she served as a model for the Britannia of our copper coinage is a well-known fact. There is a Kneller, too, of the misguided and foolish Duke of Monmouth. There are excellent family portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lawrence. Taken all round, a rather wonderful collection.

North of the Goodwood racecourse the country slopes by degrees down to the valley of the Rother, the western of the two Sussex rivers of that name, and to Midhurst. This is a little place amid the most lovely surroundings. North of it is Bexley Heath and beyond Blackdown Hill and so into Surrey, and close by is the pretty village of Easebourne, its church hard by the gates of Cowdray Park.

We know that Sir Anthony Browne, to whom Battle Abbey was granted at the dissolution of religious houses, was cursed by a monk, when he had destroyed the church and cloister, the curse condemning the family to perish by fire and water. This same Sir Anthony received Cowdray from the Earl of Southampton, his half-brother, on the death of the latter, and improved, or, at any rate, added to the place. His son, Viscount Montague, carried out further additions, and entertained Edward VI and

Elizabeth there. The Queen had been touched by his loyalty, for when the news of the Armada spread across the country, and the call to arms went out, the Viscount, then a very old man, reported at Tilbury with his sons and a force of two hundred men. The Cowdray folk prospered, and lived in splendid style. But the curse was not forgotten. The last of the line lost his life trying to shoot the Falls of the Rhine in 1793, in the same week that Cowdray was burnt out. Its history has been one of splendour and magnificence, and the pomp and circumstance that surround royalty.

Over Bexley Heath and past the little village of Linch (not to be mixed up with Linch Down, the glorious highland south of Midhurst, and near Cocking) there is a delightful place called Shulbrede. Here was a priory of the thirteenth century for Augustinian Canons, two of the rooms that are left being



Photo by

[H. N. King.]

WILMINGTON GIANT, NEAR EASTBOURNE.

The Long Man of Wilmington is the only chalk monument on the South Downs. It was re-marked in white bricks in 1874 and consists of the outline of a figure 230 feet long, having a staff in either hand.

particularly fine. In one of these, known as the Prior's Room, there are some striking frescoes. The oldest is of the Nativity, and the Madonna and Child appear surrounded by birds and animals, whose conversation, onomatopoeic, appears on labels issuing from their mouths. It is naïve, and in a disingenuous age somewhat absurd, yet why should we of our generation criticise? "Christus natus est," crows the cock. "Quando? Quando?" cries the duck, answered by the croaking raven, "In hac nocte." The animals join in—"Ubi? Ubi?" from the cow, and the gentle bleating lamb, "Bethlem! Bethlem!" The last is, perhaps, the most charming of all. Shulbrede lies in the most beautiful country with wooded slopes and splendid rolling commons all along the Surrey border, than which none is more glorious than Chapel Common, with the great Portsmouth Road running through it.



Herbert Felton

Photo by

OLD HOUSE, ALFRISTON.

The large village of Alfriston stands in a picturesque situation at the entrance to the gap through which the Cuckmere flows on its way to the sea. This old timber-built parsonage house dates from the fifteenth century.



Photo by

THE CHURCH, BERWICK.

[E. O. Hoppe.]

Berwick is a small Downs village and angling resort prettily situated on the Cuckmere. From a distance the spire of the old parish church looks very picturesque peeping above the trees.

SUTHERLANDSHIRE

THE most northerly but one of the mainland counties of Scotland, Sutherland is in form an irregular pentagon. Two of its sides, a long one and a short one, are land boundaries of its two neighbouring counties, Caithness on the north-east, and on the south the combined counties of Ross and Cromarty. For the rest, the south-eastern seaboard overlooks Moray Firth, an even, peaceful coast, from a geographical point of view, with few capes or bays, and only one estuary of importance, Dornoch Firth on the south; and the northern and western sides of our pentagon face the Atlantic, and are directly subject to the full force of north-western gales. It is not a matter for surprise, therefore, that the remorseless rollers have carved deep fissures in the rugged coast. Let a descrip-



Photo by

DORNOCH CATHEDRAL FROM SOUTH.

W. & A. G. Smith, Ltd.

The capital of the county and a place of great antiquity, Dornoch possesses a cathedral of considerable interest. It was built by Gilbert de Moravia about 1230 and, although badly damaged in 1570, it remained standing until 1847, when it was properly restored by the Duke of Sutherland. The lofty roof and stunted spire give the edifice a distinctive appearance.

tion, or, rather, an impression of one of these bays suffice—Pennant in his Scottish travels: “. . . a dreary solitude, terminating in the wildest rocks on the shore; its very bottom rugged, barren, and altogether uninhabited. The scenery becomes more august and gloomy. The craggy brows of the cliffs frowning over the dale, make one tremble to enter it. The country, from the opposite height, puts on the most desolate and forlorn appearance. The wildness continually increasing, the paths become more rugged, every avenue among the hills, perplexed with ranges of immense stones, renders travelling extremely difficult.”

Like the coast, the interior of this county is, for the most part, bleak and bare, and very mountainous, with some beautiful lakes, and many more hillside tarns, rock-bound, dark and dreary, and streams and rivulets innumerable, mingling with each other until they pour their waters into those long, deep-cut estuaries.

In the extreme north-west corner is one of the finest examples of coast scenery to be found in the British Isles. This is Cape Wrath, than which no headland has been better named. The splendid ocean scenery, the stupendous granitic front, approached through the wildest of country, lend to it an interest that few other capes can claim. There is only one trouble, and that is to get a clear view of it. The whole coastline is precipitous in the extreme, in most cases the shore being quite unapproachable. From the sea, the view is, naturally, perfect, but to attain to this is not free from risks. The sea in the neighbourhood of any headland is far from calm, and at Cape Wrath it is particularly turbulent. There are tides and treacherous currents to contend with, and the squalls that rise suddenly, without warning, are notorious. The wise man does not attempt boating there unless he be a skilful waterman, knowing the waters, or is accompanied by a local man.



Photo by

SKIBO CASTLE, DORNOCH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Long the seat of the Dempsters, Skibo Castle was sold for a large sum of money to an Aberdeen man in 1872. Previous to this it was the residence of the Bishops of Calthness, from whom it passed to the Mackays. It was here that the celebrated Marquis of Montrose was temporarily imprisoned after his capture in Assynt. The castle is noted for its beautiful gardens and orchard.

Sir Walter Scott recorded in his diary a visit there in 1814. "This dreadful Cape," he wrote, "so fatal to mariners, is a high promontory, whose steep sides go sheer down to the breakers which lash its feet. There is no landing, except in a small creek, about a mile and a half to the eastward. There the foam of the sea plays at 'long bowls' with a huge collection of large stones—some of them a ton in weight—but which these fearful billows chuck up and down as a child tosses a ball." Scott found in Cape Wrath a striking point, both, to use his own words, from the dignity of its appearance, and from the mental association of its being the extreme cape of Scotland.

"'Tis not alone the scene—the man, Anselmo—
The *man* finds sympathies in these wild wastes
And roughly tumbling seas, which fairer views
And smother waves deny him."



Photo by

LOOKING UP THE KYLE, INVERSHIN.

A. H. Robinson.

Invershin is a small village standing at the confluence of the Shin and Oykeil Rivers at the head of the Kyle of Sutherland, which is a continuation of the Dornoch Firth.



Photo by,

FALLS OF SHIN, INVERSHIN.

A. H. Robinson

The Shin is a small but pretty river which rises in Loch Shin in the parish of Lairg and flows 7 miles south to the Oykeil. Two miles before it joins this stream, it forms a picturesque linn, remarkable for the height of its salmon leap.



Photo by

BETTYHILL PIER.

The little village of Bettyhill stands near the coast at the mouth of the River Naver. Strath Naver is famous for its fine mountain and meadow scenery, and is considered the most beautiful valley in Sutherland. The Naver is the best salmon stream in the Northern Highlands, and the industry forms the main occupation of a large number of the natives.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

A certain monk of St. Gall, named Nolker le Bègue, wishing to sum up Switzerland in a single sentence, remarked, "Dura viris, et dura fide, durissima sede." To this another monk, wishing, on his part, to bear testimony to the improved conditions of his country, replied, also in hexameter metre

"Dura fuit quondam, ed nunc est mollis ut unda,
Exceptaque fide, quam corde fatetur et ore."

A hundred years ago, these lines might have been aptly applied to Sutherland. It *had* been a desolate region, where there was little civilisation, but much of lawlessness and rapine, but in an incredibly few years was wrought a surprising change. Mountain pastures were stocked with cattle; on the coast of Moray Firth fresh villages, teeming with industry, sprang up; even the plough was everywhere seen,



[Photo by]

FARR POINT, BETTYHILL.

[Vaentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The whole of the north coast of Scotland is barren and much indented. Farr Point is a rocky headland near Bettyhill of Farr, a little to the east of the mouth of the Naver.

where a few years before the simple husbandry had been served by spade and *cascrom*, the ancient foot plough. "The inhabitants, once rude as their soil," chronicles a writer of the time, "but rescued at last from the dominion of prejudice, have been taught the blessings of industry, peace, and independence. Districts that once bore the stamp of almost unconquerable sterility have been brought into a state of successful cultivation, and, with their thriving population, now afford the most unequivocal testimony that indolence is the bane and industry the blessing of society." We observe the noble fire kindling in the eye of the moralist as he pens these lines. Let us hope that the simple-minded peasantry of this northern region truly appreciated the blessings that attended in the train of industry, and shunned that indolence which we learn is a bane.

As a matter of fact, the regeneration of the country and its people was a wonderful piece of work on the part of one man. The *fons et origo principis* of all this development was the Marquess of

Stafford, later, in 1833 to be exact, to be created Duke of Sutherland. The family estates had greatly increased, and the Duke viewed with alarm the miserable state into which his tenants had fallen. As late as 1812 *there was no post road through the whole county of Sutherland*, and only one bridge; yet, in the course of the next ten years or so, owing, as we have said, to the energies of the Duke, there were 450 miles of road—good, well-made roads they were, too, worthy of General Wade of immortal Perthshire memory—and over 130 bridges of more than 10 feet span.

The Duke had found the crofters on his estates to be in a thoroughly demoralised condition, from various causes. One of these was the influx into the mountainous districts of men from farther south who did not care to assimilate themselves to the new conditions that the industrial revolution had, directly and indirectly, brought about in the southern counties. Work-shy, lazy, lawless, more often



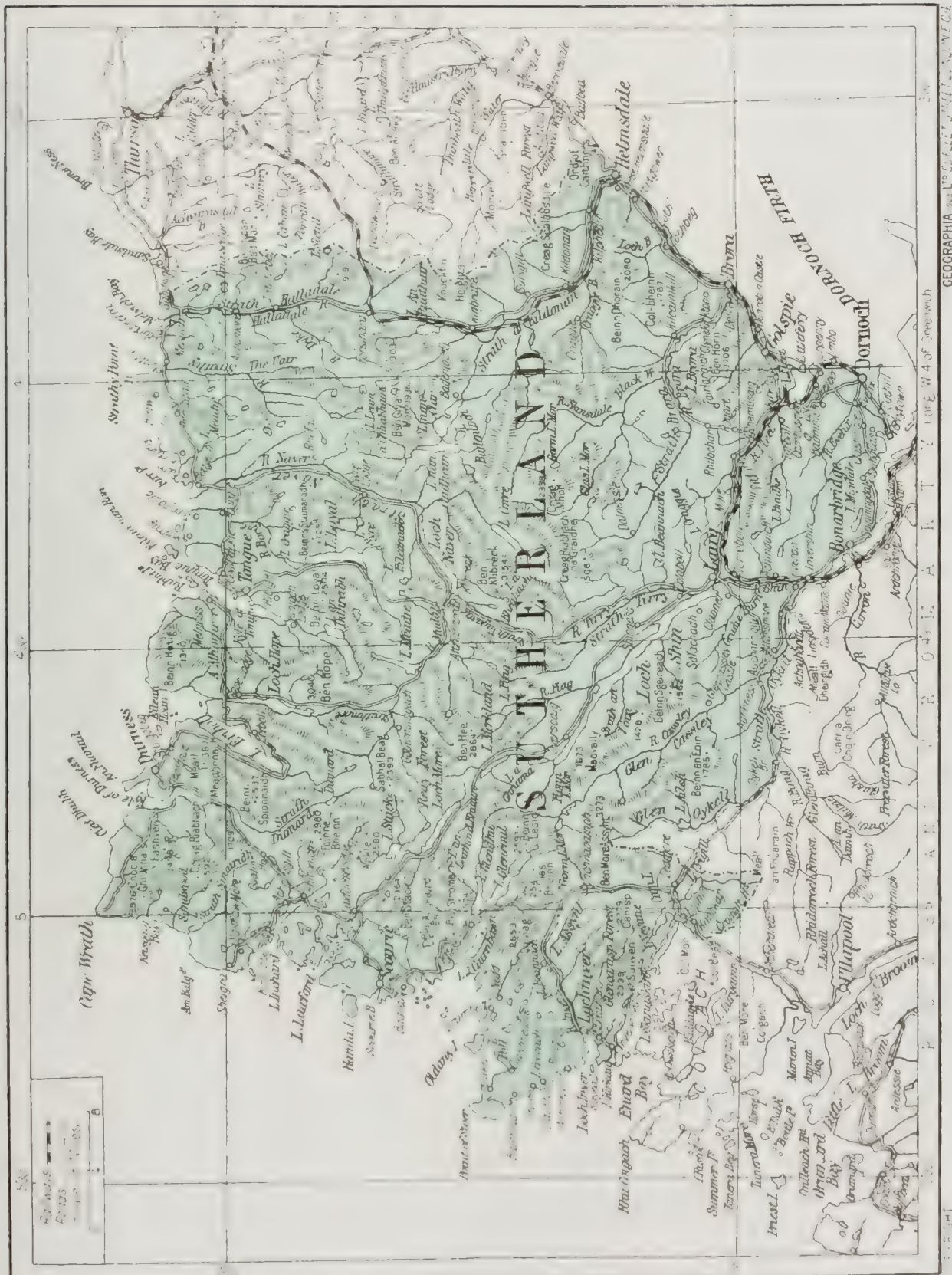
Photo by]

LOCH BRORA AND CARROL ROCK, BRORA.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Near its mouth, the Brora forms itself into three lakes, the largest of which is a mile long and upwards of half a mile broad. The Carrol rock is a striking precipice towering 600 feet above the southern bank of the upper lake.

than not in trouble with and, incidentally, sought after by the authorities, especially those of the revenue, they found a safe refuge in the less accessible and more remote parts of the Sutherland and Reay estates. Here they generally managed to get cottages, doubtless turning out the sitting tenants, by promising to pay the *tacks*men rents which could not feasibly be realised from any honest work that could be undertaken in those parts of the country. The Duke of Sutherland made up his mind to put an end to this objectionable state of things, which was not only giving benefits to the rascal at the expense of the honest and worthy crofter, but was placing the latter in a position which invited degeneration. How the Duke set about it, and how he attained his end, against the usual forces of prejudice, obstinacy, jealousy, and misrepresentation, are not, unfortunately, within the scope of *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*. Suffice it to say that he so planned for all who lived on his estate to hold direct of the landlord.



MAP OF SUTHERLANDSHIRE.



Photo by

IN THE GROUNDS, DUNROBIN CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This photograph was taken looking down the beautiful Dunrobin Glen in the grounds of the palatial seat of the Duke of Sutherland. The oldest part of the castle was built about 1275 by the second Earl of Sutherland, and the whole magnificent pile stands on a natural terrace overlooking the entrance to Dornoch Firth.



Photo by

W. Lawrence.

GLEN OF AHERLOW.

The beautiful Glen of Aherlow is a valley 8 miles long by 2 miles wide between the Slievenamuck and Galtees Mountains. The fact that it is the only pass between Tipperary and the northern parts of Cork was the cause of a centuries-old feud for its possession, between rival chieftains.

COUNTY TIPPERARY

THERE is a tendency to regard Ireland as a country of mountains and lakes, of vast stretches of desolate waste and black peat bogs, dotted here and there with tiny one-storey cottages, housing a people who cultivate the thin stony soil, and exist, year in and year out, on potatoes of their own growing. There are parts of the country where this description holds good, where the scattered population ekes out an existence that never rises an inch above the line of what is termed in comfortable official circles the irreducible minimum. Tipperary is, fortunately, not of such parts. Happily, it is quite the other way; for a fairer and more pleasant land than the Golden Vale could hardly be described. It is one of the larger counties, the sixth in size in Ireland, with some 1,600 square miles of well-watered, undulating plain, surrounded by hills, some of which rejoice in and deserve the name of mountain. Of these last, there are the Galtees, with the high peak of Galteemore rising 3,000 feet and over on the Limerick border. Then there are the Knockmealdown Mountains, also in the south,



Photo by

W. Lawrence

INTERIOR, ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, TIPPERARY.

Although Tipperary has a history dating from the time of King John, the only antiquity remaining is the gatehouse of a friary founded in Henry III's reign. The modern Church of St. Mary, built in the Pointed style, has a striking tower and spire.

and on the Kilkenny side the Slieveardagh Hills with Devil's Bit Mountain near Templemore, where the Wicked Old Man, in a temper, bit a lump out of the hills, and the great gap remains to this day "to witness if I lie," as they say in the Lays of Ancient Rome. And then, in the middle of this rich, green, undulating plain, stiff and stark, crowned with its wonderful ruins, rises the great Rock of Cashel. Of this we shall hear more in its proper place.

Although Tipperary has quite a lot of towns with populations not to be sneezed at in a country of small towns, it is mostly agricultural, the rural districts claiming full 75 per cent. of a population of little over 150,000. Though well-watered by tributary streams, it has only one important river, practically the whole of which, from start to finish, is in the county, the Suir. The Shannon, with



Phot. 254

THE CHURCH, NENAGH.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Nenagh is the second town in the county and the capital of the North Riding of Tipperary. The Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary has little of interest beyond its elaborate architectural features. Nearby is the circular keep of the Castle of the Butlers, known as "Nenagh Round," which is practically all that remains of one of the largest and most important of the Norman fortresses in Ireland.

some of its lakes, forms part of the western border, and the Nore quickly deserts Tipperary for the neighbouring Queen's County. Before going any further, there is one fact to be mentioned, for what it is worth: County Tipperary is surrounded by no less than nine other counties, a unique privilege.

It is generally admitted that King John made a shire of the Tipperary district in 1210, and in 1328 Edward III turned it into a County Palatine in favour of the Earl of Ormonde. Apparently, however, the King retained, or withdrew, the royal prerogatives, for we learn that there was a fresh grant in 1337. Thirty-five years later the jurisdiction was divided, James Butler, Earl of Ormonde, receiving the County Palatine, but the Church lands remaining under a jurisdiction of their own. This part was known as the County of Cross Tipperary. Once again, in the time of James I, it was taken over by the Crown, but a few years later it was restored to the first Duke of Ormonde, with a very important restitution, complete jurisdiction over Cross Tipperary. The County Palatine, the last that was



W. L. Litchfield.

Photo by

THE ROUND TOWER, ROSCREA.

Roscrea was formerly the site of a monastery founded in the seventh century by Cronan, for Augustinian Canons. This old round tower stands on the edge of the River Brosna opposite the church. The chief point of interest is the circular head of the doorway, which is 9 feet from the ground. In "The Annals of the Four Masters" there is evidence that the structure was damaged by lightning in 1135.



Photo by,

[W. Lawrence.]

HOLYCROSS ABBEY.

Holycross Abbey, near Thurles, was founded for Cistercian monks in the twelfth century by Donnel O'Brien, King of Thomond. The extensive ruins are beautifully situated at the edge of a wood on the banks of the Suir, and are of great interest to the antiquary.



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.]

THE DEVIL'S BIT MOUNTAINS.

The Devil's Bit Mountains, on the south-west border of King's County, are so called from a curious gap in the ridge. According to legend, this was caused by the Devil, who bit a piece out of the summit and dropped it into the plain. This has become known as the rock of Cashel.

left in Ireland, disappeared as such when, with the attainder in 1705 of the second Duke of Ormonde, it reverted, for the last time, to the Crown.

Cashel, at one time the home of the Kings of Munster, and later the see of an archbishopric (now of a bishopric), lies, a fair-sized market town, at the foot of the famous Rock of Cashel. The origin of this rock is well-known. The Devil, disliking the taste of the chunk of the mountain he had bitten off, or finding it gritty, deposited it here, where it was later on occupied by the ecclesiastics. It is an extraordinary eminence, for all the world like St. Michael's Mount with green fields round its base instead of sea. Perched on the top are the splendid ruins, the cathedral, and Cormac's chapel, with the attendant monastic buildings, a cross, and the inevitable round tower. There was a bitter feud between the Earl of Kildare and Archbishop Creagh. This was in 1495, and the Earl burnt the



Photo by

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

[W. A. Green.]

Cashel is a small cathedral town and one-time residence of the Kings of Munster, 6½ miles from Goolds Cross. The remarkable Rock of Cashel rises abruptly from the plain, and is crowned by an imposing assortment of ruins consisting of a cathedral, Cormac's chapel, a round tower, a large stone cross, and various monastic buildings.

cathedral, but confessed, with admirable candour, "that he never would have done it but that he thought the Archbishop was within at the time." Henry VII was delighted, and refused to hear anything more against the Earl, and to the Bishop of Meath's declaration that "all Ireland cannot rule this gentleman," replied, "Then he shall rule all Ireland," and made him lord-lieutenant; truly a judgment of Solomon. Cormac's Chapel is older than the cathedral, built, in all probability, by the King of Munster, Cormac McCarthy, on an early foundation of one Cormac MacCullinain a couple of centuries earlier.

Clonmel, the county town, is a delightful place; clean, full of the come and go of a bustling little town, with the prettiest of surroundings. It is on the River Suir, right on the border of County Waterford, overlooked from across the river by the not insignificant heights of the Comeragh Mountains. Clonmel shares with many other Irish towns a history of long fighting, its stiffest experience

being Cromwell's siege in 1650. Hugh O'Neill defended it gallantly, and the Lord Protector only forced a capitulation after he had lost heavily himself. It was at Clonmel that Bianconi established his car service in 1815. He came from Milan and settled in Clonmel as a picture dealer. His first car ran to Caher, and became so popular that, being an enterprising fellow, he decided to expand, and was soon running his cars to Limerick and Thurles. The system gradually spread throughout the

south and west of Ireland, bringing, as a writer of the time declared, "civilisation and letters into some of the wildest haunts of the rudest races of Erin's Isle."

The Mountain of the Fair Woman of Feimheann, in Gaelic *Sliabh-na-mban-Feimheann*, a few miles north-east of Clonmel, was the scene of a romantic, if rather strenuous contest. Finn McCoul wanted to find a wife, and, unable to satisfy himself by the usual means of selection, invited the young women from far and wide to run a race from the bottom of the mountain to the top, where he perched himself. The winner was Graine, daughter of Cormac, King of Ireland.

Thurles is the seat of a Roman Catholic Archbishopric, famous in modern times for the Synod of 1850. Originally it was called Durlas O'Fogarty, and in the tenth century the Danes gained a victory in a fierce fight over the Irish. Later O'Brien and Roderick O'Connor defeated Strongbow. There were two castles; one was ascribed to the Knights Templars, and the other, a considerable



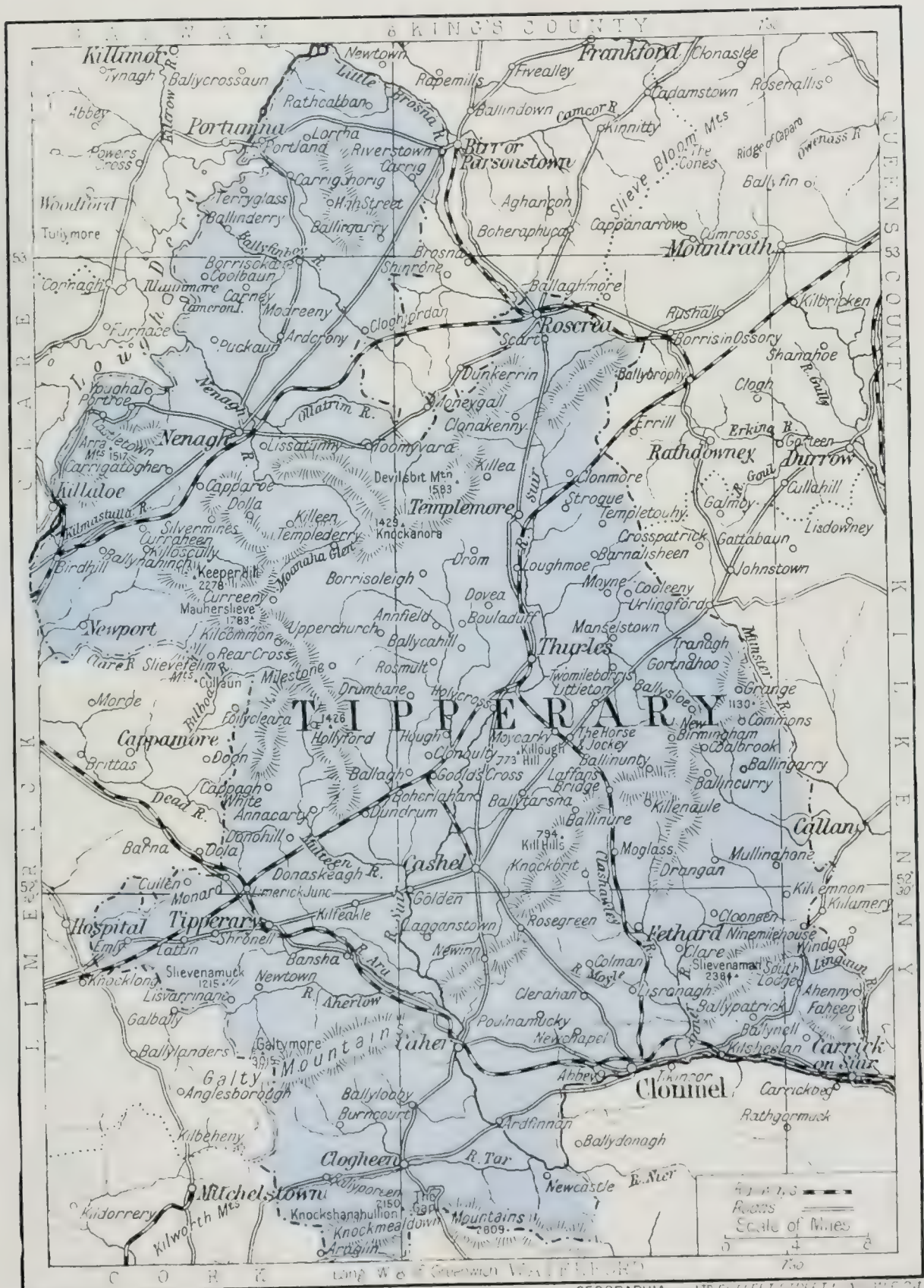
Photo by

HORE ABBEY, CASHEL.

[W. A. Green.

Of the buildings below the rock, the most important is Hore Abbey, which was founded for the Cistercian order of monks by David McCarville, Archbishop of Cashel in 1272. The exact purpose of the wall which divides the nave in two—as at Holy Cross—has been the subject of much controversy.

part of which still exists by the bridge over the Suir, was built in the twelfth century. Holy Cross Abbey, a few miles from Thurles, has attracted great attention from the time of its foundation. Murtagh, King of All Ireland, received, so the story runs, a piece of the supposed True Cross in 1110, which, up to the time of the Dissolution, became, naturally, an object for pilgrimage.



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THE RIVER FROM KILSHEELAN BRIDGE.

[W. Lawrence.

Kilsheelan is a small village on the Suir, 6 miles from Clonmel. This part of the river, which is broad and rapid, supplies water-power to numerous mills and carries a considerable amount of barge traffic. From Ballymakee to its confluence with the Barrow, it forms the boundary with Co. Waterford.



Photo by

THE CASTLE, CARRICK-ON-SUIR.

[W. Lawrence.

At Carrick-on-Suir the river becomes tidal. It is here spanned by two bridges which cross to the suburb of Carrickberg in Co. Waterford. Apart from its pleasant situation, the town boasts little that is attractive, and the only objects of interest are the Castle of the Butlers and some fragments of the ancient town wall.



Photo by

AT OMAGH.

(W. A. Green)

Omagh, the county town and an important place of manufacture, is situated on the River Shrule, almost in the centre of Tyrone. The castle of Omy was burnt to the ground in 1509, but it was subsequently rebuilt and became in 1641 the seat of Sir Phelim O'Neill.

COUNTY TYRONE

THOUGH there are plenty of little interests in County Tyrone—"Black" Tyrone, they call it—there is nothing that stands out, unless it be the peat bogs, in which the county abounds. There are no towns of any size or importance. The county is, in parts, mountainous, but the mountains are small. There are a great many rivers, though no lakes, except, of course, its share in the great Lough Neagh. Linen, the great industry of the North of Ireland, is manufactured in a few places, and there are coalfields in the Dungannon neighbourhood. These are particularly interesting and, probably, very extensive. Unfortunately the repeated efforts to work the mines have not been entirely successful, owing largely to the overwhelming presence of water, and, especially in the Coalisland district, to the shaly nature of the soil, which demands such expense in propping.

Dungannon, near Lough Neagh, busy enough with linen and the usual domestic industries, was the home of the O'Neills, a truculent, hard fighting race, for ever at war with England, and



Photo by

ANCIENT CROMIECH, BARON'S COURT.

(W. A. Green)

A little to the south of Newtown Stewart is the palatial seat of the Duke of Abercorn, surrounded by a beautiful demesne of many acres. In the grounds and on an island in one of the lakes are some interesting ruins, including this ancient cromlech.

whose castle once stood at the top of the town. Now it has disappeared, and no traces remain. The war of 1641 saw its end. A great earthwork to the north is called the Rath of Tullahogue. Here the O'Neill chiefs were inaugurated, the last being Hugh O'Neill. His date was 1595, but the inauguration stone was destroyed a few years later by Mountjoy.

Sir Phelim O'Neill occupied Omy Castle in 1641, and it was destroyed; not for the first time, for it was rased to the ground after much hard fighting in 1509. It was, of course, at Omagh, the present county town, in itself not very interesting from the picturesque point of view, but, in virtue of its office, busy enough. It is at the juncture of two rivers, the Camowen and Drumragh. Their united waters form the Shrule, flowing north to be joined two or three miles down stream by a little river bearing the charming name of Fairy Water. The Shrule is a considerable river, gathering



Photo by]

SWIFT'S BOWERY, LOUGHRY, NEAR COOKSTOWN.

[W. A. Green.

Loughry is a country seat about 3 miles south of Cookstown. Here, in 1696, Jonathan Swift wrote his famous satire "The Tale of a Tub," which was directed against Church divisions and probably affected his chances of obtaining a bishopric.

to its bosom many tributaries, until, below Strabane, it blossoms out into the broad and glorious waters of the Foyle.

Newtown Stewart is on the Shrule, where it joins the Owenkillew, and rejoices in two quaintly named hills. One is Bessy Bell, nearly fourteen hundred feet high, and the other Mary Gray, just over eight hundred, and the river and railway run between them. One William Stewart was granted the town by Charles I in the days when kings gave away towns and whole counties with a lavish hand, and James II, after having been hospitably entertained when he slept there, ordered not only the immediate destruction of the castle but that the town should be burned. There is one beauty spot close to Newtown Stewart, and it is very lovely. This is Baron's Court, the Duke of Abercorn's estate, with charming woods and a pretty lake. It is hardly necessary to say that on one of the islands in the lake there are some ruins, for no lake in Ireland is without islands, and no Irish island is complete without its quaint little ruined chapel.



BRIDGE OVER THE MOURNE AT NEWTOWN STEWART.

Newtown Stewart occupies a lovely situation on the slope of a hill known as Bessy Bell, amidst beautiful mountain and river scenery. Here the Owenkillew joins the Shrule and the two form the Mourne River, which flows northward to the Foyle at Lifford. This ancient six-arched bridge is one of the most interesting objects of antiquity near the town. James II crossed this bridge when leaving the town after the siege of Derry.

Of the O'Neils, kings of Ireland before the coming of Christianity—the O'Neils “tyrannising it in Ulster before the coming of St. Patricke,” according to Camden—pages have been written. There was Con O'Neil, who had a son, slain by Shane O'Neil. This son had, in his turn, a son whose name has towered above nearly all others in Irish history. This was Hugh, the great rebel, who married the daughter of Tirlagh O'Neil. Shane O'Neil was Hugh's uncle, and when he died the chieftaincy was claimed by Tirlagh. He, however, was an old man, and was, without difficulty, persuaded to hand over his claims to his son-in-law, Hugh. At this time Hugh O'Neil appears to have been a prime favourite at the English court of Queen Elizabeth. The old writer Fynes Moryson, whose travel notes are voluminous, has given to posterity a minute description of him. A short quotation will suffice. “He was of a meane stature, but a strong body, able to indure labours, watching and hard fare, being withal



Photo by

W. A. Green.

OLD CHURCH, ARBOE.

At Arboe, on the shores of Lough Neagh, are the picturesque remains of an old church, reputed to be part of an abbey founded by St. Colman and destroyed by fire in 1166. Nearby stands a great cross 18 feet high, carrying a number of weather-worn sculptured figures.

industrious and active, valiant, affable and apt to mannage great affaires, and of a high, dissembling, subtile, profound wit, so as many deemed him borne either for the good or ill of his countrey.” He was created Earl of Tyr-Oen, or Tyrone, and, apparently, was, for a time at least, a good subject, entering into a series of articles, amongst which was one “to cause the wearing of English apparell, and that none of his men wear glibbes.” This last means long hair.

When his father-in-law, Tirlagh, died, Hugh assumed the title “The O'Neil,” to which he had, so far as one can gather, no just right. However, he justified, or professed to justify, his assumption on the grounds that “he tooke it upon him least some other should usurpe it.” The argument may not hold good in law, but it is, at least, incontrovertible.

Hugh O'Neil was certainly an ingenious fellow, and a great schemer, and the description of him quoted above does not belie his character. His ability and his “dissembling, subtile, and profound wit”



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, SHOTTERY, WARWICKSHIRE

This picturesque old Elizabethan farmhouse was the birthplace of Anne Hathaway, who married Shakespeare in 1582. In 1892 it was purchased by the Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace, and has been preserved in its original state, together with a number of interesting relics.

led him to recruit, equip, and train an army, ostensibly, needless to say, to lead against his sovereign's enemies, and for this purpose he applied for, and obtained, the necessary Royal permission. Next, a licence having been duly demanded and obtained, he rooted with lead his house at Dungannon, not a small effort, for the house was big and lead far from cheap. However, his army were provided with the wherewithal for an ample supply of bullets. Hugh lulled into slumber any suspicion the lords justices may have had of him by appearing openly and frankly before them at Dublin. All this time, "with subtilty and a thousand sleights," he was biding his time until he was fully prepared, and the time was ripe, to unmask his batteries. He struck his first blow against Queen Elizabeth in 1597. An account of his campaigns, his victories and defeats, and all that he did, is not possible in the pages of *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*. Hugh O'Neill made a great mark in the chronicles of Irish fighting, and was really



Photo by

NEWMILLS, COALISLAND.

H. J. Green

Newmills is a typical Irish village, situated in the heart of the Coalisland colliery district, which covers an area of 3,000 acres to the north-east of Dungannon.

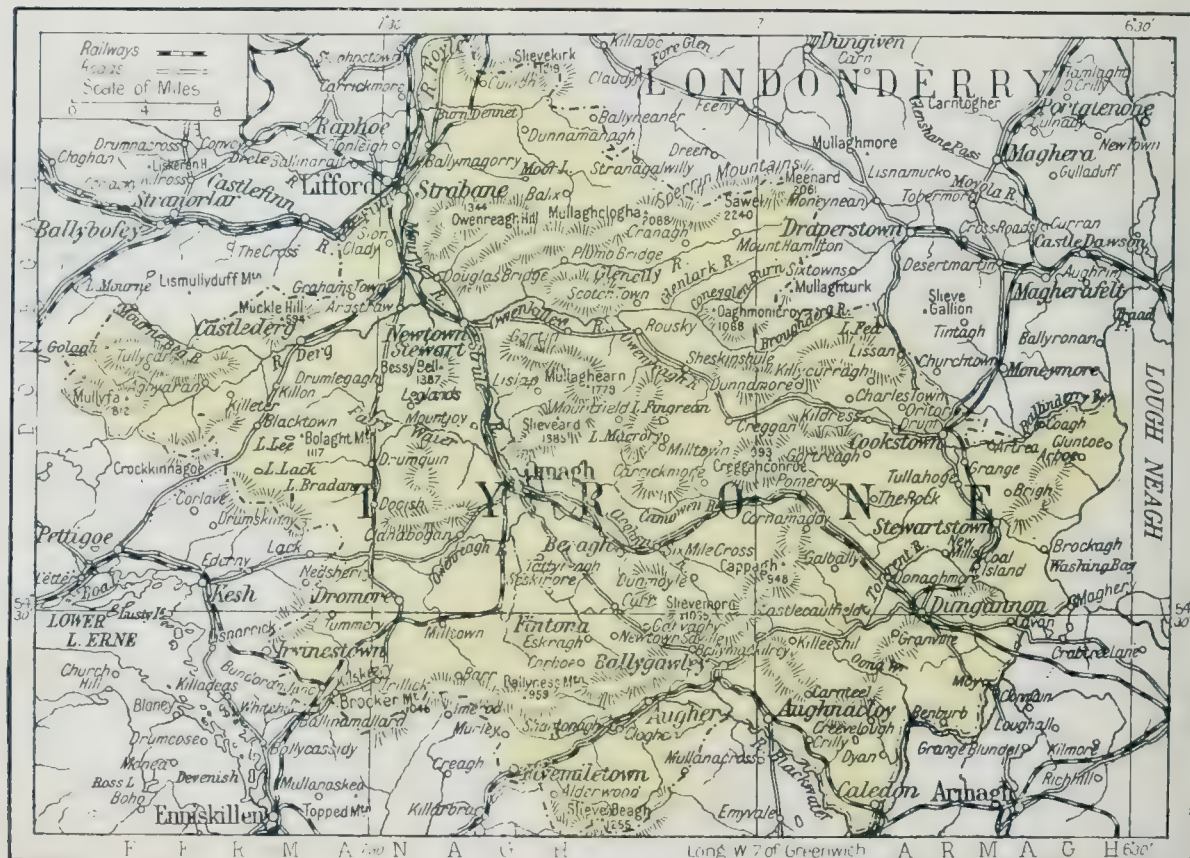
a very remarkable figure, despite Morvson's declaration that "Carthage never bred such a dissembling foedifragous wretch."

"When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Brand knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

County Tyrone has a share, not a big one certainly, in Lough Neagh, the greatest inland sheet of water in the British Isles, and excelled in size by very few in Europe. However, as this lake has been described elsewhere in *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*, under Counties Antrim, Armagh, Down, and Londonderry, merely the fact of Tyrone's small slice of it need be chronicled here.

Not far from Strabane on the broad waters of the Mourne are the Sion Mills. There are few examples to be cited where the timely arrival of industrialism in the concrete form of bricks and mortar has wrought such a change in the lives of the people around. In most cases factories spring up on the outskirts of a town already busy with commerce, or, with the heightening of site values, are moved to less cramped and more expansive positions on the railways that link the town with the outer world. In either case the local inhabitants are already in touch with the world, have a market for their produce or for their manual skill ready at hand. The planting of a factory in their midst merely brings their market nearer to them; gives them greater facilities for a comfortable livelihood, so to speak.

In this distant part of Tyrone it was not so. The beautiful river flowed through a country fair to the eye in the spring, and when the pageant of summer rode proudly through the little fields and over the marshy lands, but was very dreary and cold and desolate in the winter. Industry was absent. The



peasants eked out a miserable existence, counting four or five potatoes a meal for themselves and their children; wholly, horribly inadequate. To them the advent of the great Sion Mills was a Heaven-sent providence. The god from the machine appeared when the shadow of starvation glowered grimly on the land. Work there was in plenty, regularly paid work, for those who cared to work—and the Irish peasant can put his shoulder to the wheel as well as the next man. The thin days of potatoes were forgotten. The Sion Mills, planted far away in Black Tyrone, have been indeed a blessing.

In passing across the county one sees so many possibilities for good, and so many examples where, like the Sion Mills and the small but busy linen towns on the Lough Neagh side, industry has helped to guide the people along the paths of reasonable prosperity. Of irrigation there is plenty; in this respect Tyrone is as well supplied as anywhere else in Ireland. Probably what is really wanted is drainage and capital, and, above all, the necessary imagination to turn the capital into industry and its attendant content.



Photo by

DUNGANNON CASTLE.

[W. A. Green.]

Dungannon is famous for its associations with the O'Neills, who long had their residence there and involved the town in constant warfare. The castle of the O'Neills at the top of the town was often dismantled and rebuilt, and finally suffered complete destruction in the wars of 1641. The four towers seen in the photograph were built in 1780.



Photo by

RUINS AT CASTLECAULFIELD.

[W. Laurence.]

At Castlecaulfield, 2 miles from Dungannon, are the picturesque ruins of the mansion of the Charlemonts, built on the site of an ancient fort of the Donnelly's. The house was described by Pynnar in his survey as the fairest he had ever seen, and still remains an excellent example of its style of architecture.



Photo by]

CÆSAR'S TOWER, WARWICK CASTLE

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

The ancient county town of Warwick stands on a hill on the north bank of the Avon. To the south, overlooking the river, are the noble buildings of Warwick Castle. From early records it is believed that Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred, built a fortress here about the year 915. Cæsar's Tower, standing 147 feet high, was erected late in the fourteenth century by Thomas Beauchamp and was chiefly used as a prison.



Photo by

WARWICK CASTLE FROM THE AIR.

[Aerophims, Ltd.]

The castle is entered by a handsome gateway built in 1800, with Caesar's Tower on the left and Guy's Tower on the right. The inner court is occupied by a fine lawn nearly 2 acres in extent, on the far side of which is Ethelfleda's Mound, partly covered with trees and bearing traces of fortified walls.

WARWICKSHIRE

FROM whatever point of view it is regarded, Warwickshire is full of interest for the intelligent Briton who can see beyond the boundaries of his own parish. Its natural beauties would not of themselves make it a great tourist centre, though its sylvan charms have long given it high renown among those who appreciate the characteristic features of the best of our landscapes. But it combines with those charms elements of almost universal appeal—splendid relics of past ages, wonderful artistic monuments, and literary and historical associations that link it indissolubly with some of the most famous names and happenings in our two thousand years of recorded story. It need hardly be said that the Stratford pilgrimage alone is an almost indispensable event in the life of all real Anglo-Saxons, and when it is added that Warwick, Coventry, Kenilworth, and Edgehill are but a few items on the list of attractions it is hardly surprising that the county yields to none in popular interest and favour.

To enter such a paradise by way of Birmingham may



Photo by

EGYPTIAN VASE, LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

"Leicester's Hospital" was founded in 1383 as a hall to the Guilds of Holy Trinity and St. George. It was converted into a hospital by the Earl of Leicester on his acquiring it from the town in 1571. This vase is one of the ornamental features of the garden.

seem to some a hazardous and ill-timed proceeding. It is perhaps not impossible for a modern provincial city, the scene of great industrial activities, to be a thing of beauty. But it is certainly very difficult, and it would be idle to pretend that Birmingham has satisfactorily surmounted those difficulties. Fine public buildings do their best to efface an impression of smoke-laden and unlovely regions which the casual traveller is more or less bound to bring away with him. But the city remains substantially a product of the Industrial Revolution, with all that that implies. On the other hand, it might faithfully be described as an epitome of the modern age and its achievements. Further, its history is long and by no means uninteresting, and in Aston Hall, now a municipal museum, it possesses a Jacobean domestic building of the very first rank. It was built by Sir Thomas Holt, *temp.*



Photo by

WARWICK CASTLE FROM THE BRIDGE.

Rev. W. Mann.

At the order of William the Conqueror, Ethelfleda's Castle was greatly strengthened by Earl Turcil. The outer walls were rebuilt and various additions made in the reign of Edward III, and in the seventeenth century Fulke Greville spent large sums in making it "the most princely seat within these midland parts of the realm."

James I, and a proof of the distinction enjoyed by the worthy baronet and his mansion may be found in the fact that Charles I stayed there for two days immediately prior to the battle of Edgehill.

Coventry's history is even more ancient and honourable than that of Birmingham, and it is highly tempting to linger among its interesting and romantic records. Both on the municipal and ecclesiastical sides they have much of the fascination of pure fiction. To the realm of fiction, indeed, must reluctantly be assigned one of the most famous "events" in the city's history. Who has not heard of Lady Godiva and wicked "Peeping Tom"? Was not Coventry the scene of her immodest but noble ride? The answer is in the negative, it appears, though the story came into existence at least as early as the thirteenth century. But if this story of her behaviour is legendary, the Lady Godiva herself certainly was not. She was the wife of that Leofric, Earl of Mercia, than whom there was no greater subject in the days of Edward the Confessor. Together they founded a Benedictine monastery which beyond



Photo

THE GREAT HALL, WARWICK CASTLE.

The great hall is the most magnificent apartment in the seventeenth-century mansion which lies along the south side of the castle, overlooking the Avon. It contains a valuable collection of relics, including the armour worn by Lord Brooke at his death in 1643, a helmet belonging to Oliver Cromwell, and the armour and porridge pot reputed to have belonged to Guy Warwick.

H. A. A. 100.



Photo 1x

LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK.

E. O. Hoppe.

This picturesque old building has been kept in a wonderful state of preservation and presents a fine example of a half-timbered gabled house. The brethren wear blue gowns on state occasions and still retain the original silver badges of 1571.

all doubt was the starting-point of Coventry's greatness. In due course the monks' church became the cathedral of the city, but cathedral and monastery alike were swept away at the Reformation, and a few melancholy fragments alone remain to attest their former splendour.

A century ago Coventry was rightly described as in appearance a mediæval town, for the streets were of that tortuous character beloved of the ancients and a very large number of sixteenth and seventeenth century had nobly survived. But the industrial era played havoc with the old city, and to-



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE CHANTRY, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WARWICK.

Although there is no authentic record of its foundation, the great church of St. Mary undoubtedly existed before the Conquest. Most of the edifice, however, was rebuilt after a fire in 1694. On the north side of the beautiful Beauchamp Chapel is a small chantry which has an exceptionally fine groined roof of fan tracery.

day the earlier relics must be sought out among acres of unattractive "modern" shops and dwellings.

The most striking of those relics are the churches and that wonderful memorial of old-time municipal greatness, St. Mary's Hall. Among the churches the palm must be awarded to what is now the cathedral church of St. Michael's, one of the masterpieces of the Perpendicular style. Its famous spire, over three hundred feet in height, is a miracle of grace and beauty, and the church itself is of cathedral-like proportions. Coventry apparently owes this architectural jewel to the piety of a family



Photo by

WARWICK FROM GUY'S TOWER.

Photo from Co., Ltd.

The great antiquity of Warwick is evidenced by the early foundation of its castle. It was a fair-sized borough at the time of the Domesday Survey, and in Edward VI's reign Leland found it "right strongly ditched and walled, having the compass of a good mile within the wall." The town was largely rebuilt in 1694 after a disastrous fire which destroyed 250 houses.

of the name of Botoner in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. According to Brewer (in *The Beauties of England and Wales*, 1814) there was originally a brass tablet in the church, inscribed as follows :

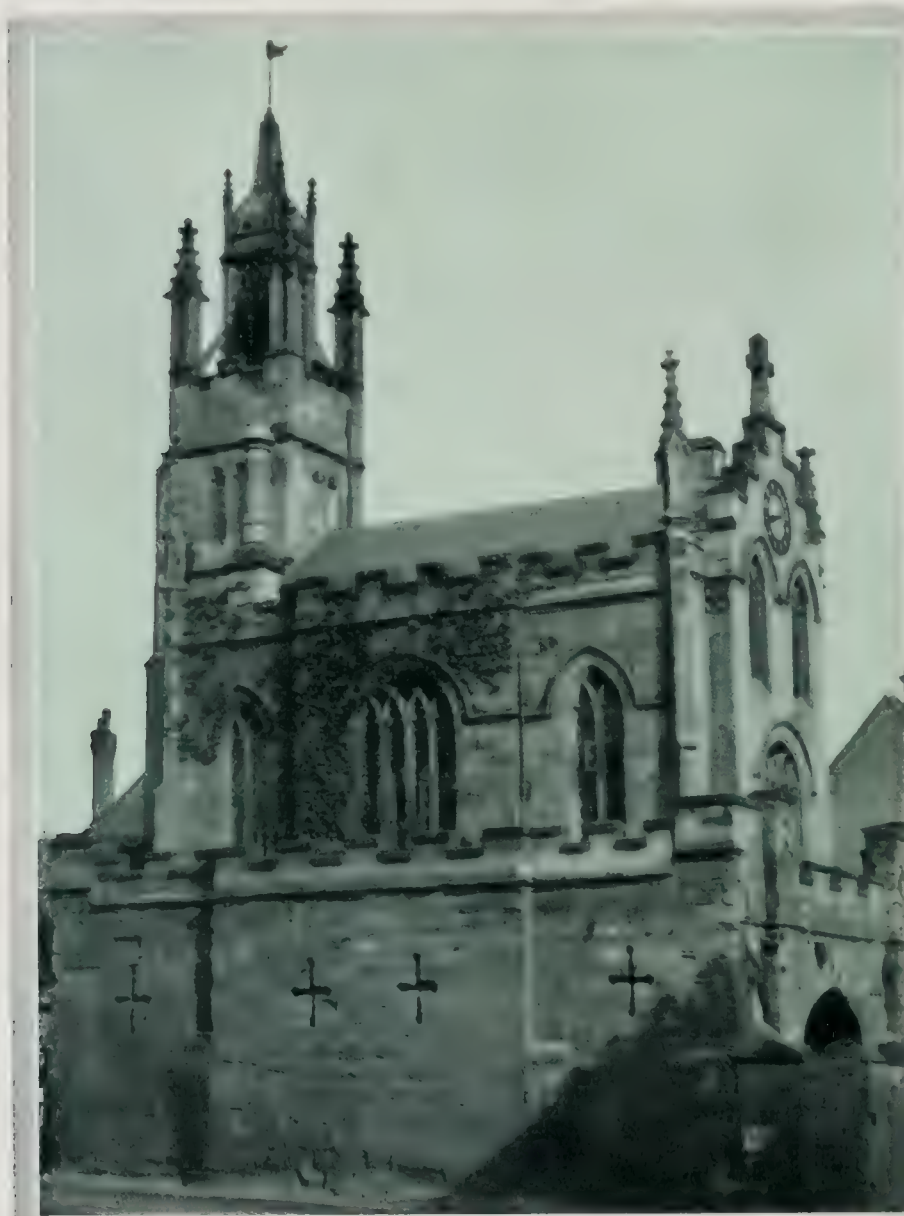


Photo by

EAST GATE, WARWICK.

(E. O. Heppé.

The east and west gateways are practically the only remains of the great wall which formerly encircled the town. The chapel of St. Peter over the east gateway was built in the reign of Henry VI.

"William and Adam
built the Tower,
Ann and Mary built
the Spire :
William and Adam
built the Church,
Ann and Mary built
the Quire."

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the church is the chapels which are named after the old city guilds and so vividly recall the commercial constitution of an English town in the Middle Ages.

Of Trinity Church it has often been said that it could hardly hope to get its due in such close proximity to St. Michael's. It possesses a less lofty spire than its neighbour, and is accordingly somewhat dwarfed, but it remains a notable monument of its period. Considering that the spire dates from the early years of the Restoration (its predecessor was blown down in 1665), it must be pronounced an excellent piece of work.

The third of Coventry's well-known trio of spires is that of Christ Church, the only surviving relic of the church of the Franciscans. This spire and its tower were preserved when the establishment was broken up at the Reformation, and an ugly church was added to it rather less than a century ago.

The civil ancient monuments of Coventry comprise a number of interesting examples of half-timbered buildings and, above all, the splendid fourteenth-century civic hall known as "St. Mary's Hall." The distinction attached to it is well exemplified by its ancient name of the "Chamber of Princes," visits from those dazzling luminaries being quite a common incident in the life of the city. Its date is the close of the fourteenth century, so that it may safely be described as one of the earliest non-ecclesiastical



OLD MILL ON AVON, WARWICK.

This picturesque old mill stands on the north bank of the Avon at the point where it makes a sharp turn and flows along below the south front of Warwick Castle.



Photo by

SAXON MILL AT GUY'S CLIFFE, WARWICK.

According to tradition, Guy Earl of Warwick is said to have lived a hermit's life here after killing the giant Colbrand and the Dun Cow, and taking part in various deeds of valour in the Holy Land. Near the eighteenth-century house is the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene and an excavation known as Guy's Cave. This romantically situated Saxon mill has been the subject of many paintings by David Cox and others.

[H. N. King.]

buildings still in use. At every point this fine structure is reminiscent of the strenuous civic activities of Coventry in bygone times, and the immense anxieties of the powers that were to remain on the best of terms with such an excellent source of revenue. It came into existence at a moment when the guilds so far forgot their mutual jealousies as to act together for once. First among the many treasures in this storehouse of good things is the celebrated piece of "Coventry tapestry," which was probably executed to celebrate a visit from Henry VI, for the figure of that monarch appears in company with his queen and several notables of the day.

Space forbids a more detailed examination of the many interesting and fascinating features of this ancient building, but no visitor to Coventry will forget that it is all but unique of its kind.



Photo by

THE OAK-TREE, LEAMINGTON.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Leamington is a famous watering-place and hunting centre, situated on the Leam 2 miles from Warwick. Although the medicinal springs were known in the sixteenth century, the first bath was not built until 1786. This venerable oak on the Lillington Road is locally regarded as the "Centre of England."

A few miles to the south-east lies Kenilworth. Probably no name is more familiar to English-speaking peoples, and there are few spots more visited than that epitome of history and romance known as Kenilworth Castle. When memory and tradition had done their utmost to perpetuate its name, Walter Scott stepped in and at once raised it to the level of a literary portent.

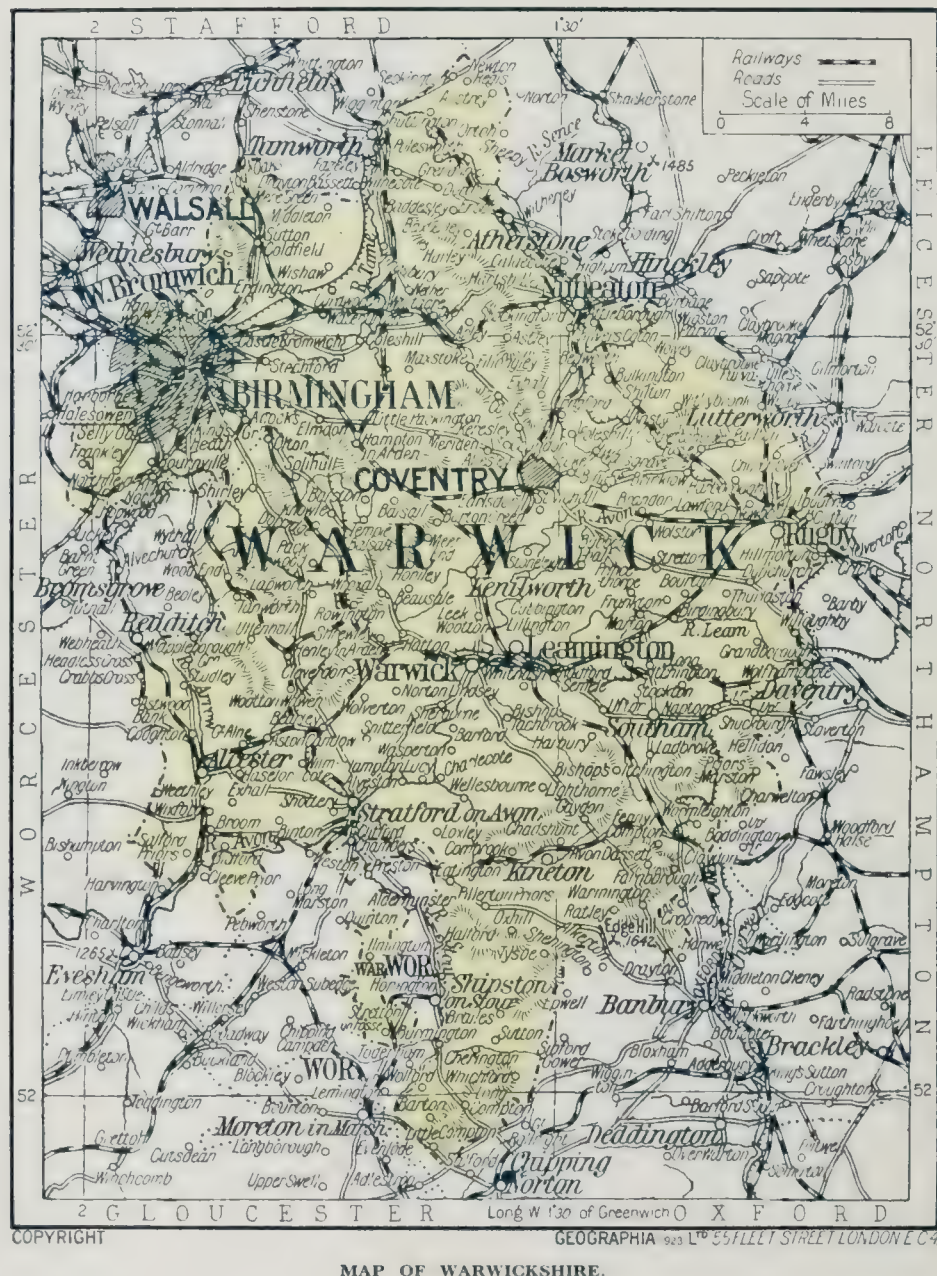
Its recognisable history begins with the reign of Henry I, when Geoffrey de Clinton began the erection of a great stronghold and *may* have built the great keep which is known as "Cæsar's Tower." The Kings of England soon discovered that the mighty fortress was much too perilous to leave in the hands of any subject, and this truth was brought home forcibly to Henry III when he had to besiege Kenilworth for six months after the defeat and death of Simon de Montfort (to whom he had granted it) at Evesham in 1266.

In the next century it came into the possession of John of Gaunt, who liked security, but was not

averse to comfort. Several of the still existing portions of the castle are his work, and show that in his day military architecture was also entering the ranks of the arts and that an English prince had ceased to be a barbarian with a thin veneer of civilisation and culture. If John of Gaunt be judged by his halls, towers, and kitchens, the verdict will certainly not be unfavourable.

The third dominating feature of the ruin is the additions and improvements which are the handiwork of the celebrated Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite. How he entertained that

exacting lady here in 1575 on a scale utterly unparalleled in the British annals of such things is as much a part of our history as the murder of the Princes in the Tower or the signing of the Great Charter. Scott "let himself go" on the subject in unforgettable, if somewhat highly-coloured, pages, but even Scott's eloquence falls behind the picturesque simplicity of the contemporary chronicler, Leland. What a wealth of meaning lies behind the quaint phraseology in which he describes the Virgin Queen's reception, and how she rode across a "fayr bridge; and upon the first payr of postes were set too cumly, square, wyre, cages," which housed a motley collection of "live bitters, curluz, shoo-verlarz, hearsheauz, godwitz, and such like dainty byrds."



To Leicester is of course due the Tudor features of the castle, the most notable of which is the gate-house, and the ruinous assemblage known specifically as "Leicester's Buildings." It is not without interest that that part of the castle which has best withstood the attacks of time and man is the keep, the oldest existing portion.

Seventy years after Elizabeth's historic visit, Kenilworth fell on evil days. For after the Second Civil War Cromwell gave it to some army officers to use according to their own sweet will and pleasure. The



Photo by

RADWAY TOWER, EDGE HILL.

[H. J. Smith.]

Radway Tower, now used as an inn, was built on the top of Edge Hill in 1750 to mark where the centre of King Charles's army was posted before the Battle of Edge Hill in 1642. The view from the top is said to embrace portions of twelve counties.



Photo by

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD.

[Stanley Wharton.]

Holy Trinity Church, the burial-place of Shakespeare, stands on the west bank of the Avon and exhibits a happy combination of various architectural styles, ranging from Early English to that of the present day. The spire, 163 feet high, replaced a decayed wooden one in 1783.

result was a large amount of dismantling and destruction, the materials abstracted being either sold or employed in the construction of private houses. It was not until some time after the Restoration that any attempt was made to stay the process of disintegration.

But even to-day Kenilworth is an extraordinarily illuminating and impressive monument of past ages, and full of interest to all students of history and architecture.

Warwick is one of the most picturesque towns in England, but must have been far more so prior to the year 1694, when a great fire wrought immense havoc. Leland visited it in Henry VIII's time, when its mediæval fortifications appear to have been already in a state of decay: "The town of Warwick



Photo by

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

[A. I. Handley.]

The building so famous as Shakespeare's birthplace consists of two half-timbered houses—now joined together—on the north side of Henley Street. In 1847 this double house was bought as a national memorial for the poet, and ten years later it was carefully restored to its original state and the east house was fitted up as a museum and library. Among the signatures scribbled over the white-washed walls of the Birth Room are those of Kean, Dickens, and Thackeray.

hath been right strongly defended and wallid, having a compass of a good mile within the wall. The dike is most manifestly perceived from the castle to the west gate, and there is a great crest of earth that the wall stood on. Within the precincts of the town is but one parochie church, dedicated to St. Mary, standing in the middle of the town, fair and large. The town stands on a main rokki hill, rising from east to west. The beauty and glory of it is in two streets. . . ."

But at the present time the pride of Warwick, and one of the glories of Britain, is its splendid castle, set in a lovely sylvan landscape of which the winding Avon is the most attractive feature. For no little of its fame does this celebrated structure owe to its "river front," where a long range of building, with its tiers of windows, rises nobly from the bank. The walls of the whole castle, studded with towers, form a rough parallelogram and enclose a large area, on the southern side of which is the before-mentioned



By permission of

INTERIOR, SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

Underwood Press Service.

The ground floor of the house is occupied by various Shakespearian "relics," including the oak desk which he is supposed to have used at the Grammar School and some interesting MSS. A cellar under the west house is the only part which still remains as it was at the time of the poet's birth.



By permission of

INTERIOR, ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

Underwood Press Service.

About a mile to the west of Stratford-on-Avon, in the village of Shottery, is the picturesque half-timbered farmhouse that was the birthplace of Shakespeare's wife. The poet married Anne Hathaway in 1582 and had three children. The cottage was bought and restored by the trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace in 1892.

range of building which comprises the residential portion.

At the north-western corner, just outside the walls, is "Ethelfleda's Mound," the kernel from which the castle sprang. Ethelfleda was a daughter of Alfred the Great, and she appears to have confined her building activities to constructing this mound and raising upon it some form of keep or tower. After the Norman Conquest, the castle as we know it began to take shape east of this mound, but the earliest existing work appears to date from the fourteenth century, when the eastern front, with the gatehouse, Caesar's Tower, and Guy's Tower, assumed approximately its present form. Than these two towers there are few finer specimens of English military architecture in the Middle Ages.

On the northern side of the Inner Court are seen the "Bear" and "Clarence"



By permission of

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL FROM THE AVON.

Underwood Press Service

The Shakespeare Memorial is an elaborate building in red brick and stone, completed in 1879. It contains a fine theatre in which Shakespeare's plays are produced, a Shakespearian library of 10,000 volumes, and a picture gallery containing portraits and paintings of the poet.



Photo by

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, SHOTTERY.

A. T. Hanley.

Shakespeare's wife was born in 1556 and was the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a yeoman farmer of Shottery. A curious old bedstead is one of the most interesting objects among the numbers of relics that have been collected at the cottage.



Photo by

THE GUILDHALL AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

H. N. King.

The Guildhall in Church Street is a half-timbered building dating from the thirteenth century. The restored upper storey of the building contains the Grammar School at which Shakespeare was educated. It is believed that the performances of strolling players here first attracted the poet's interest to the theatre.

Towers, contributions of the fifteenth century towards this noble pile, and on the south side is the residence which came into existence early in the seventeenth century, when James I gave it, apparently in a ruinous condition, to Sir Fulke Greville. The latter spent immense sums in making the place worthy of his rank and fortune, and his high place in the affections of the King.

To say that the residence "came into existence" at this time is not, perhaps, strictly accurate. Some portions, notably the Great Hall, are of considerably earlier date, while subsequent centuries have contributed their quota of additions and accessories, including a notable collection of art treasures. But substantially the residential buildings are a fine and characteristic example of the domestic architecture of the early seventeenth century. The work must have been executed with considerable speed as James I paid several visits to the castle between 1617 and his death in 1625.



Photo by

OLD DOVECOT, HILLBOROUGH.

Herbert Eaton.

Hillborough is one of the eight villages mentioned in some ingenious lines which are said to have been written by Shakespeare. These picturesque old dovecots are gradually disappearing from the country.

A volume, or indeed a series of volumes, would be required to do justice to the innumerable objects of artistic and historic interest of which the castle is the proud possessor. The fittings, pictures, and furniture all belong to the *haute noblesse* of such things, while a romantic aura attaches to the relics of the legendary Guy of Warwick, not to mention more historic notabilities.

The mention of Guy of Warwick carries the mind inevitably to Guy's Cliffe, that beautiful spot some two miles farther up the Avon. According to the earlier "chroniclers," it was here that Guy, after spending a life devoted to combating heathen dragons, and what not, came to end his days in a hermit's cave. More trustworthy records show that Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, founded the still existing chapel in the early years of the reign of Henry VI. The house now there has only just celebrated its centenary, and is of no particular architectural merit. It was completed by a Mr. Bertie Greatheed, whose son appears to have been an infant prodigy. Though he died at the early age of twenty-three

his "ardent taste for the pictorial art," to quote Brewer, was such that "Napoleon treated his talents with liberal attention." But whereas few visitors to Guy's Cliffe have heard of the illustrious young Greatheed and his premature extinction, the vast majority know all about Guy's cave, with its curious Saxon inscription, and the fascinating "Saxon" mill on the other side of the river.

St. Mary's Church is a most conspicuous object, but its claim to rank high among the gems of Beautiful Britain rests on that Perpendicular masterpiece the Beauchamp Chapel. This feature, with the choir and chapter house, escaped the destruction which overtook the church in the great fire of 1694, after which the rest was rebuilt in a pretentious but inartistic style.

This celebrated chapel was built in the third quarter of the fifteenth century, and resulted from directions contained in the will of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. Nothing was left undone in the way of decorative devices, tracery, panelling, and so forth, to render it a worthy emblem of the



Photo by:

ON A FARM NEAR STUDLEY.

[C. Reid.]

Studley is a large manufacturing village on the River Arrow in the extreme west of the county. The photograph shows a typical springtime scene at a picturesque old farmhouse in the neighbourhood. The sheep bred in this part of the country may be divided into two classes, the short-woolled, or field sheep, and the long-woolled variety, which is known as the Warwickshire breed.

excellent and opulent tastes of the age. The tombs it contains are in every way worthy of their magnificent setting.

The tombs in this chapel are quite as important in their fashion as the structure itself. First in order of notability comes that of the founder, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who would surely be satisfied could he but see the manner in which effect has been given to the provisions of his will. The tomb is of marble, the recumbent figure of brass, and on the sides of the monument are panels containing effigies of members of his family. An extract from the inscription is not without interest.

"Richard Beauchamp, late Earl of Warrewik . . . whos body resteth here under this tumbre in a fulfeire vout of stone sēt on the bare rooch the which visited with longe siknes in the Castel of Roan therinne decessed ful cristenly the last day of April the yer of oure lord god Amccccxxxix . . ."

A worthy companion to this sepulchral masterpiece is the altar-tomb of Ambrose Dudley, widely known as the "good" Earl of Warwick, though he was a brother of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose tomb introduces a foreign and exotic touch into this Gothic temple. Good English for epitaphs

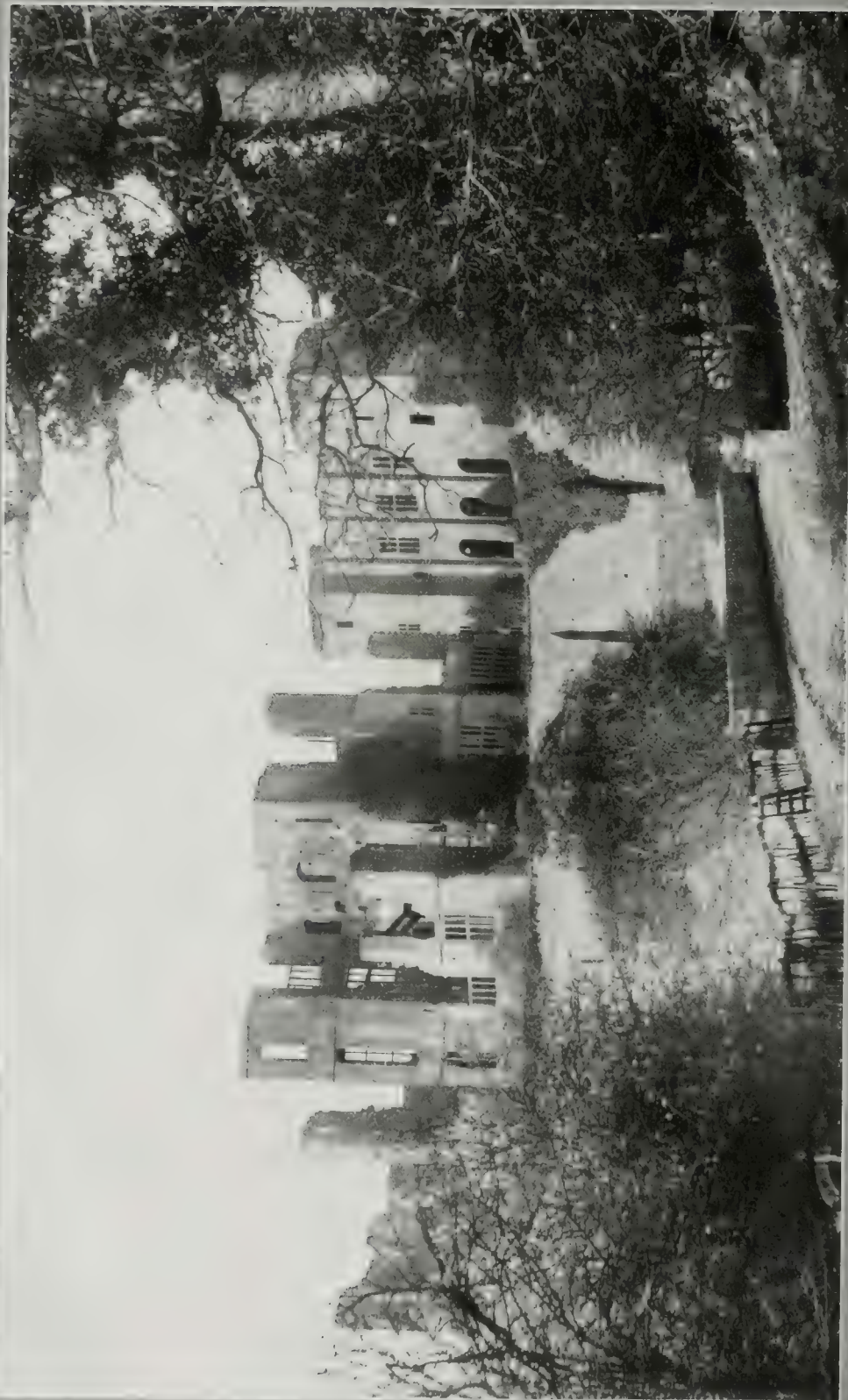


Photo by

BIDFORD AND THE CHURCH.

Herbert Felton.

One of the eight Shakespearian villages, Bidford stands on the Avon and Arrow 8½ miles south of Alcester. The Old Falcon Inn near the church has an interesting legend connected with the poet. In spite of repeated restorations, the church of St. Laurence still displays some good Early English work.



In permission of

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

This great fortress was founded in the twelfth century by Geoffrey de Clinton, the Treasurer of England. To him or his son is attributed the Late Norman keep, which still stands some 87 feet high and has immensely thick walls. The castle frequently changed hands, but continued intermittently to be a royal residence until 1562, when it was given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester.

G. W. Rathey.

such as that already quoted had gone out of fashion in Elizabeth's time, and Leicester's honours and virtues are set forth in a species of dog-Latin which sounds well to those who cannot read it.

Fortunately for us, English was thought good enough for his three-year-old son, that "childe of greate parentage, but of farre greater hope and towardnes, taken from this transitory unto the everlastinge life, in his tender age," on the 19th July, 1584. "Heere resteth the body of the noble Impe, Robert of Dudley bar' of Denbigh," is more eloquent than many Latin phrases, however neat, compact, and smoothly rounded.

In "Leicester's Hospital" we have not only an ancient building but also an ancient institution, still carrying on the charitable work it was founded to perform. Its history is no less interesting than the charming Elizabethan structure, which is a far more happy memorial of the Virgin Queen's favourite than his inartistic "improvements" at Kenilworth. The building was originally a hall of the combined Guilds of the Holy Trinity and the Blessed Virgin, and of St. George the Martyr, who carried on the philanthropic work usual with such associations. The guilds were in due course dissolved and the hall ultimately came into the possession of Leicester, who founded his "hospital" in 1571, his idea being to provide a home of rest for old and indigent soldiers damaged in the wars. The buildings then erected form ranges round a central quadrangle and form a delightful and most typical example of Elizabethan domestic architecture. By the mercy of Heaven, the Hospital escaped the attentions of the great fire of 1694, and it may confidently be said that it is now one of the chief architectural and decorative treasures of its period.

The list of "sights" in Warwick is by no means exhausted by the examples enumerated. Though the walls have vanished, two of the old gates remain, though not exactly in



1571.

A CORNER OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

L. O. Hoppe.

Kenilworth Castle is perhaps better known as the scene of Sir Walter Scott's celebrated romance than for its historical associations. It was near the Swan Tower in the north-west corner of the garden that Amy Robsart was discovered by the Queen.

their pristine condition, and there are quite a large number of houses with one, two, three, and even four centuries of existence to their credit.

If Warwick speaks of days long dead, Warwick breathes the polite, prosperous, and valetudinarian air of a century ago. Brewer, writing in 1814, records that "Leamington Priors is indebted to a circumstance of natural produce, and to the partiality of the gay, for recent flattering attentions *which now cause it to disdain the name of village.*" The "natural produce" is, of course, its medicinal waters, which have continued to attract those with money to spend on their health and otherwise to such effect that the population increased forty-fold in a hundred years.

Stratford-on-Avon may be regarded as belonging rather to the civilised world than merely to the British Isles or even the Empire. Those interested in the influence of personality on the course of



Photo

LEICESTER'S GATEHOUSE, KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Leicester's Buildings and the great gatehouse were erected about 1570 by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and the latter structure is the only habitable part of the remains. The castle rapidly fell to ruin after it passed into the hands of the Parliamentarians, and is now a show place belonging to the Earl of Clarendon.

world progress have here a ready text for their sermons. For though the little town has considerable attractions of its own, it is quite certain that it would not have appealed so greatly to Germany had it not been for its associations with the greatest of British dramatists, William Shakespeare. For whereas most great men seem to have the caprice of being born in their birthplace and then severing all connection with it as soon as possible, Stratford appears to have had a permanent hold on the affections of Shakespeare, and as soon as his means and circumstances permitted he "settled down" there and left many abiding traces of his connection.

The first point of interest in the Stratford pilgrimage must assuredly be the house in Henley Street in which he was born in April 1564. Patient and intelligent effort some fifty years ago restored this structure (which really consists of two houses in one) more or less to the condition in which Shakespeare



STONELEIGH ABBEY, NEAR LEAMINGTON.

The palatial residence of Lord Leigh at Stoneleigh embodies part of a Cistercian monastery founded in 1154. A large portion dates from the reign of James I, but the magnificent west front in the Italian style was built in 1720.



Photo by

TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The magnificent town hall on the west side of Victoria Square was designed by Hansom and Welch and completed in 1850. The upper part consists of forty Corinthian pillars 36 feet high, which were modelled from those of the Temple of Jupiter Stator in Rome.



Photo by

OLD HOUSE AT DERITEND, BIRMINGHAM.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

This ancient timbered building, known as the Old Crown House, stands on the left-hand side of Deritend High Street, and probably dates from the fourteenth century. The district known as Deritend, to the east of New Street Station, is the oldest part of Birmingham, and had an extensive trade as early as the sixteenth century.

knew it, after it had passed through vicissitudes the nature of which can be appreciated from a quotation from Brewer : " The premises, originally occupied as one dwelling, are now divided into two habitations : the one part being used as a butcher's shop, and the other as a public-house, known by the sign of the Swan and Maiden's Head." The building can hardly be described as remarkable in itself, but even without the genuine and alleged Shakesperian relics which it contains it obviously possesses a marked emotional appeal.

The next stage in the dramatist's career can be conjured up in the old Grammar School, lodged in the ancient buildings that belonged to the extinct Guild of the Holy Cross. There is at least a very high probability that the main schoolroom witnessed the youthful mental activities, or inactivities, of Shakespeare, but his association with the buildings is not susceptible of ocular proof, like that of the guild.

The story of the guild is of considerable interest. It was founded some time in the thirteenth century, and besides carrying on civic, philanthropic, charitable, and educational work, had many of the attributes now associated with what is known in the United States as a " Booster's Club." The members formed a sort of freemasonry, and frequently attested their brotherly love by feasting and jollifications.

The association was dissolved in the time of Henry VIII, and the existing Guild Chapel, Hall, and Almshouses are surviving relics of their pious and benevolent activities. The Guildhall itself is a building of the fifteenth century, with sixteenth-century additions. The chapel is also of the fifteenth century, though it is plain that the present structure was not the first church on the site. As a building, it is of no particular note ; it lost a feature of the highest interest rather more than a century ago when certain frescoes, discovered in the course of repairs, were either destroyed or whitewashed over. A more or less contemporary description of the " representations of the Resurrection and the Day of Judgment " runs as follows :



Photo by

MAXSTOKE PRIORY RUINS.

Miss F. Warren

In 1331 the Earl of Huntingdon then Sir William de Clinton founded a large college of priests at the parish church of Maxstoke. Five years later he made it a priory for Augustinian Canons, and it continued as such until its suppression in 1536. The principal remains, apart from those built into the present farmhouse, consist of the outer gatehouse and the ruins of the central tower of the church.

" . . . At the gate was placed a gigantic figure of St. Peter, receiving, and welcoming by a homely shake of the hand, a crowd of persons, among whom were Popes, Emperors, Kings, and priests, designated by the insignia of their rank ; *but all otherwise unattired.*"

It must be greatly regretted that this edifying spectacle is no more !

On the opposite side of Chapel Lane are the site and foundations of the house, " New Place," which became Shakespeare's home in 1597, though he did not actually reside in it until after he deserted London finally in 1609. It was here that he died on April 23, 1616. The house had been built by Sir Hugh Clopton a century previously, but though styled the " Great House " it was in a ruinous state when Shakespeare bought it, and it was he who gave it the not inappropriate name of " New Place." It



Photo by

Vernon C. Sons, Ltd.

ARBURY HALL, NUNEATON.

This handsome pseudo-Gothic building was completed by Sir Roger Newdegate in the eighteenth century on the site of an Augustinian priory founded in the reign of Henry II. The most remarkable feature of the mansion is the variation of style displayed by the four fronts.

continued to exist, though possibly in a " modernised " form, until it came into the possession of the Reverend Francis Gastrell in the middle of the eighteenth century. That gentleman, being sensible of the burdens rather than of the pride of ownership, first destroyed the historic mulberry-tree which Shakespeare himself had planted, and a few years later demolished New Place itself, to escape the demands of the rating authorities !

In no way inferior in interest to the other survivals of ancient Stratford is Holy Trinity Church, standing in a most beautiful situation on the bank of the Avon. Its claim to attention rests on many grounds, not the least being the possession of the tomb and a historic effigy of Shakespeare. But even if no such person had ever lived, the church would have been a memorable edifice. Its Early English and Decorated work is decidedly good, and in its chancel it possesses a most noteworthy achievement of the Perpendicular Period, while, despite the ravages of the religious troubles of the sixteenth and



By permission of

GRIFF HOUSE, ARBURY.

Underwood Press Service.

Griff House was the home of George Eliot from her infancy until 1841, when she removed to her father's house. She was born at South Farm, 2 miles from Arbury Station, in 1819, and all the country in the Nuneaton district is associated with her life and works.



By permission of

ON THE CANAL NEAR BEDWORTH.

Underwood Press Service.

Bedworth is a large coal-mining and manufacturing centre 3½ miles south of Nuneaton. The photograph shows a pretty scene on the Oxford Canal near the town.



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, COVENTRY.

Although modern Coventry is always associated with the motor and cycle industries, it has, nevertheless, a very ancient history, dating back to Saxon times, and there are many buildings of great archæological interest. The Church of the Holy Trinity was restored after a terrible gale in 1665. The stately spire rises to a height of 237 feet.

seventeenth centuries, the decorative detail and church furniture attain a very high degree of excellence.

The pious Shakespeare pilgrim will, of course, at once seek out the gravestone of his hero, which is in the chancel. It bears an inscription, which is well known, but can hardly be omitted in a work of this character :

" Good Frend for Jesus sake forbeare,
To digg the dust enclosed heare ;
Blest be ye man Yt. spares thes stones,
And Curst be He Yt. moves my bones."



THE KITCHEN, ST. MARY'S HALL, COVENTRY.

W. & A. Sons, Ltd.

St. Mary's Hall was built for the Trinity Guild in the fourteenth century, but the Great Hall, 76 feet long and 34 feet high, dates from about fifty years later.

Those who detect a touch of vanity in the lines like to refute the tradition which ascribes them to Shakespeare himself. If in fact they have Shakespeare for their author, the explanation would appear to be that he was horrified by the site of the ancient charnel house in which were accumulated human bones taken from the churchyard to make room for new graves.

The equally well-known monument is on the northern chancel wall just above. Its outstanding feature is the celebrated bust which was undoubtedly executed at the instigation of his family not long after his death. Into the vexed question of the authenticity of the existing Shakespeare portraits this is no place to enter, but it may confidently be said that all probabilities point to the complete genuineness of this bust. Its inscription is touching to the point of poignancy :

" Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast ;
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast

Within this monument. Shakspeare, with whome
Quick Nature died ; whose name doth deck Ys. tombe
Far more then cost ; sith all Yt. he hath writt
Leaves living art, but page to serve his witt.

Obiit Ano. Doi. 1616. Aetatis 53. Die 23. Ap."



By permission of

FORD'S HOSPITAL, COVENTRY.

Underwood Press Service.

Close to Christ Church is the picturesque half-timbered building of Ford's Hospital. It was built in 1529 by Thomas Ford, a merchant of the staple, and was eventually bought from the Crown by the Corporation.

An exhaustive description of this wonderful church would hardly ever finish with the numerous points of interest it presents. The tombs of the poet's family, the "Clopton Chapel," the glass, the tokens of the world's esteem of the first dramatist of history, are but a few of the features which would call for detailed notice did space but permit.

The same observation applies to the town and the country around. The former has many old houses well worthy of study as examples of the domestic architecture of their date, while the nineteenth century at its best and worst can be seen in the Shakespeare Memorial, a monument of reverence and good intentions, if ever there was one.

It need hardly be said that Stratford is the centre of a district rich in real and alleged Shakespearian associations. The spots where he was married, or courted, or poached,

or caroused are duly pointed out, and sanctified by the wholesale invasion of the ubiquitous motor-bus. The undiscerning swallow all the stories whole, but it may be some satisfaction to the more critical to know that there is solid historical evidence behind *some* of the more picturesque traditions. And even the purely sceptical will derive enjoyment from the undeniable charm of the region.

No one with a sense of proportion would leave Coleshill out of a list of Warwickshire *notabilia*, if only for its grand church, which dominates the landscape for miles around.



Photo by

HEADMASTER'S HOUSE, RUGBY.

Rugby School was originally founded by a bequest of Laurence Sheriff in 1567, and, under the headmastership of Doctor Arnold, became one of the leading public schools of England. The Rugby game originated here through the action of William Ellis, who took the ball in his arms while playing Association. The book by Thomas Hughes, describing the adventurous schooldays of Tom Brown at Rugby, will always remain a classic of its kind.



Photo 12

THE SMITHY AT DUNCHURCH.

[H. J. Smith

The old-fashioned town of Dunchurch stands on the Holyhead Road, 3 miles south of Rugby. The Old Dun Cow Inn here had a great reputation during the ancient coaching days. The photograph shows the smithy, which is a typical building of brick and timber.



Photo 13

NEWBOLD-ON-AVON.

[C. Reid

Newbold-on-Avon is a small village about 1½ miles to the north of Rugby. The Avon rises close to Naseby in Northampton and, entering Warwickshire near Rugby, flows across the county past Warwick and Stratford, dividing it into the two districts of Woodland and Feldon or field country.



Photo by

THE QUAY, WATERFORD.

W. Lawrence.

The ancient city of Waterford is situated on the south bank of the River Suir, about 6 miles from Waterford Harbour. Steamers of up to 2,000 tons can ascend to the quay, and, besides a regular mail service, a considerable export trade in agricultural produce is carried on.

COUNTY WATERFORD

LET us draw a triangle, with two long sides and one short side. Let one long side run west from the harbour of the River Suir at Waterford, and let it be followed by the river itself for the greater part of its length, and for the rest, let it pass through a clumsy range of hills called by the absurd name Knockmealdown. The short side of our triangle runs, say, sou'-sou'-east, bordering County Cork, to the sea, and the other long side is the sea-coast itself. This is a coast sufficiently wild, with few harbours of any importance. At the east end there is, of course, the beautiful and spacious Waterford Harbour, and, not far away, Tramore Bay. Farther down the coast, some 30 miles, is Dungarvan Harbour, and a dozen miles still farther, Youghal Harbour and the mouth of the River Blackwater. In the top left corner of this triangle are the mountains already mentioned, the Knockmealdowns; there are the Ardmore Mountains in the bottom left-hand corner, overlooking Youghal Harbour, and, forming a barrier north and south of the county, there is the range of hills called Monevullagh. Such



Photo by

THE PEOPLE'S PARK, WATERFORD.

W. Lawrence

Waterford is well provided with "lungs," and this small but beautiful park at its east end has proved a welcome asset to a city that boasts a population of about 28,000 souls.

are the broad outlines and the salient features of County Waterford. Never very beautiful, with the beauty of Killarney, and never as drear and gaunt as parts of Connaught, the county is placid enough, and all of a piece with its neighbours, Cork on the west, Tipperary and Kilkenny beyond the Knockmealdowns and the Suir, and Wexford across Waterford Harbour.

There is a certain amount of arable land, producing oats, turnips, and potatoes, but pasturage is the

main occupation of the people. The land is not rich, in the main, with the exception of some really fine soil in the neighbourhood of Waterford itself. With the exception of breweries and distilleries, and a few flour-mills, manufactures do not flourish greatly, though the fishing industry in Waterford is important and firmly established.

Before the time of St. Patrick, St. Declan, a member of the Desii family, was born in County Waterford, near the Ardmore Mountains, where they, like those of Mourne, roll down to the sea. Declan travelled to Rome and was there ordained a priest by the Pope. Thence he returned in 402, and, landing at Ardmore, set to, with characteristic energy, to build a church and a round tower. This admirable work he achieved in a night ! (Ah ! for those days when saints were many and sins were few !) His saintliness



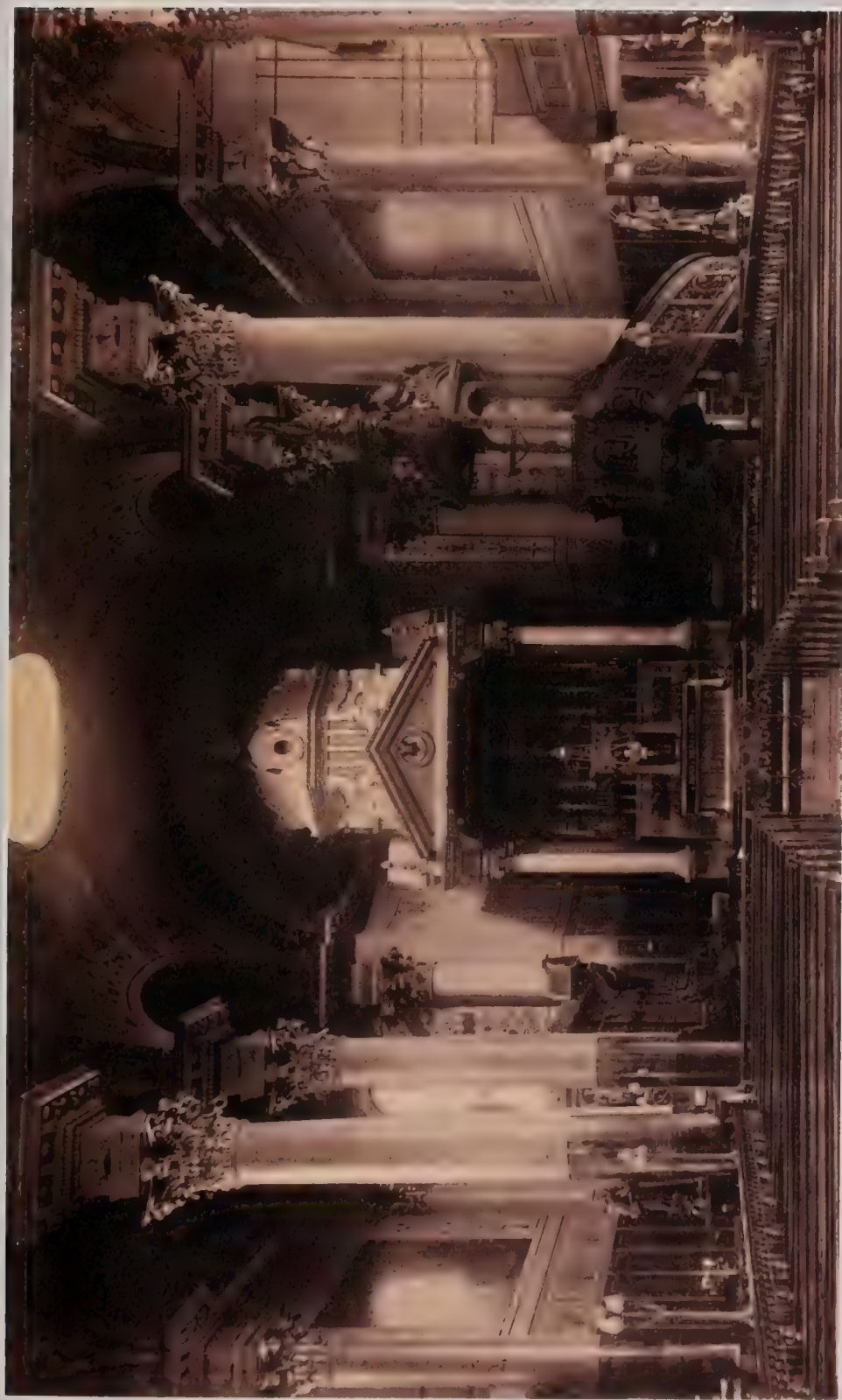
Photo by J

REGINALD'S TOWER, WATERFORD.

W. Lawrence.

The picturesque old structure known as Reginald's or Ring Tower, at the corner of the Mall, was erected by Reginald the Dane in 1003 at the north-east angle of the city walls, which were built by King Sitric the Dane about 853.

was soon established, and ever since his death, which occurred at a great age, his reputed grave has been the object of pious veneration. Specially included in this reverence is a singular mass of rock on the sea-shore. That this rock is very holy there can be no doubt, for, since tradition must never be denied, did it not float over the sea from Rome herself, "lone mother of dead empires," bearing on it the vestments of the saint, with a bell for the tower that was built in a night, and a candle already lighted for the celebration of Mass ?



Pl. 106

ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, WATERFORD.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral at Waterford is a modern edifice exhibiting the usual elaborate architectural details. Inside, there are to be seen some curious sixteenth-century vestments, which were found in the crypt of the Protestant Cathedral many years ago.

{W. Lawrence.

Many and strange have been the devotions paid to this rock, especially on the saint's day, the 24th of July. Here is a description of a hundred years ago: "... numbers of the lowest class do penance on their bare knees around the stone, and some, with great pain and difficulty, creep under it, in expectation of thereby curing or preventing, what is much more likely to create, rheumatic affections of the back." Creeping under the rock, which is supported by two others, can, as a matter of fact, only be performed at low tide. It is hardly necessary to add that an endless supply of clay purported to be from the rock, and therefore holy, used to be sold to these simple pilgrims. Relics of saintly characters have always commanded a brisk sale; such is human frailty.

Youghal, well known to the British soldier of pre-War days as a garrison town, does not concern us, as it lies across the harbour, and, consequently, in County Cork. The river, the Blackwater, has



Dunmore

AT DUNMORE.

W. Laurence

Nearly 12 miles from Waterford, on the west side of the harbour, is the prettily situated village of Dunmore. The place is rapidly becoming a large seaside resort, and its sheltered position makes it a favourite anchorage for yachts.

between its harbour at Youghal and Lismore some lovely wooded banks; and runs, at times, through fine, fertile valleys, and sometimes at the base of great, barren hills, frowning from their mist-shrouded heights. On the banks of this river, or on the hills overlooking it, stand pleasant old ruined castles. There is Rlincrew, once the property of Sir Walter Raleigh, though in earlier days belonging to the Knights Templars before their disruption and disgrace. Again, there is the Islet of Molana, with ruins of St. Fachnan's Abbey of Molanfides. Here lies the friend and counsellor of Strongbow, Raymond le Gros. Farther up, the stream washes the ivy-clad remains of the Desmonds' great fortress of Strancally, that have grown with the centuries until they seem to be part and parcel of the mossy rocks themselves. Old Strancally this castle is, as distinct from the new one buried in the beautiful woods near by. It stands, this old Strancally, what is left of it, high above a broad reach of the river, nobly placed, and beneath it there was a great cavern, with a passage cut through to the river. Rumour tells of



ON THE DARGLE, CO. WICKLOW.

Although the western quarter of the county is a land of mountain bog and waste, the fertile region between the lofty mountain range and the seaboard offers a rich variety of scenery. Dargle Glen, a wooded dell near Bray Head, is one of the celebrated beauty spots between Wicklow and Dublin.

dire and dark deeds done in this same cavern. It was the custom, they say, of these gentle lords to invite their wealthy and distinguished neighbours to partake of the festivities of Strancally; and having "thus gotten them into their power the victims were carried through the rocky passage into the dungeon, where they were suffered to perish, and from thence through an opening which is still visible, their corpses were cast into the river; thus disposed of, their fortunes became an easy prey." This practice, combining profit with a sense of humour, might have continued indefinitely, had not, fortunately, or unfortunately (it depends on which side your sympathies lie), one would-be victim escaped his doom, and gave away the secret of the cave. Swiftly came retribution; the castle and cavern were ordered to be blown up by gunpowder without delay. In the woods on a hill, overlooking a pretty rivulet, the Finisk, that shortly after pays the tribute of its waters to the greater Blackwater,



Photo by

DUNMORE HARBOUR.

W. Lawrence.

The position of Dunmore at the entrance to Waterford Harbour and within easy reach of the county town made it a convenient port for packet boats from Milford Haven before the days of steamers. To the south of the little pier is the lofty promontory known as Black Knob, under which is the remarkable Merlin's Cave.

is Dromana Castle. Here, or, rather, in the older building on the site, was born Catherine, Countess of Desmond, and here she lived for those wonderful years of her life, a hundred and forty of them, if we may believe the unbelievable. Near here, at Affane, the old Countess is said to have died by falling out of a cherry-tree, trying to get the fruit. A hundred and forty years old, and still eager to pluck the delicious fruits that good Sir Walter Raleigh brought all the way from Grand Canary. Sir Walter, the aged Countess, and the cherries; it is indeed an idyll.

County Waterford, barring the capital, has no town of any importance. Lismore is quite a small place, wherein one can meditate on its past, picturesque, as is the past of all Irish towns, with the religious fervour of earlier times. Here in the late years of the sixth century there was already a bishop, and a little later St. Carthagh founded a great seat of learning, and a monastery, and at one

time the town boasted twenty churches. Then the Danes swept up the river, and the town suffered severely thereby. However, a castle sprang up where the college of good St. Carthagh had been, and has remained there ever since, one of the best situated of any in Ireland.

Waterford, the county town, with a population of some twenty-five thousand or so, is mainly remarkable for its situation on the River Suir just above the point where the Barrow, travelling south from Kildare and Carlow, joins it. Below Waterford the estuary opens out to the south, forming the splendid harbour that bears its name. Of antiquities there are few, Reginald's Tower coming first to the memory. One Reginald the Dane built a tower here in 1003, and the present tower was part of the wall system. In times long past the spot whereon Waterford now stands was called Menapia. Then the Celts called it the haven of the sun, *Cuan-na-groith*; but of the town in those early days little is known. History starts with the ravages of the Danes. Situated at the head of its harbour, an ideal



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MAP OF CO. WATERFORD.

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haven for the mariner, Waterford was a natural objective for these all-conquering Norsemen, who held it in force until, in 1171, it fell to Strongbow. Kingsley described the manners of the Norsemen and their King's house of pines at Waterford in *Hereward the Wake*.

Henceforward it received visits and grants from various kings, and in 1447 was given to John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, by Henry VI. Perkin Warbeck, who had a considerable following in Ireland, made an attempt on Waterford, but was beaten off, for which exploit the King rewarded the town with privileges, including the title of *urbs intacta*.

"O pleasant Waterford!—thou loyall cytie
That five hundred yeres receevest thy name
Er the later conquest unto thee came,
In Ireland deservest to be peerelesse,
Quia tu semper intacta manes."



Photo by

IN NEWTOWN GLEN, TRAMORE.

Tramore is a large watering-place, 6 miles from Waterford. It overlooks a lovely bay which lies between Newtown Head and Brownstown Head; and Newtown Cove is at the foot of a picturesque glen descending to the beach about a mile and a half from the town.

[W. L. L. n. c.]



Photo by

THE BLACKWATER AT CAPPOQUIN.

[W. Lawrence.]

At Cappoquin this beautiful Waterford river makes a sharp turn and flows south for the remaining 14 miles of its course to Youghal Bay. The Blackwater has a length of about 100 miles and is a famous salmon stream.



Photo by

THE SALMON LEAP, CURRAGHMORE, PORTLAW.

[W. Lawrence.]

Close to the tiny town of Portlaw is the large demesne of Curraghmore, the seat of the Marquis of Waterford. The photograph shows a salmon leap on the River Clodiagh, a tributary of the Suir.

COUNTY WESTMEATH

A WRITER of the mid-Victorian period in a pretty exhaustive work on Ireland chose to sum up the county of Westmeath in a dozen guidebook lines, and filled the rest of a long chapter on a discussion on Irish music, on the ground that the county had no outstanding features. This, though possibly true to a point, is unkind. Westmeath, lying in the middle of the country, does not boast of anything particularly startling. There are many bogs, very many lakes, and two small towns, and when you have said that, you have said pretty well all there is to be said about it.

Mullingar is the county town, of which nothing much can be written. It possesses the usual complement of respectable municipal buildings, and the usual array of churches. Owing to its proximity to several lakes, the disciples of old Izaak find in it a useful base of operations.



Photo by

THE BRIDGE, LOUGH ENNIL, NEAR MULLINGAR.

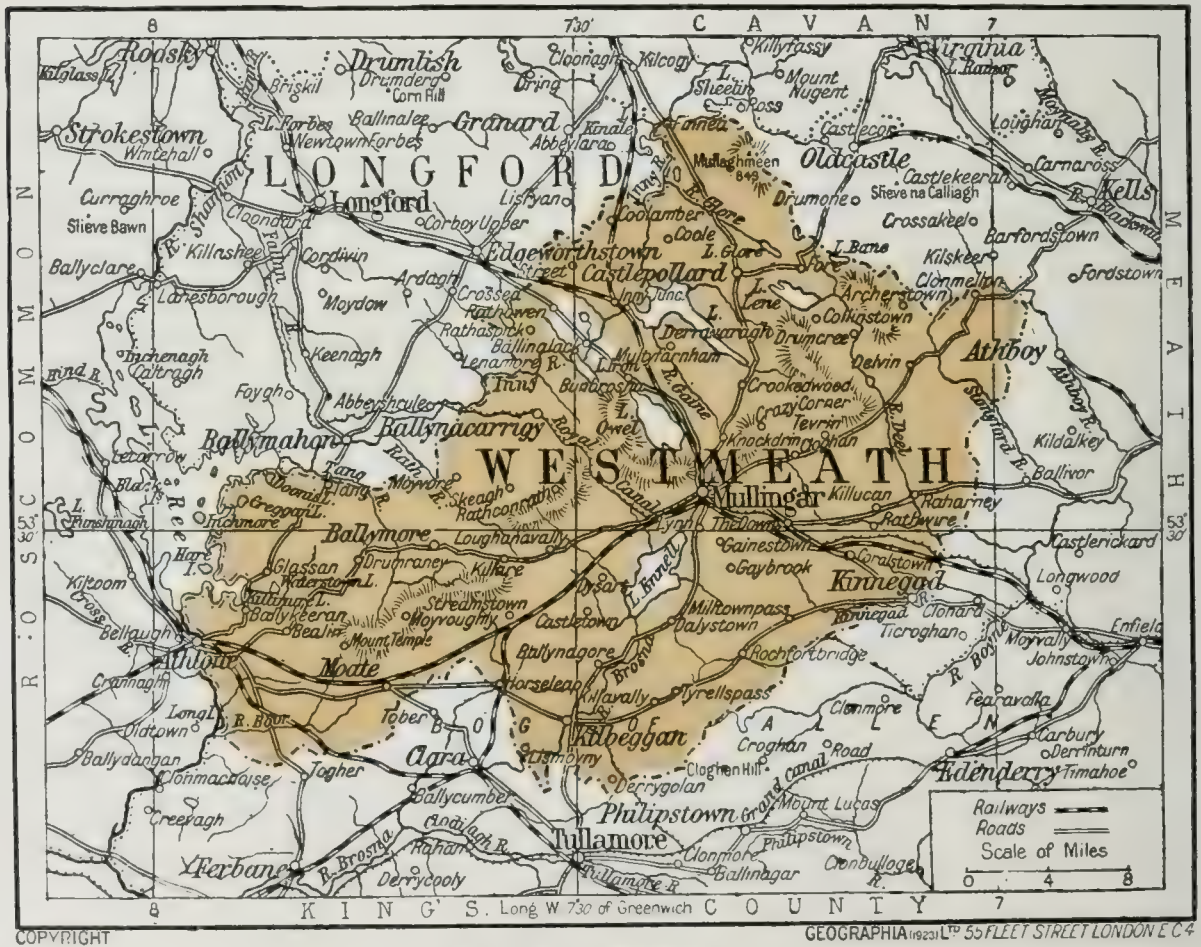
Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The market town of Mullingar is a well-known fishing resort, situated in the midst of a chain of loughs almost in the centre of the county. The photograph shows an ancient bridge over Lough Ennil or Belvedere Lake, which is one of the largest in the group.

Athlone is much more interesting. It lies on the Shannon a mile or so below Lough Ree, one of the biggest of the Shannon's lakes. It was always regarded, rightly too, as a strategic point of great importance. A glance at its position will prove this at once. Standing on the direct road from Dublin to Galway, Athlone protected the passage of the Shannon at the only place where it could be forded in a length of as much as 30 miles. It is not surprising, therefore, that when Henry III granted the dominion of Ireland to his son, he expressly reserved Athlone Castle for himself, and when, later on, Connaught was assigned to Richard de Burgo, the king retained for his especial use five "cantreds" of land contiguous to the fortress. This castle, by the way, was a particularly powerful one.

The bridge that conducts to it from the Leinster side is remarkably narrow, and certainly as ancient as the castle itself. On this bridge there is a curiously sculptured monument, bearing an inscription.

not easy to decipher, to the effect that "the bridge was built by the device and order of Sir Henry Sidney, Kt., who finished it in less than one year, by the good industrie and diligence of Peter Levis, Clk. Chanter of the Cathedral Church of Christ, Dublin. . . ." This Peter Levis, an Englishman, had formerly been a Roman Catholic priest but had turned Protestant. He was also a designer and a mechanic of considerable ingenuity. He built the bridge admirably, but, unfortunately, was haunted by a rat for deserting his old faith. By day and by night, at bed and at board, on horseback or in boat, so the story runs, this rat pursued him, slept beside him on his pillow, and even went so far as to dabble his whiskers or his tail, or both, in everything that the unhappy Peter ate or drank. Even in church the rat refused to leave him alone. That the poor man's life was one of prolonged misery need hardly be emphasised. There came a day when Peter Levis preached in St. Mary's Church at Athlone; and even as, with, doubtless, well-turned phrases, he delivered his exhortation, the



infamous rat sat on the desk in front of him, leering with wicked eyes. It did not even leave him when he had given the benediction, and had descended from the pulpit. Peter could bear it no longer. Drawing from his pocket a pistol that he always carried with him, he turned it on his tormentor; but e'er his finger could press the trigger, the rat leapt upon the weapon, and fastened its sharp teeth on to the parson's thumb. That was the end. Lockjaw set in, and poor rat-haunted Peter Levis, cunning builder of bridges, died.

The siege of Athlone was a great event in its history. After his signal victory on the Boyne, William III despatched General Douglas to occupy this important strategic point. A very old man, Colonel Richard Grace, at that time held it for James II, and, when summoned to surrender, returned a passionate defiance. According to three reliable authorities, he discharged his pistol in the air, crying: "These are my terms. These only will I give or receive; and when my provisions are



Photo by

LOUGH OWEL, MULLINGAR.

W. Lawrence.

Lough Owel, 3 miles north-west of Mullingar, is a reservoir of the Royal Canal. Here the largest fish are taken, and from April to October anglers are kept busily fishing for the numerous trout, pike, and perch for which the lakes are famous.



Photo by,

DERRAVARAGH LOUGH.

W. J. H. H. C.

Derravaragh Lough is the largest of the Westmeath lakes and in many respects one of the most beautiful. It lies between the hills at a height of 211 feet and is 9 miles north of Mullingar.

consumed, I will defend my trust until I have eaten my boots." Grace was a tough old soldier, and try as he could, Douglas failed to dislodge him. The King was not going to let the vexed question of Athlone's defiance rest. Ginkell, his most redoubtable general, was sent with a sufficient force and a heavy artillery train. Breaches were quickly made, and on the 30th of June an assault was launched, the signal to ford the river being the tolling of the church bell. The French general, St. Ruth, commanding James's Irish and French troops, lay in the neighbourhood, but, in the words of a writer of the eighteenth century, "with that arrogant blindness for which personal courage could make no sufficient atonement," he permitted the English enemy to advance, until his co-operation was of no avail. The actual assault lasted only half an hour. The men, fording the river through fire and smoke, reached the



Photo by

HARE ISLAND, LOUGH REE.

W. J. L. L. L.

This famous lough of the River Shannon is, with its much-indented shores and numerous islands, the most beautiful of the Westmeath lakes. It lies between Counties Longford, Roscommon, and Westmeath, and is 17 miles long. On Hare Island there stands a lodge built by Lord Castlemaine.

other side, laid planks over the broken arch of the bridge, and then hastened to the assistance of the boats. Harris rightly comments on this great achievement. "It would be difficult," he says, "from history to parallel so brave an enterprise, in which 3,000 men attacked a fortified town, across a rapid river, in the face of a numerous army, who, by their intrenchments, were masters of the ford." The loss of life was curiously low; some five hundred of the enemy, including the gallant old Colonel Grace, were reported casualties, while of the besieging force the accounts vary from twelve to fifty dead. General Ginkell received the Earldom of Athlone.

The attitude throughout the day of the French general, St. Ruth, was silly in the extreme. When a messenger was hurried over to him to report that the attack was actually launched, he refused to listen to him, and when urged by his entourage to take immediate steps, he replied that he would give a thousand louis to hear that the English dared to attempt to pass the ford. "Spare your money and

mind your business," was the gruff report of Sarsfield, "for I know that no enterprise is too difficult for British courage to attempt." And Sarsfield was a judge of courage, if there ever was one.

Apart from the bog land, of which mention has been made at the beginning of this article, the soil is good, generally a rich loam of considerable depth. The main occupation of the population of under sixty thousand is, on the face of things, agricultural. Dairy farming, naturally, predominates, as it does throughout the middle and south of Ireland.

Of the forefathers of Westmeath it is not easy to speak with any authority. Early man, his manners and customs, so far as his presence in Ireland is concerned, are wrapped in the fog of ages. In the Palæolithic period, so far as can be gathered, mortals in Ireland were not. That is to say, no traces of them have been found. Of the Neolithic man, there are plenty. Definite history, however, starts



Photo by

THE CASTLE AND BRIDGE, ATHLONE.

[W. Lawrence.]

This photograph, taken from across the river, shows the ancient castle on the Roscommon side of the Shannon. Built by Prince John, it has had a chequered career, terminating in the siege of 1691, but the only old part remaining is the keep, the towers being comparatively modern. The present bridge was built in 1844 on the site of an Elizabethan structure.

with the first Celtic influx, the arrival of the Goidels some time in the sixth century before Christ. As these Goidels are generally believed to have spread pretty well throughout the country, and were a stronger race than the aboriginals, it may be assumed that these latter folk quickly disappeared. However, as the natural result of intermarriage, traces appear of the pre-Celtic types to-day, though not so much in Westmeath and the central parts of the country as in Munster and Connaught.

These first Goidels were followed up in the third and second centuries before Christ by Brythonic tribes, but any form of conquest of the earlier Goidels was slow. Picts, too, came from Scotland, but with these we are not directly concerned, as they mostly anchored in those districts now covered by the counties of Down and Antrim. The Brythons, however, had established, by the fourth century A.D., their kingdom of Tara, and with Tara's romantic history Westmeath was intimately connected.



Photo by

ST. MARY'S TOWER, ATHLONE.

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Athlone is an important commercial and military centre on the Shannon, 2 miles from the southern end of Lough Ree. On the Westmeath side of the river stands the ancient tower of St. Mary's Church, from which the famous peal was sounded as the signal for Ginkell to make his final assault on the town during the siege in 1691.



17 5

ON THE RIVER EDEN, APPLEBY.

The Eden rises on the southern border of Westmorland and flows 35 miles north and west, past Kirkby Stephen, Appleby, and Edenhall, to the Solway Firth in Cumberland. The greater part of this famous trout stream is enclosed in a valley of rich pasture-land, flanked by curving hills, which are broken occasionally by the tributary streams and afford fine views of the winding river below.

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Photo. 12.

RUTTER HILL AND FALLS, APPLEBY.

Valentine's, 800, 12.

Although it is one of the smallest county towns in the United Kingdom, Appleby has a past that is connected with some of the most important events in Border history. The photograph shows an old mill standing by the side of a romantic waterfall on the River Eden.

WESTMORLAND

THIS county is small in area and population, but as it incorporates a substantial section of the far-famed "Lake District," not to mention a not unattractive portion of the Pennine Chain, it will be seen that its scenery rivals that of any part of the kingdom in picturesqueness and variety. When it is added that its position inevitably made it participate in any history that was being made on the Scottish border—and that that history has left behind many tangible evidences of its making—the county's claim to rank almost first in the country in general interest certainly cannot be ascribed to any inflated idea of its own importance.

Its antiquarian and historical aspects being rather less familiar than its scenic, our pilgrimage may well begin with its eastern half, rich in memories of half-forgotten happenings of the olden time. What better starting-point than the charming and romantic ruin of Brougham Castle, gazing proudly at Penrith and Cumberland over the waters of the Eamont and Lowther? Its proximity to extensive



Photo. 13.

APPLEBY CASTLE FROM THE PARK.

Valentine's, 800, 13.

The present Appleby Castle dates from the time of Henry VI, and the Caesar's Tower stands on the site of the Roman station of Galacum. It was greatly enlarged and fortified for Charles I, and was rebuilt in the seventeenth century. Several rooms are devoted to a collection of armour and other relics associated with the history of the town.



Photo by

AUGILL CASTLE, BROUGH.

(Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

In the hilly country around Brough there are several stately country seats; Augill Castle, 1 mile to the east of the town, shows an interesting combination of several different styles of architecture.

Roman remains shows that the site was an important one from a military point of view, and the conjecture is borne out by the fact that the castle was frequently rebuilt after suffering unwelcome attentions from marauding Scots. In its present form the building conjures up the figure of that astonishing seventeenth-century lady, Anne Countess of Pembroke, who has something illuminating to say about it in her memoirs: "After I had been there myself to direct the building of it, did I cause my old decayed castle of Brougham to be repaired, and also the tower called the *Roman Tower*, in the said old castle, and the court house for keeping my courts in, with some dozen or fourteen rooms to be built in it upon the old foundation." Unfortunately, the place was again allowed to go to ruin after her death.

It would be inviting the fury of the gods—not to mention that of such readers of *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL* as know their Westmorland well—to leave the neighbourhood of Brougham without some reference to the Harts' Horn Tree and the celebrated couplet associated with it:

"Hercules killed Hart a-greese,
And Hart a-greese killed Hercules."



Photo by

BROUGH CASTLE FROM THE EAST.

(Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The old castle at Brough was built about the time of the Conquest and belonged in turn to the Veteripoints and Cliffords. It was badly damaged by fire in 1521, and was repaired thirty-nine years later by the famous Anne Countess of Pembroke.



[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

PARISH CHURCH, KIRKBY STEPHEN.

In spite of its modern appearance, St. Stephen's Church contains much that is of interest to the antiquary. According to tradition, it was founded in the eighth century, and from time to time during its restoration various pre-Norman relics have come to light.



Photo 13

STENKRITH BRIDGE, KIRKBY STEPHEN.

Photochrom Co., Ltd

At Stenkrith Bridge, near Kirkby Stephen, is one of the most beautiful reaches of the Eden. Here the river forms a picturesque cataract and rushes along a rocky gorge of surpassing loveliness, and so continues its winding way to Appleby.

"Hart a greese" was a famous stag which figured in a remarkable hunt held in the 'thirties of the fourteenth century at some time when Edward Baliol was the guest of Robert de Clifford. According to the Countess of Pembroke's diary, this noble beast ran into Scotland and back, being hotly pursued by the greyhound Hercules. The stag returned to Whinfell Forest and died, after leaping the park railing; the hound, vainly trying to repeat the feat, expired in the attempt. The stag's horns were nailed to an oak, and the Countess tells us that she saw them "growing as it were naturally in the tree, till that in the year 1648, one of these horns was broken down by some of the army, and the other was broken down this year 1658; so that there is now no part remaining." The tree itself survived for another century and a half.



Front View

CROSBY GARRETT CHURCH.

Interior View - South Side

The ancient church of St. Andrew stands on a hill overlooking the village. It was rebuilt half a century ago, but some good examples of Norman work have been preserved in the chancel and north aisle. The date "1662" is inscribed on the roof timbers of the porch.

There are other old buildings of note hereabouts. Brougham Hall is a fine country house, a medley of the ancient and modern and celebrated for its art treasures, though one may wonder how it ever came to acquire the title of the "Windsor of the North." For sheer splendour that distinction ought to go to Lowther Castle, the ancestral home through many centuries of the family of that name. Not that the present building can boast of ancient lineage, for the seventeenth-century castle, its predecessor, was practically rebuilt in 1808. Yanwath Hall, on the other hand, goes back to Tudor times, and is an extremely fine and interesting example of the semi-fortified residence of the age. If it be contrasted, to its detriment, with the more elegant and decorative buildings of its period to be found farther south, the answer is that the Act of Union had not yet brought peace to the Border, and that comfort was still a minor consideration to security. Even so, its most distinguished owner, Sir Lancelot de Threlkeld,

once made a famous remark to the effect that "he had three noble houses," of which Yanwath was "for profit and warmth, wherein to reside in winter."

Relics of the troublous times of Border warfare and systematic raiding are plentiful enough throughout these regions. Many an ancient peel-tower, the "pepper-box" of the age, can be discovered with or without a disguise of some sort. Its annals are rich in stories of wars, rumours of wars, battle, murder, and sudden death. Yet it seems difficult to associate such a peaceful and beauteous region with perpetual unrest and the worst of all human passions!

As if to emphasise the comparative modernity of even Border wars, there is, close to Eamont Bridge, that "circus" of hoary antiquity which has been known from time immemorial as "King Arthur's Round Table," though the connection with Arthur must always have been of the slightest and most



Photo 15

OLD BRIDGE, KIRKBY LONSDALE.

H. J. Smith.

The "Lowton" of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," Kirkby Lonsdale is an old market town prettily situated in the valley of the Lune. Here the river is crossed by a wonderful old bridge dating from Norman times and taking its name from the Devil its legendary founder. A sundial which formerly stood on the bridge bore the words "Feare God, Honour ye Kynge, 1633."

fanciful description. It would be idle here to join the throng of experts who have tried to probe its secrets, or elucidate the mystery of its neighbour, Maybrough, where a vast and mysterious monolith stands in the centre of a circular clearing. The mind reels at such a vista of age and uncertainty, and turns with relief to something more indubitably historic, such as the well-authenticated fact that the last battle in England was fought in and around the village of Clifton. The combatants were the rear-guard of Bonnie Prince Charlie's retreating army and some mounted troops in the Duke of Cumberland's force that were hot on their heels. As the King's men had but forty casualties, it is to be presumed that the affair was exceedingly trivial, though it caused much excitement in the county at the time.

In this north-eastern corner of the county the most prominent natural feature is the series of heights comprehensively known as Cross Fell. How it came by that name is a not uninteresting story. In ancient days the mountain enjoyed the reputation of being a perfect haunt of evil spirits, and the rustics spoke of it—with bated breath—as "Fiend's Fell." The suzerainty of the powers of darkness was at



Photo by

L. J. & S. S. S. S. S.

THE BIGGINS, KIRKBY LONSDALE.

The beautiful scenery in the Kirkby Lonsdale district forms an ideal setting for the several large mansions whose estates occupy a large part of the parish. The Biggins is a fine country seat, standing on the Lancashire border, 1 mile to the south-west of the town.



P. J. 31

THE SERPENTINE, KENDAL.

With a population of over 14,000, Kendal is easily the largest town in the county. It stands on the west bank of the Kent, 23 miles south-west of Appleby, and is surrounded by fine hill scenery. The photograph shows a pretty path in the woods near the town.

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length challenged by St Austun who raised a cross on the summit whereupon the demons fled with unearthly wailings.

The scene of this spiritual triumph is well worth a visit for its noble views, and indeed the whole of Westmorland's portion of the Pennine Chain deserves more attention than it gets from lovers of fine British landscapes. Unfortunately, the competing attractions of the Lake District on the western side tend to obscure its undeniable charm.

Appleby, the county capital, is small in physical but large in moral dimensions, for its historical record is long and honourable. It has always been noted for its civic pride and strong feeling of personal loyalty to the sovereign. One need only refer to a well-known incident illustrating its attitude towards



Photo by

SEPULCHRE LANE, KENDAL.

Photo by Mrs. J. G.

Kendal has a history dating back to Roman times and it has been the birthplace of many notable people including Queen Catherine Parr. In 1769 the poet Gray wrote that "All the houses, excepting the principal streets, seem as if they had been dancing a country dance, and were out. They stand back to back, corner to corner, some up-hill, some down-hill, without intent or meaning."

the victorious "rebels" after the Civil War. It is recorded that when Cromwell tried to procure the publication of his proclamation denouncing Charles II and styling him a traitor, no one in Appleby would undertake the task: at length "the soldiers had recourse to a fellow in the market, an unclean bird hatched at Kirkby Stephen, the nest of all traitors, who proclaimed it aloud, whilst the people stopped their ears and hearts, and had nothing open but their eyes, which were filled with tears."

The most prominent figure in the wild rejoicings at the Restoration was our old friend the Countess of Pembroke, who, for all her seventy years, "seemed young again to grace the solemnity." She, indeed, is the gracious ghost who still seems to haunt Appleby Castle, though it certainly did not assume anything like its present form until after her death. Her diary contains interesting references to this great house. On her instructions it was defended against the Parliamentary forces, but on its capture in 1648 it was

much damaged. In 1651 we find her writing: "I continued to lie in Appleby Castle a whole year, and spent much time in repairing it and Brougham Castle, to make them as habitable as I could. . . . And in this year, the 21st of April, I helped to lay the foundation stone of the middle wall of the great tower of Appleby Castle, called *Cæsar's Tower*, to the end it might be repaired again and made habitable, if it pleased God (Isa. lvi. 12) after it had stood without a roof or covering, or one chamber habitable in it, since about 1567 . . . which tower was wholly finished, and covered with lead, the latter end of July 1653."

Cæsar's Tower is still probably the only relic of the feudal stronghold and remains a good example of a Norman keep. The rest of the building is virtually a palatial residence of the end of the seventeenth century. Its contents are now of much greater note than the structure itself.

Another of the more distinguished archæological features of the little town is the Church of



Photo by,

STEAM FERRY ON WINDERMERE, BOWNESS.

Herbert Felton.

Windermere has a length of 10 miles, averages a little over half a mile broad, and is the largest and most beautiful of England's lakes. Bowness, the chief town, is situated in a prettily wooded bay on the east side. The ferry, which is a third of a mile long, crosses the lake a little to the south of the town.

St. Lawrence. It suffered severely in the various Scottish raids which every now and then reduced Appleby to ashes, and in 1655 it was practically rebuilt by Countess Anne. Its most interesting items are the monuments of that lady and her mother, the Lady Margaret Russell, Countess of Cumberland. "In the memory of her religious mother" Anne inscribed lines to the effect that

"Thou seest in sight
The cover of her earthly part; but, passenger,
Know heaven and fame contains the best of her."

Anne's own epitaph should have been a riot of poetic eloquence, but after setting out her titles, dignities, and so forth, it merely records that she died "christianly, willingly, and quietly, having before her death seen a plentiful issue. . . ."

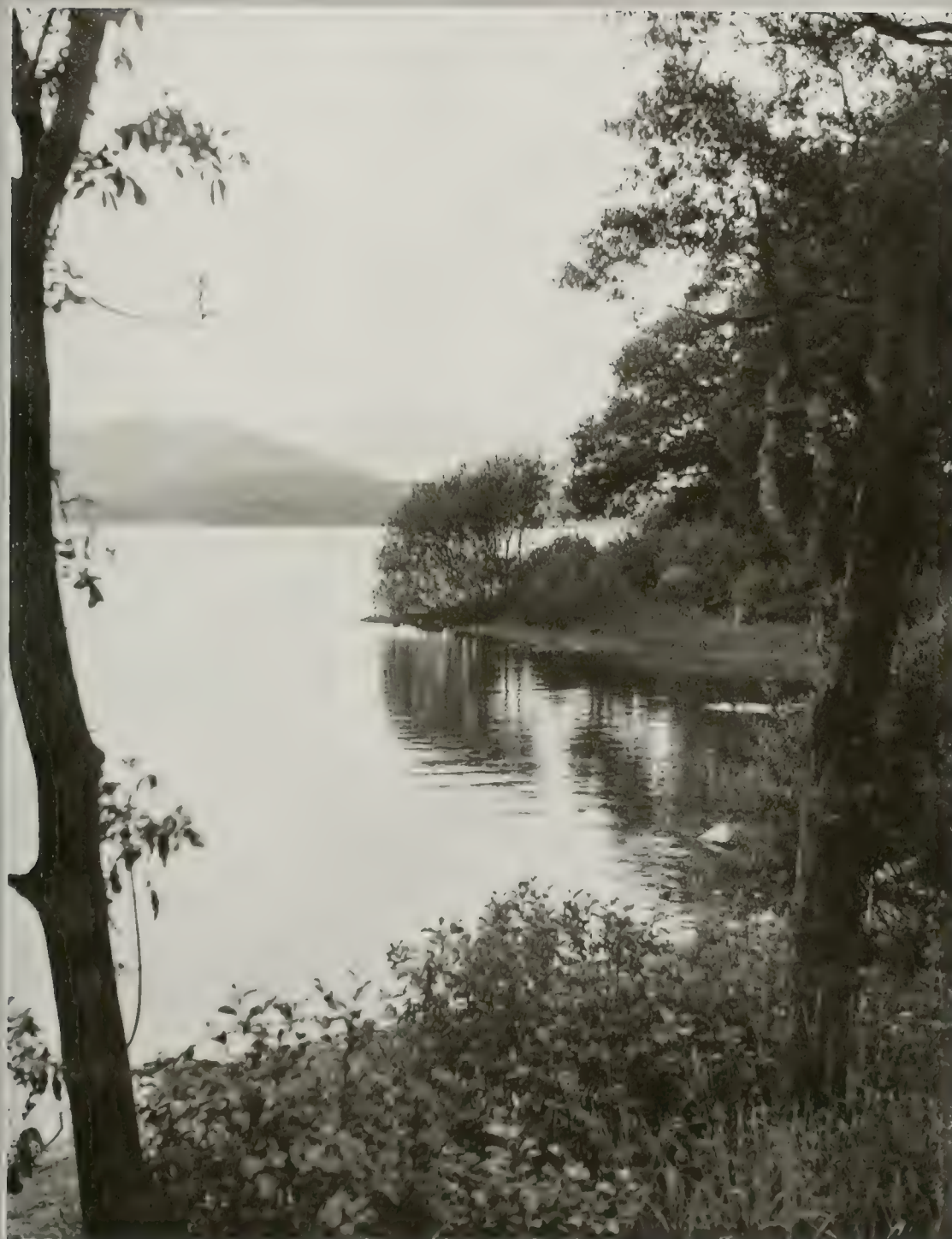


Photo by

Herbert Eaton

ON LAKE WINDERMERE.

Windermere, or "Lake of Winder," lies almost due north and south between Ambleside and Fellfoot, and, when viewed from one of the surrounding hills, has the appearance of some great continental river. Its waters are swelled by five rivers and overflow through the Leven into Morecambe Bay. Belle Isle, opposite Bowness Bay, is the largest of the many islands which are a picturesque feature of the lake.



WATERFALL, AMBLESIDE.

From its position in the heart of the Lakeland district, Ambleside has become a favourite centre for exploring its scenery. Half a mile above the town, the Stock Ghyll makes a picturesque fall of 70 feet in a series of broken leaps.

It must frankly be admitted that Kirkby Stephen does not look like a "nest of all traitors." Its agreeable quaintness and general air of somnolence is redolent of anything but intrigue and wickedness. Apparently, the only charge that can be brought against it is that among its neighbours is Kaber, where an absurd attempt at a rising was made in 1663. Nothing could look more respectable than the old town itself. Its church is one of those to which the fatuous epithet "comely" or "seemly" is sometimes applied. But it is also a hotchpot of various styles and periods, and its greatest claim to note is for its monuments of the Musgraves and Whartons, and its associations with those powerful families.

The history of the district is full of the name of Wharton, for the family had "reigned" here for over four centuries when the last of the line, the celebrated Duke of Wharton, took to championing lost causes in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, adhered to the Old Pretender, and actually fought against his own country

men in Spain, where he ended his life in poverty and disgrace. He who gazes at what is left of Wharton Hall seems to see the family tragedy embodied before his eyes.



OLD MILL, AMBLESIDE.

Ambleside has been described as the "axle of a wheel of beauty, every one of the spokes of which has a different character from that of its neighbour." In spite of its great antiquity, this quaint old mill is still used for grinding corn.

"Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whatever could win it from the wise
Women and fools must like him, or he dies . . ."

wrote Pope, but a more fitting epitaph is the pathetic relic, put to comparatively base uses, of the great house which was the palace of his ancestors for so many centuries.

An even more melancholy fate has overtaken old Pendragon Castle in the pretty Mallerstang valley. "Pendragon" is an odd name to find in this part of the world, and even odder is the tradition which associates it with that rough warrior Uther Pendragon, putative father of King Arthur. Uther was bent, so it was said, on diverting the course of the Eden so as to incorporate the river in the defences of his castle. But not all his skill in magic, nor the help of Merlin, could effect his purpose, and the triumph of the Eden is celebrated in an ancient rhyme:

"Let Uter Pendragon do what he can,
Eden will run where Eden ran."



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POET'S SEAT, RYDAL WATER.

Underwood Press Service.

Rydal Water is a picturesque little lake about a mile and a half to the north of Ambleside. At Rydal Mount, near by, Wordsworth lived from 1813 until his death, and it was here that he wrote most of his poems. The curious rock-hewn seat here shown has a legendary connection with Wordsworth.

The castle appears to have been partially destroyed by the Scots in the fourteenth century, and it was undoubtedly restored by the ubiquitous Anne of Pembroke, for she affixed an inscription to the effect that she "repayred it in 1660, so as she came to lye in it herself for a little while in October 1661, after it had layen ruinous without timber or any other covering since the year 1541."

Like so many of the Westmorland castles, Brough, the ruins of which are among the most picturesque objects in the county, had close associations with the Countess Anne. In 1659 she found it a ruin, the reason being a disaster more than a century before: "A great misfortune befel Henry Lord Clifford some two years before his death, which happened in 1521; his auntient and great castle of Brough under Stanemore was set on fire by a casual mischance, a little after he had kept a great Christmas there, so as all the timber and lead were utterly consumed, and nothing left but the bare walls, which since are more and more consumed, and quite ruined." She spent a small fortune on its repair, and would

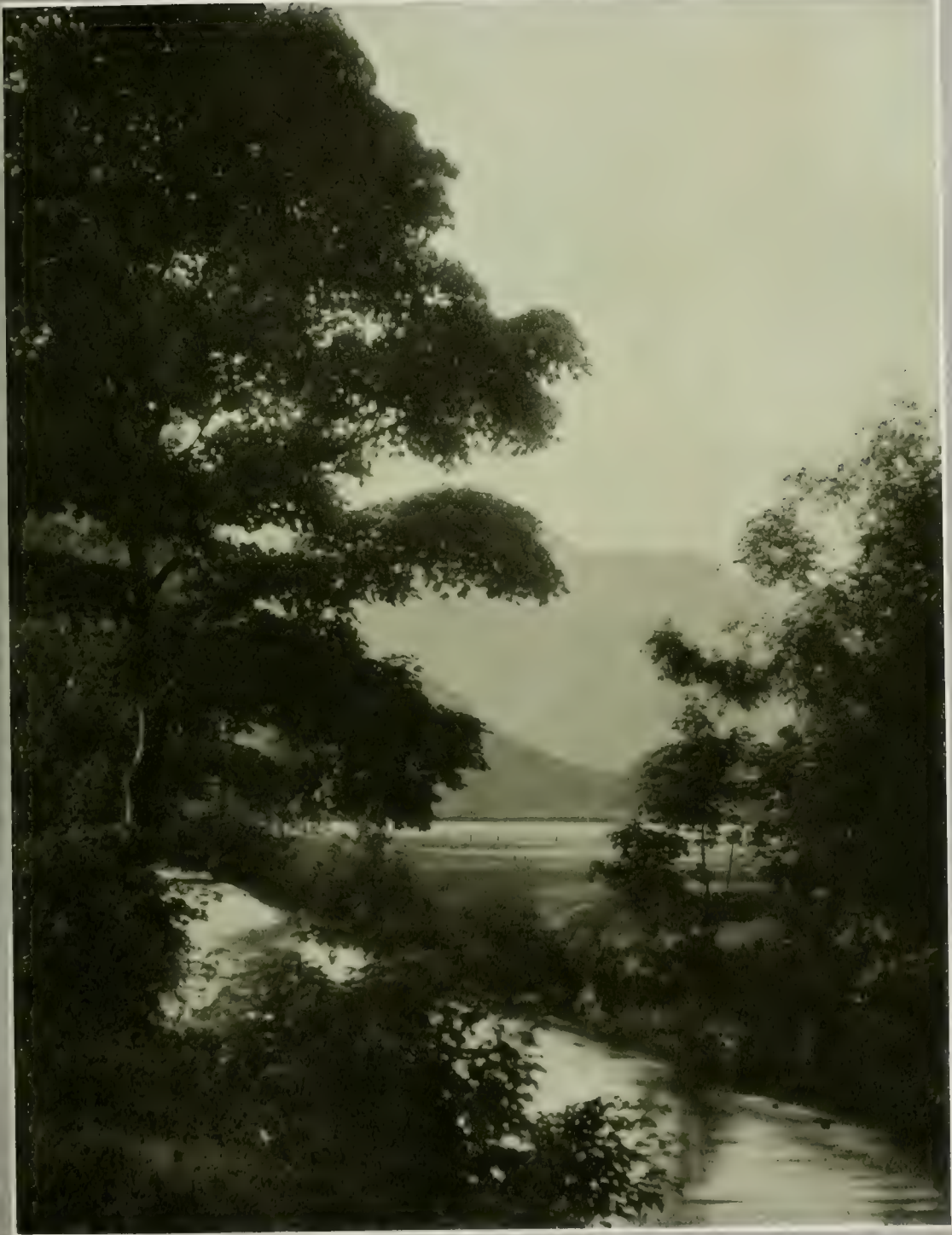


Photo by

EVENING IN THE ROTHAY VALLEY, NEAR AMBLESIDE.

[C. G. Gosnell.

Throughout the whole of its 8-mile course, from Dunmail-Raise to the Brathay at Windermere, the Rothay offers a rich variation of mountain and lake scenery, including such famous beauty spots as Helm Crag, Grasmere Lake, and Rydal Water.



Photo by

(Herbert Tilton)

RYDAL MOUNT, NEAR AMBLESIDE.

Rydal Mount stands on the wooded hill at the back of the village church and overlooks the lake. Wordsworth moved here with his wife from Allan Bank, near Grasmere, and it remained his home for thirty-seven years, until his death in 1850. Among the important poems written at Rydal are "The Excursion" and "The White Doe of Rylstone."

no doubt have "turned in her grave" could she have seen it again hastening to dissolution within a few years of her death.

But Brough's history goes back much further than this indefatigable lady. Long before the Normans erected a mighty fortress on this site the Romans had discovered its advantages and established some sort of camp here. Their presence has been attested by the discovery of various antiquities, though the experts disagree, and probably will go on disagreeing to the end of time, as to whether Brough is *verteræ* or not. May they long continue to enjoy the pleasures of their pastime.

Shap is hardly distinguished for activity in these evil days. Indeed, some might call it a desolate and dreary spot. But the fact remains that it was once a hive of ecclesiastical industry radiating from



Photo by]

RYDAL WATER IN WINTER.

J. S. Edgar.

Anciently known as Routhmere, Rydal Water is an oval-shaped expansion of the Rothay three-quarters of a mile long. With its tiny islands, much indented shores, and encircling hills, the lake has been more praised in verse and prose than any other of the same extent.

its great abbey. It was a house of Præmonstratensian canons, founded in the early part of the twelfth century, and there can be little doubt that for hundreds of years it was a centre of light, learning, and charitable works in this somewhat remote corner of the country.

Of the Abbey buildings, which must have been both extensive and impressive in its day of glory, there is little to see but the decaying tower of the church.

Nowhere can the effects of the vandalism and indifference of the eighteenth century be seen so vividly as in this region. A hundred years ago Shap's greatest "sight" was what Brewer calls "a stupendous monument of antiquity, called Carl-Lofts, composed of two lines of huge obelisks of unbewn granite." But these interesting evidences of the activities of our prehistoric ancestors completely failed to touch the imagination of the local farmers, who considered them better employed in the making of walls, with the result that "Carl-Lofts" to-day is the miserable remnant of what is miscalled a "Druid's Circle."



Photo by

DUNGEON GHYLL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This romantic little stream rises among the Langdale Pikes and, flowing south-east, takes a leap of 90 feet into the Elter Water in Great Langdale. It has been celebrated in Wordsworth's poems and is one of the most famous waterfalls in Lakeland.

Though a place of hoary antiquity, Kendal has little claim on the attention or devotion of the ordinary visitor. To the archæologically minded, however, it is a mine of varied interest, though less for what it shows than for what it suggests. It is at least probable that it was the scene of organised human activities long before the Romans established a great fortified camp here; and of its importance in the Middle Ages we have ample evidence in the shape of the ruin of its fine and commanding castle, which was first built in Norman times.

Kendal Castle is, however, of no particular note in an historical sense. Considering its appearance, one would think that it must have been the scene of tremendous and exciting military events. Yet on the whole its record is singularly lacking in stirring happenings. If any there were, they seem to have escaped the attention of the chroniclers. On the other hand, the old wreck is not without interesting personal associations. It was, at any rate, the birthplace of Catherine Parr, that sixth wife of Henry VIII who had the hardihood—and the luck—to survive him. It seems curious that within a comparatively few years of her early death the castle was already a ruin. We know from a record of 1572 that at that time there was "within the same no building left, saving only on the north side is situate the front of the gatehouse, the hall, with an ascent of stairs to the same, with a buttery and pantry at the end thereof; one great chamber, and two or three lesser chambers, and rooms of ease adjoining the same; being all in decay, both in glass and slate, and in all other reparations needful."

The Kendal side of the county is at least as interesting as the Appleby side from the point of view of its wealth of memorials of the past.

The great houses of the latter have their counterpart here in fine and fascinating buildings such as



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

THE LAST HALF MILE OF THE KIRKSTONE PASS.

Kirkstone Pass is a rocky pass in the mountains, 3½ miles from Ambleside. At Kirkstone Top, 1,500 feet above sea-level, is an old inn known as the "Traveller's Rest." The winding road here shown rises 600 feet in 2 miles.



Photo 43

ELTER WATER.

The lake and village of Elter Water lie on the western border of the county between Great Langdale and Little Langdale. The tarn has been reduced in size by artificial means and now measures only about 3 miles in circuit. In the background may be seen the towering summits of Langdale Pikes.

J. S. Earles

Sizergh Castle, Middleton Hall, and Levens Hall, and there are other ancient survivals barely inferior to these in architectural value or the interest of their associations with old and historic local families. And certainly no one should omit Burton in Kendal and Kirkby Lonsdale from a list of items in the grand tour of the county. The latter in particular bears traces innumerable of its ancient dignity and importance. Apart from a church of singular and varied interest, it possesses a very remarkable bridge which must be among the most ancient in the country. Kirkby Lonsdale also has its battle, and a commemorative rhyme which shows that its inhabitants were not without a sense of humour :

" In eighty-eight was
Kirby feight,
When ne'er a man
was slain ;
They ate their meat
and drank their
drink,
And so came home
again."

This waste of energy was due to the fact that in 1688 there was a rumour that the former James II had landed on the Yorkshire coast with a French army. A force from Kendal marched as far as Kirkby Lonsdale before the error was discovered !

Nor must it be forgotten that this side of the county takes in that somewhat exotic entity, Westmorland-on-Sea, i.e. a minute strip of coastline on each side of the little gulf that runs up to

receive the workers of the Kent. Here is Arnside, virtually a modern creation and replete with all the insignia of a seaside resort, including " villas," lodging-houses, and highly seasonal prices. But to illustrate ancient Westmorland's reluctance to let go its hold and strike its flag, even Arnside has its ruined " Tower," apparently one of several erected to guard the shore at this point.

But it seems time to recollect the fact that a substantial and most beautiful portion of the " Lake District " falls within the county border. Its hot contest with the rival counties of Cumberland and Lancashire for the possession of the gem of the region is tempered by the fact that it shares Ullswater



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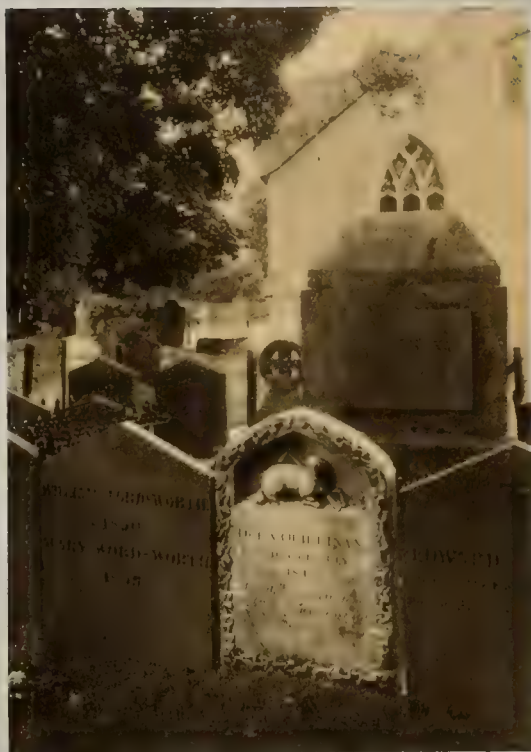
BLEA TARN AND LANGDALE PIKES.

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The home of the Solitary in Wordsworth's "Excursion," this curious lakelet occupies a rocky basin on high ground, 5½ miles west of Ambleside. The two mountain peaks comprising Langdale Pikes are called Harrison Stickle and Pike o' Stickle and rise to a height of 2,401 and 2,323 feet respectively.

with the former and Windermere with the latter. But it has sole and exclusive possession of Grasmere, and men will probably go on debating to the end of time whether Grasmere or Derwentwater represents the charms of this far-famed region at their best. Being essentially a matter of taste, preference is no doubt dictated by the personal equation. Even the poets are not at one in the matter. Gray, of *Elegy* fame, could find nothing too good to say of "Grasmere":

"Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains, spreading here into a broad bason, discovers in the



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IN GRASMERE CHURCHYARD.

Besides being one of the finest beauty spots in the Lake District, Grasmere is famous for its associations with Wordsworth, who lived here at Dove Cottage for nine years and was buried in St. Oswald's churchyard after his death at Rydal Mount.

midst Grasmere-water: its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences, some of rock, some of turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command; from the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it; changing inclosures, corn-fields, and meadows, green as an emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water; and just opposite to you is a large farm-house, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the



Photo by]

GRASMERE LAKE.

[Herbert Felton.

The hill-girt sheet of water known as Grasmere forms part of the basin of the Rothay, and is about a mile long and half a mile across. Gray, De Quincey, Wordsworth, and others have celebrated in verse the wonderful views to be obtained in this neighbourhood. Grasmere village can be seen in the background of the photograph.



Photo by

HELVELLYN, FROM STRIDING EDGE.

With a peak 3,118 feet above sea-level, the mighty Helvellyn is the third highest mountain in England. Its easterly ridge is known as Striding Edge, and on the right of the photograph can be seen the Red Tarn.



Photo by

OLD COTTAGE AT HARTSOP, PATTERNDALE.

J. S. Barber.

Hartsop is a small village 5 miles north-east of Ambleside. Almost invariably the earlier cottages of the Westmorland peasants were built of rough stone, sometimes without mortar. A characteristic feature of these dwellings was the curious round chimneys, which tapered towards the top.

mountains' side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene."

Allowing for the changes attributable to the enormous popularity of the Lake District in the last fifty years, Gray's picture could stand for the Grasmere of to-day. Though the fine coach road from Ambleside to Keswick has made it anything but remote, remoteness and solitude are the notes sounded in that world-famous view from Red Bank, but a solitude almost bewilderingly colourful at any season of the year.

Of the attractions of the village, need one mention the old churchyard where a simple gravestone records the last resting-place of the poet Wordsworth, and "Dove Cottage," where he made his home for a number of years? The fashion of "doing" the Lake District in the track of the Lake Poets is



WATERFALL, GRISEDALE BECK, PATERDALE.

Grisedale Beck flows 4½ miles north-east from Grisedale Tarn at Fairfield to Ullswater near Patterdale. This lovely little waterfall is typical of the striking scenery to be found all along the glen.

happily dying a natural death; "happily," because fine scenery is not made to be interpreted to the human mind through the medium of prose, however eloquent. But undoubtedly the region acquires much additional interest from the fact that quiet and poetic souls of great eminence found it a peaceful and secluded retreat from a world which was busily tearing itself to pieces just over a century ago.

The ardent Wordsworth-worshipper will, of course, regard this part of the Lake District as sacred to his, or her, hero, and no account of it which does not put him in the very foreground has any chance of meeting with approval. But, after all, this beautiful country is something more than a stage for even the most eminent of human puppets. Its real heroine is Nature herself, displaying herself in ever-changing raiment and the most variable moods. And are not the legends, traditions, and happenings associated with the lakes of greater interest in the long run than the emotional experiences and outpourings of a poet suffering from a surfeit of yearnings?

Those familiar with this part of the county know that the great mountains have an individuality and personality of their own. High Street, for instance, is the long ridge over which the Roman legions once tramped: hence the name. The Langdale Pikes present a silhouette almost unique in Britain. Bowfell rears its noble head and does not fear the challenge of its mighty neighbours, Scafell Pike and Scafell. But the monarch of Westmorland is Helvellyn. What does Cumberland know of Helvellyn? Its western side is a long green slope, tamest of approaches. But the eastern Westmorland side is grand and romantic, for here are Striding Edge and Swirrel Edge, Catchedecam, Red Tarn, and Keppelcove Tarn—names of magic import.

Ambleside, almost at the head of Windermere, is a town of long memories. Excavation work, extending well over a very long period, has shown that the Roman station here was of immense military importance in the days of the Empire. From it roads radiated to many important points, Brougham,



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MAP OF WESTMORLAND.

Ravenglass, Lancaster, and Carlisle. A few centuries ago substantial remains were still to be seen. Camden speaks of examining "the carcass, as it were, of an ancient city, with great ruins of walls still remaining scattered about. It was of an oblong form, defended by a fosse and vallum, in length 132 ells and in breadth 80. The British bricks, the mortar mixed with fragments of bricks, the small urns, glass vessels, Roman coins frequently found, round stones like millstones (of which piled on one another pillars were formerly made), and the paved roads leading to it, plainly bespeak a Roman work. Its ancient name, indeed, is lost, unless, as it is at present called, *Ambleside*, any one should suppose it to be the '*Amboglana*' of the *notitia*."

But though the very scanty remains of Roman Ambleside are now most jealously preserved, woe betide him who seeks a British Pompeii here.

Apart from these relics and a comfortable air of respectable old age, Ambleside has little claim to detain the visitor, though its beautiful and central situation marks it an excellent starting-point for expeditions in all directions of the compass; northwards to Keswick over Dunmail Raise or to



Photo by

[H. N. King.

THE LAKES : STYBARROW CRAG.

Stybarrow Crag is a precipitous wooded height on the west side of Ullswater near the Cumberland border. Stybarrow Mountain, near by, rises to a height of 2,756 feet.

Ullswater over Kirkstone Pass, westwards to the Langdale valley, south-westwards to Coniston, and southwards to Windermere and Bowness. A day's tramp along any of these routes will enable the visitor to taste gloriously of the varied joys of this beautiful region and provide him with a succession of landscapes which must surely be unique for so small an area.

As any other route takes one swiftly beyond the county boundary, we must follow the road southwards along the eastern shore of Windermere to the Mecca of all good pilgrims in this district, the little town of Windermere itself.

Apart from reasons dictated by the strategy of walking and other tours, Windermere is of little



Photo.

J. S. Barlow.

VIEW FROM ABOVE STYBARROW CRAG.

The country round Helvellyn provides some of the finest scenery in Westmorland, and this view, from above Stybarrow Crag, is typical of the wild beauty of the high fell tract which enters the county here and for some distance south forms the boundary with Cumberland.

note, save for its railway station ; stations being conspicuous by their absence in the Lake District. But the walk or ride from Windermere to Bowness is certainly not to be missed, with its frequent and glorious glimpses of the lake and the ranges of hills and mountains beyond.

Bowness, or Windermere-on-Windermere, as it might be styled, displays little sign of activities other than those involved in catering for tourists, but it once tempted Gilpin into a remarkable piece of exaggeration. " This place," he wrote, " is the capital port-town of the lake, if we may adopt a dignified style, which the grandeur of the scene suggests. It is the great mart for fish and charcoal ; both which commodities are largely imported here, and carried by land into the country. Its harbour is crowded with vessels of various kinds." The modern reader who knows his Bowness well will punctuate this effusion with a succession of mental exclamation marks !



From the Front

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, WILTSHIRE.

From the Front

Salisbury Cathedral is one of the largest and most perfectly proportioned in England and is generally reckoned a classic of architecture. It was begun on virgin soil in 1220 by Bishop Poore and took only forty years to complete. The graceful spire was added in 1320 and has a height of 404 feet, making it the tallest in England.



Picture by

LOWTHER CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Lowther Castle is the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, and is the largest and most palatial edifice in the county. The castle presents two distinct styles of architecture. The north side was built over 100 years ago by Sir Robert Smirke in the embattled style, while the south has been likened to a cathedral in appearance. The interior contains a valuable collection of rare books, pictures, and sculptures.

But it is quite possible to agree with Gilpin as to the beauty, if not exactly the "grandeur," of the scene. Nowhere does Windermere show to better advantage, even though the view from the lake side lacks that splendid background of Lakeland giants—Conistoun Old Man and Wetherlam, the Seafells, Bow Fell, Langdale Pikes, and so forth—which comes within the range of vision from even the most insignificant hill behind.

Perhaps the most important witness to the ancient dignity of Bowness is its fine parish church of St. Martin, one of the major ecclesiastical monuments of the county. It is substantially a fifteenth-



Photo by

BROUGHAM CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Brougham Castle, 1½ miles from Penrith, was built about 1070, and stands on Roman earthworks by the side of the River Eamont. It suffered severely during the Border Wars, but was finally rebuilt in 1651 by Anne Countess of Pembroke, who lived there for the rest of her lifetime.

century building which has undergone considerable alteration and restoration, and its outstanding feature is the magnificent east window, which once helped to adorn Furness Abbey and was bought by the parishioners after the Dissolution.

But, in addition to its beautiful slice of Windermere, the county claims the whole of the eastern shore of Ullswater as well as the southern, and most attractive, end of that lake. The whole district has no finer reward for the patient tramp than the glorious view of the head of Ullswater which discloses itself to the toiler up Kirkstone Pass from the south. Here lies Place Fell, one of the most noble and friendly mountains of Lakeland, and here too is Patterdale, whose very name is music in the ears of all visitors to the district. Nor is the music less sweet because the word is a corruption of "St.



Photo 1.

BROUGHAM HALL.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Brougham Hall, the seat of Lord Brougham, is a comparatively modern building, but there are still considerable remains of an older house. Among the many treasures it contains are a number of paintings by old masters, some rich tapestries, and a fine collection of armour.

Patrick's Dale." The association of the famous saint with this sweet and retired spot is another of its many attractions, though how he ever reached these regions, remote from his usual haunts, is a mystery which probably never will be solved. Nor will anyone ever want it to be solved save those who have no love for distant traditions and memories as such. To these doubting Thomases one can only recommend consolation in the shape of Patterdale Hall, where the once renowned Mounseys, "Kings of Patterdale," kept such high state for centuries that it was said, "they lived, as it were, in another world, and having no one near them greater than themselves." There speaks the voice of History.



Photo by

SHAP VILLAGE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The large industrial village of Shap lies between Kendal and Penrith. The main street extends for almost a mile, and is practically the only thoroughfare. A number of monoliths in the neighbourhood are locally spoken of as Druids' Circles.



Photo by

SHAP ABBEY.

[H. J. Smith.

In the valley of the Lowther, about a mile from the village, are the noble ruins of the Premonstratensian Abbey of Shap, inhabited by the White Friars from 1199 to the Reformation. This striking tower is the most intact part of the ruins.



Photo by

WATERFALL NEAR SMALL WATER, MARDALE.

(H. J. Smith.

The fine moorland scenery of the mountain vale of Mardale is greatly enhanced by the Blea Water and Small Water tarns. The photograph shows a pretty waterfall near the latter lake.



Photo by

FERRY CARRIG, WEXFORD.

W. J. F. Jones

Two and a half miles west of the county town, the Slaney is spanned by this old wooden bridge, on the north side of which stands the square keep of Ferry Carrig Castle, the first fortress to be built by the English in Ireland. Perched on a bold rock on the opposite side of the river is a monument modelled on an old round tower, erected to the memory of those of the county officers who were killed in the Crimean War.

COUNTY WEXFORD

THE River Slaney, rising in the mountains of Wicklow not a thousand miles from Lugnaquilla discharges its waters, expanding first to a long and broad estuary, into Wexford Harbour. Almost landlocked, with inlets and bays, the harbour looks, and should be, an ideal one for shipping. Where the town of Wexford is, on the western side at the harbour's end, are the quays, some nine hundred yards long, suggesting a busy and prosperous port. Unfortunately, there is a bar outside the harbour beyond Raven and Rosslare Points, and the harbour's accommodation is limited thereby to vessels of not more than two hundred tons burden. However, this harbour and southern corner of Ireland is a natural gateway, and twenty years ago the artificial harbour of Rosslare was formed, giving the necessary facilities for a cross-channel service with the growing port of Fishguard. In itself, the little county town of Wexford, boasting some ten thousand inhabi-



Photo by

OLD TOWN WALL, WEXFORD.

W. J. F. Jones

The ancient town of Wexford is prettily situated on the River Slaney at the head of a fine harbour named after the town. It owes its foundation to the Danes, to whom it belonged from the ninth to the twelfth century. Portions of wall and some towers of the old fortifications still remain.

tants or a shade more, is quite unpretentious. The streets are, or tend to be, narrow and tortuous, pleasant to the eyes of the traveller in search of the picturesque, but a grievous trial to the temper of him who would transfer his goods to the long quays, or himself to the station.

In the days past, the scramble of houses and narrow streets was encircled by a wall and flanking towers, but these, save for a few fragmentary remains, have taken their place in the limbo of things forgotten. There is an abbey, also a ruin, the Abbey of St. Sepulchre, though they have corrupted the name to "Selskar." On the side of the old choir, the parish church stands, and the fragmentary remains of the nave show pointed arches and what was once fine tracery. Wexford has an early history of strife and turmoil. Danish invaders undoubtedly occupied the neighbourhood. Later it was an early English colony. This was in 1169, when Robert Fitzstephen, landing at Bagenbon near Fethard, laid siege to the town, and in four days reduced the inhabitants, mainly Danes, or of Danish



Photo 13

OLD CASTLE, LADY'S ISLAND.

Latentini & Sons, Ltd.

The parish known as Lady's Island occupies a promontory at the south-eastern corner of Co. Wexford. At the head of Lady's Island Lake, on the west side, stands a cluster of ruins, comprising a thirteenth-century keep and the remains of a monastery.

origin, to surrender. Later Cromwell besieged it; this was in 1649. In 1798 the rebels who held it surrendered. From the old bridge they hurled their prisoners, English and Protestants, into the water, "speared at the same moment from before and behind, and then lifted up on pikes and thrown over the parapet of the bridge. These," so chronicles Mulgrave, "are matters yet fresh in the memory of living man." However, General Lake captured the town, and the rebellion was squashed.

Mention has been made of the Danish population of the old town of Wexford when Fitzstephen captured it. Another people inhabited the barony of Forth close to the town, who kept their nationality and individuality until quite modern times. Tradition credits them with Welsh origin. This is quite a feasible proposition, for Strongbow, in his incursions from Wales, certainly brought over many Welsh soldiers (the fame of the Welsh bowmen has not been exaggerated), a proportion of whom, with the inevitable horde of camp-followers of these early campaigning days, must have "squatted" in this pleasant land overlooking harbour and sea.



IN DUNBRODY ABBEY.

The beautiful remains of Dunbrody Abbey stand in a picturesque situation overlooking Waterford Harbour, near the confluence of the Suir and Barrow. The buildings date from the twelfth century, and were founded for Cistercian monks by Henry II's marshal.



DUNBRODY ABBEY FROM SOUTH-WEST.

The ruins, which are among the finest of their kind in Ireland, have been kept in a good state of preservation and, with the exception of the west end, which collapsed in 1885, are almost intact. The chief architectural features are the chevron mouldings of the nave arcades and the fine east window.

Taken as a whole, the county of Wexford has few contrasts. In the north and the west there are hills that rise to a considerable height, almost enough to justify their description as mountains. Croghan Kinshela, on the Wicklow border, is nearly two thousand feet high, and there is a very considerable ridge from the Slaney Valley at Newtownbarry running south by west towards the Barrow and the Nore at New Ross. For the rest, County Wexford is pleasantly undulating, with green hills, unambitious and easy in their inclination; this for the middle parts of the county. Down in the south, below the Forth Mountain that stands above Wexford and the estuarine bend of the Slaney, the country is a flat and fertile plain, extending over the old baronies of Bergin and Forth. Of the occupation and enterprise of this county there is nothing to remark; nothing, that is to say, beyond the fact that, in the terms of the guidebook and encyclopædia, "the county produces barley in con-



Photo 1

THE BARROW AT NEW ROSS

W. J. L. 1905

New Ross is a busy industrial town situated on the slope of a hill at the head of the Barrow estuary. According to tradition it was founded by Isabella, a daughter of Strongbow, shortly before the thirteenth century, when a monastery near St. Mary's Church was built.

siderable quantities, oats, turnips, and potatoes, while the numbers of cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry are on the increase." Of other industries in the interior, there is nothing to record, while round the coast, though fishing is, naturally, universal, it becomes a definite, organised industry only in the port of Wexford itself, where, as a matter of fact, a large proportion is the trade from salmon-fishing on the Slaney and other rivers. It is just worth recording that the annual crop of barley in Wexford exceeds that of any other Irish county. Wexford, the county town, boasts of a generously filled bag of industries, but, of course, they are very small, and their output does not travel very far beyond the confines of the town.

With this preponderance of agricultural interest (more than 83 per cent. of the population follows the plough), the towns are very few and very small, and serve not so much industrial as market centres. Wexford itself has been described, and its population, a little over ten thousand souls, mentioned. New Ross has a population of six thousand, or near it, and lies at the head of the estuary

of the Barrow, a couple of miles below the confluence of that river with the Nore. New Ross looks across the waters to County Kilkenny, and is credited with years dating back to the sixth century. The unbelieving, however, will have none of this, and admit of an age no earlier than the time of Strongbow. The little town has many good points, its main interest being as a centre of, or jumping-off ground for, if the term is acceptable, some pretty surroundings. A sail down the broad estuary of the Barrow into Waterford Harbour, where the Suir, a mile wide here, joins it, round Churchtown, breezy Hook Head, and Bagenbon Head, into Bennore Bay, with its charming inlets and sandy reaches, is worth trying, and, happily, not easy to forget.

Enniscorthy, another of County Wexford's little market towns, fires the military imagination.

About 10 miles north of the county town and 7 south-west of old storied Ferns, happily sitting on the River Slaney, it recalls memories of the rebellion of 1798, and Vinegar Hill, where the insurgents encamped.

Ferns, to the north, up the Benn, tributary to the Slaney, has an individual history all to itself. In former days it was the capital of the kingdom of Leinster, and the archiepiscopal see of the diocese. The original church, its reputed date of foundation being 598, was by St. Mogne or St. Aidan; authorities and tradition disagree. There are, too, the ruins of an abbey, supposed to have been founded by the great Diarmait mac Murchadha, King of Leinster, and his regal palace was on the top of the hill on



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GEOGRAPHICAL INSTITUTION

MAP OF COUNTY WEXFORD.

the slopes of which the town of Ferns now lies. A powerful prince was this Diarmait mac Murchadha, who lived and held his court at Ferns, and died and was buried, so they say, in the abbey, in the year of grace 1171. He was an ambitious monarch, of whom his countrymen of Leinster could well be proud, though his methods may have been crude. It will be remembered how, to humiliate and disgrace Tiernan O'Rourke of Breffny, Diarmait carried away the fair Devorgilla, O'Rourke's wife, and caused the internecine wars that were but a prelude to the English invasion. It was said that Devorgilla herself raised no objection to the carrying off on the part of Diarmait. However, it all ended in blood and slaughter, and Devorgilla's soul found repose in the lovely Mellifont Abbey.



Photo by

GENERAL VIEW, ENNISCORTHY

W. J. Green.

In the background is the Roman Catholic church with its handsome spire, designed by Pugin. In front of it may be seen the square pile of the castle with a round tower at each corner. The Slaney, which flows through the town, is navigable to Enniscorthy, and the quays by the side of the river were built by an Earl of Portsmouth.



Photo by

OLD AQUEDUCT, ENNISCORTHY.

W. J. Green.

The little town of Enniscorthy on the River Slaney is not without several objects of historical and antiquarian interest. There is the keep of an Anglo-Norman castle in the centre of the town, and, to the south-east, stands Vinegar Hill, famous for its associations with the rebellion of 1798. The photograph shows part of an old aqueduct in the neighbourhood.



Photo. h.

VINEGAR HILL, ENNISCORTHY.

Vinegar Hill can be easily recognised by the tower which crowns its summit. Here the insurgents attacking the town encamped before their defeat by General Lake in 1798.



Photo by

COTTAGES IN RATHNEW.

W. A. Green.

This typical Wicklow village stands on the Vartrey River, 2 miles north-west of the county town. Owing to the poverty of the inhabitants many of the houses are of a somewhat primitive character. The photograph shows a street of mud cabins.

COUNTY WICKLOW

HERE is a county whose interests are, at first sight, rather negative. Its general "lay-out" may be chronicled in a very few words: a plain, unvarnished sea-coast of less than forty miles, rugged cliffs in parts, and sandbanks, treacherous to seafarers, out to sea, one or two unassuming headlands, and all is told. Inland, these many rivers and streams tumble their helter-skelter way down the rough sides of the mountains, or slip gently through the dark stretches of lovely tarns, and all is wild and desolate, and beautiful. All this beauty, too, is well known, and easily and comfortably accessible, for the town of Wicklow is less than thirty miles from Dublin, with a railway following the coast closely all the way, so that the interested tourist is not lacking to appreciate the attractions laid before him of one of Ireland's most charming counties.

The mountains that range over practically the whole of the interior of the county are considerable, with some fine and dominating peaks. Lugnaquilla, the highest, is



Photo by

THE ABBEY, WICKLOW.

W. Laurence.

The county town has a history which goes back to the time of St. Patrick, when a church was built here by St. Mantan. On the left of the main road from the station stand the thirteenth-century ruins of a Franciscan Friary, founded in the time of Henry III.

over three thousand feet above the sea-level, and was taken over some years ago by the War Office for training purposes. There are others, Kippure, Table Mountain, and Duff Hill, all mountains worthy of the name. The Wicklow Mountains drop gently down to pleasant foothills in the county of Dublin, a source of salubrious joy to the residents of the southern parts of Dublin city, while farther south the long sweeping moorlands drop as they approach the borders of Wexford and Carlow.

The ruggedness of the mountains, the ravines, and precipitous rocks form a rough contrast to the rich woods and luxuriant valleys. Wicklow's glens are one of its chief picturesque features, and deserve, without stint, their fame. Glendalough, and Glencree, Glenmalur, the Glen of the Downs, are all very beautiful, though, perhaps, the loveliest and best known is the exquisite Vale of Avoca.

In dwelling on the beauties with which Nature has endowed this delectable county, one is apt to forget its industries. To tell the truth, these are conspicuous by their absence. The country, covered,



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for the most part, with turf and heath, though offering good pasturage for sheep, is not much tilled. Of timber there is plenty, and afforestation has not been neglected. Live stock of the usual order increases, but, generally speaking, at the expense of corn. Sea-fishing centres round the county town of Wicklow; there are some mines, though little worked—copper, lead, and sulphur; and, curiously enough, gold has been streamed in the gravel near the Wexford border mountain of Croghan Kinsbela.

Glendalough's beautiful glen has been mentioned. Besides its natural beauty, the fir and larch woods, the river and lake, and the rolling hills that surround it, it has considerable antiquarian attractions. Like its more famous sister at Clonmacnoise, there are at Glendalough the "Seven Churches," historically interesting, and popular from their accessibility. St. Kevin, the founder, lived a long and holy life. Kevin, or, in the Gaelic form, *Coomhghen*, belonged to a royal house, no peasant was he—"a high name over the sea wave, chaste and fair," according to an early chronicler. Kevin was, it seems, carefully educated by his uncle, the Bishop of Ardstraw. Then he chose—for in such ways did early piety show itself—to become a hermit by the upper Glendalough Lake. It would appear that he lived sometimes



Photo by]

WICKLOW HARBOUR.

W. A. Green.

The town of Wicklow stands near the mouth of the Vartrey, at the end of a small creek, which is protected from the sea by a peninsula known as the Murrough. The small harbour is used by vessels engaged in the timber trade, and in exporting lead ores and explosives.



Photo by]

BLACK CASTLE, WICKLOW.

[W. A. Green.

The scanty ruins of Black Castle stand on the edge of a headland overlooking the entrance to Wicklow Harbour. The remains date from the fourteenth century, and are of but little historical importance.



Photo by

THE BRIDGE, ARKLOW.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Arklow is a manufacturing and fishing town of some 5,000 inhabitants, standing on the coast near the mouth of the Avoca River, which is here crossed by a handsome bridge. These cows, mirrored in the placid waters, lend colour to the scene and almost seem to be posing for the photograph.



Photo by

THREE MILE WATER.

W. A. Green.

With its great range of granite mountains, extending from north to south, and pierced by many deep and richly wooded glens, Wicklow has a wealth of natural scenery unsurpassed by few other counties on the eastern seaboard. The photograph shows a lovely reach of the Three Mile Water, which flows into the Irish Sea a little to the south of Wicklow Head.

in a hollow tree on one side of the lake, and sometimes in a very narrow cave on the other side ; however, his simple domicile was described, no doubt with truth, by Cuimin of Condeire as a " great shelter against demons." But a hermit's fame is bound to spread. They found him out one day, and built for him a cell and a chapel on the southern shore of the lake. Later he founded the monastery. Of course there are many legends of him, for, as has been said, he lived a long and a holy life. Gentle and gracious he was, too, and a friend of animals and birds ; for one day the King Branduff, out hunting the boar, came upon the saint at his orisons, with, like the gentle saint of Assisi, a crowd of tame birds perched on his shoulders and even on his clasped hands, joining with his prayers their sweet song.

St. Kevin died in 618, and was buried in the Church of St. Mary there, but the buildings now left



Photo by]

"MEETING OF THE WATERS," AVOCA.

Photodrom Co., Ltd

The "Meeting of the Waters" is one of the most celebrated beauty spots in the lovely Vale of Avoca. Here, in a valley of thickly wooded hills, the Avonmore and Avonbeg unite, and flow on as the Avoca, past "beautifully picturesque groups of oaks and beeches everywhere hung with ivy," which constitute one of the chief beauties of the valley.

in the valley are practically all of much later date. Apart from internal evidence, this is obvious, since twice in their history the buildings have been destroyed by fire and sword, the first time in 1163, the second some two hundred years later. The seven churches of Clonmacnoise are built together within a wall, including the two round towers, but the Glendalough group is scattered over two miles of the valley, on both sides of the Lower Lake. Trinity Church is separated from the group, but in the bend of the Glendanon River, between it and the Lower Lake, there is the Round Tower. One of the highest in Ireland, 15 feet shorter than the celebrated Scattery Island tower, it is remarkable in its perfection. The ruined cathedral was called the Great Church of Gly-de-lagh, and is near the Round Tower, where, if need be, the priests could flee for shelter in times of stress. Nearer the river is Kevin's kitchen, with a short round bell-tower, claimed to date from 807 ; and an overcroft, similar to that at

Kells. A complete description of all the buildings scattered over the valley is not justified in *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*, as admirable ones can be found in any guidebook.

Descriptions of the famous Vale of Avoca, vivid, flowery and otherwise, are many, for that charming spot has inspired many pens, especially the meeting of the waters, the Rivers Avonbeg and Avonmore. One writer finds in the lovely valley an interest for geologists. Another writer, named Kohl, discusses the virtues of the English and Irish oaks contrasted. There are more straight lines and fewer crooked ones, he finds, more length and less breadth, in the Irish oak. Again, Prince Puchler Muskau rhapsodises in no measured terms. "In this paradise every possible charm is united. A wood, which appears of measureless extent; two noble rivers; rocks of every variety of picturesque form; the greenest



Photo by

[F. Deaville Walker.

GLENDALOUGH, A VIEW OF THE LAKE.

There are few places in Ireland that can rival Glendalough for beautiful scenery and archæological interest. The place was described by Sir Walter Scott as "the estimable singular scene of Irish antiquity," and the remarkable collection of ruins representing the Seven Churches is second in importance only to that at Clonmacnoise in the west.

meadows; the most varied and luxuriant shrubberies and thickets; in short, scenery changing at every step, yet never diminishing in beauty." An amusing contrast to the rhythmical outpourings of this enthusiastic foreigner is the account by an apparently unemotional Anglo-Saxon. "As to the 'Meeting of the Waters,'" he says, "as the Irish are pleased to call the confluence of two little streams, pompously or poetically as you may please to decide, I think more has been made of it than either the waters or their meeting deserve." One turns, as always, to Thomas Moore:

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."



Photo 17

LION BRIDGE, CASTLE HOWARD.

Close to the magnificent pile of Castle Howard, the Avonmore is crossed by a picturesque ivy-clad bridge carrying the road to Connary Hill, which commands one of the finest views in the Wicklow Mountains.

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Photo by

ST. KEVIN'S KITCHEN AND ROUND TOWER, GLENDALOUGH.

[W. A. Green.]

The round tower here shown stands 110 feet high, and is built of rubble work with a granite doorway 10 feet from the ground. It is said to have been erected in the seventh century, but the roof was added in 1876. St. Kevin's Kitchen or Church, to the south of the cathedral, contains a remarkable collection of relics.



Photo by

ONE OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES, GLENDALOUGH.

[G. H. Lean.]

The history of Glendalough dates from the sixth century, when Coemhghen or Kevin fled here from a monastery near Arklow and, after living at Glendalough for four years as a hermit, founded a monastery and school. The Seven Churches comprise the Cathedral, Our Lady's, St. Kevin's Cell, Rhefort, Teampul-na-Skellig, Trinity, and St. Saviour's Priory.

It is doubtful whether these lines refer to the meeting of the Avonbeg and Avonmore or to the lower meeting of the Avoca and the Aughrim. Both are claimed by their enthusiasts, though from the poet's memoirs the former place is the one indicated.

The mountain called the "Hollow of the Grouse," otherwise Lugnaquilla, is the second highest in Ireland, being beaten only by the Kerry mountain of Carntual. From its sides there rise three rivers. One, the King's River, runs north and joins the Liffey in its upper waters near Blessington; the others flow south, later to become the Slaney and Avoca. The views from Lugnaquilla are, needless to say, extensive, but interesting only on the Wicklow side, the ridges and sweeps of the hills, and the rich



Photo by,

POWERSCOURT WATERFALL.

W. Lawrence.

The parish of Powerscourt occupies one of the most beautiful parts of the glen of the Dargle, a little to the south of Enniskerry. This spectacular waterfall makes a sheer drop of over 200 feet into the Horse-shoe Ravine, which is in the deer park of Viscount Powerscourt's estate.

valleys, terminating with the distant sea. The country on the King's County side, though the view from the summit is wide, is not particularly interesting.

Bray is a popular watering-place, probably the most popular in Ireland. Lying in a slight bay or a curve of land, with Dalkey on one side and Bray Head on the other, and inland the foot-hills of the central Wicklow range, it comprises the usual equipment of lodging-houses and hotels, promenades, bandstands, and pier that make for the successful seaside resort. Guidebooks praise it up to the skies, and, for what is required of it, Bray takes a lot of beating. Supplying the needs of the tripper in all things, it serves a useful purpose. But there are pleasant places in the neighbourhood. There is the neighbouring Bray Head, close on eight hundred feet high, from whose summit the distant Welsh mountains can sometimes be seen. Then there is Dargle Glen near Powerscourt House. The Dargle stream,

winding its way through the most charming of wooded valleys, here in the part known as the Glen, tumbles wildly and impetuously down its bed, shaded by the heavy bower of ash and oak and evergreens.

Powerscourt was once a Norman fortress, built by De la Poer. Now it is a "show place" whose gardens and terraces, the latter copied from the Villa Butera in Sicily, are famous. There is beautiful statuary, with a pool and fountains. When the florid palls, one can indulge the sentimental strain by reading Lord Castlereagh's verses on the grave of a hound called "Hector."

"By Dargle's stream and Powerscourt's smiling steeps
On Erin's breast our Highland Hector sleeps——"

and so on ; the tone is heroic, combined with a large element of the sentimental.



Photo by]

CLIFF WALK, BRAY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Bray is a fashionable watering-place situated on a gentle curve of the coast about 12 miles from Dublin. The path along the cliffs to Bray Head, 793 feet above sea-level, is famous for its striking rock scenery.

At Annamoe, not far from Glendalough, Laurence Sterne tumbled into the mill-race, and the watermill, or what is left of it, is shown to-day to witness if the brilliant originator of *Uncle Toby* and *Corporal Trim* was telling the truth or not. Sterne had left the barracks at Wicklow and accepted an invitation from a relation of his who had a cure of souls at Annamoe. Then the terrible affair came to pass. Hear what the author says about it : " It was in this parish during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape of falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken out unhurt. The story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of common people flocked to see me."



Photo by]

DARGLE BRIDGE AND GLEN, NEAR BRAY.

[George Long.

The Dargle Bridge crosses the river just below its confluence with the Cookstown. From its ideal situation, Bray has become celebrated as a centre for exploring the valley of the River Dargle, which tumbles over its rocky bed in a narrow and richly wooded glen abounding in romantic beauty spots such as the one shown in the photograph.



Photo by

GLEN OF THE DOWNS.

Glen of the Downs is a densely wooded ravine, about a mile in length, 5 miles south of Bray on the road to Newtown Mount Kennedy. On the left is the beautiful park of Bellevue, and on the right the country seat of Glen View. Looking up the glen, one can obtain a unique view of the greater Sugar Loaf Mountain.

(11. *Laurence.*



Photo by

THE MAIN STREET, WIGTOWN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The capital of the county, Wigtown is a small seaport and agricultural centre, picturesquely situated on a narrow bay of the same name. The new market cross, seen in the photograph, stands 20 feet high above a circular flight of steps, and was built in 1816 by the side of the smaller Old Cross, which still stands.

WIGTOWNSHIRE

THE configuration of all our counties presents oddities, and, in the case of this most south-westerly of Scottish ones, it is particularly irregular. This is caused by the hammer-headed peninsula in the western corner known as The Kinns, with Milleur Head at one end, the northern, and the Mull of Galloway at its southern extremity. This peninsula, some 25 miles in length, and nowhere more than 5 miles wide, joined to the mainland by a short isthmus, protects a wide open bay, Luce Bay, on the south, and the fine anchorage of Loch Ryan, long and narrow, on the north. At the eastern corner of Wigtownshire, dividing it from the neighbouring county of Kirkcudbright, is Wigtown Bay. This natural county boundary is again carried north by the River Cree, and the northern border, running east and west, separates it from Ayrshire. Thus we find a county with, roughly, 30 miles land border, and more than 100 miles of sea-coast. It has, moreover, only two neighbouring shires. This is worth noting in contrast to Tipperary, that rambling green plain whose confines march with no less than eight other counties.



Photo by

CRUGGLETON CASTLE

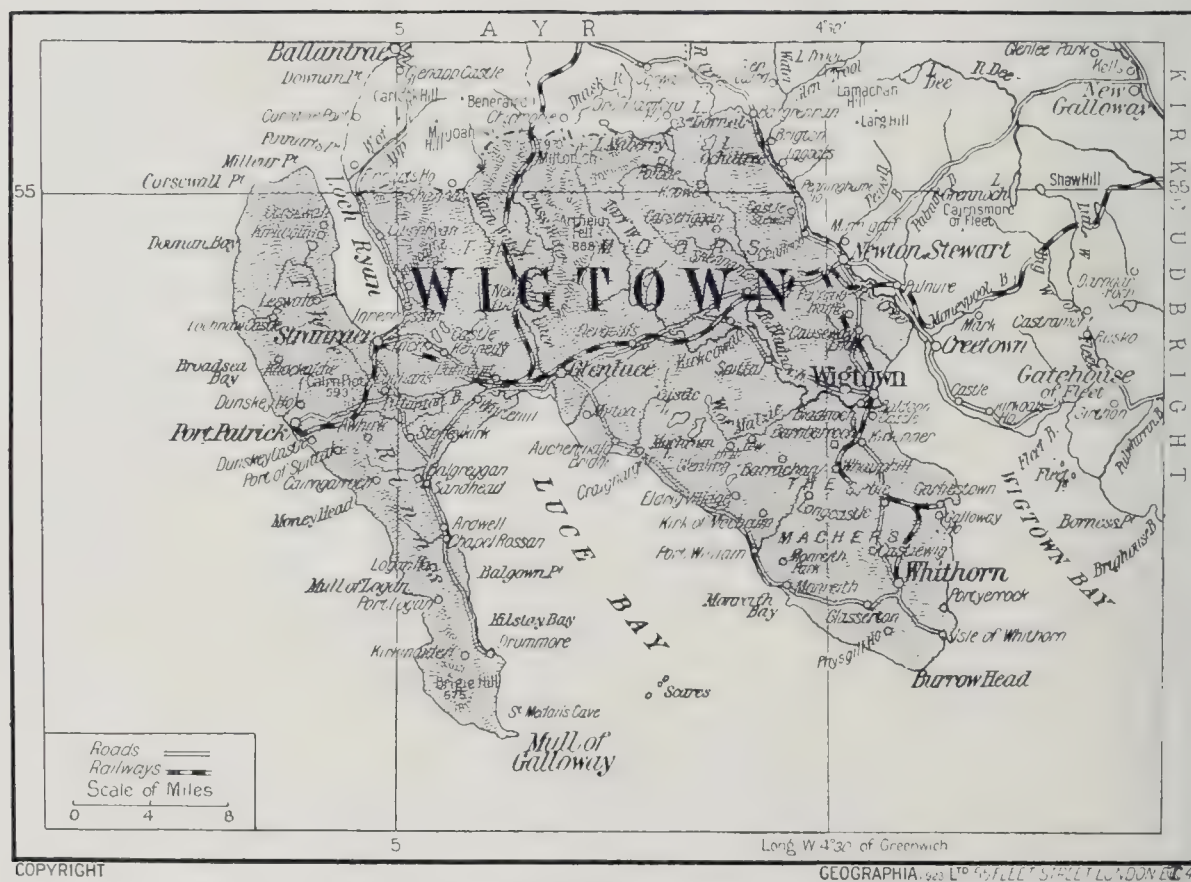
[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Cruggleton Castle stands on the summit of a rocky headland 2 miles south of Eggerness Castle in the parish of Sorbie. The scanty ruin, consisting of a single arch, is all that remains of the once important fortress of the Comyns.

With such a generous seaboard, it is not surprising to find many harbours. Unfortunately, the coast is exposed to the unprotected furies of the weather, and the sea recedes considerably with the tides. The harbours are poor and not very profitable. Stranraer, however, is an exception. Lying at the head of the spacious and comfortable Loch Ryan, it is a safe and a prosperous port, with, amongst other local and coastwise service, cross-channel boats to Larne in County Antrim, the shortest Irish route.

At one time there was a cross-channel service between Port Patrick, on the western coast of The Rinns peninsula, and Donaghadee, at the end of Belfast Lough in County Down, a distance of 21 miles. But Port Patrick was never a safe port in times of storm, and the service was abandoned many years ago. Since then Port Patrick has settled down to a state of lethargy, and the winter storms have had their fling at the exposed harbour.

Wigtownshire is not a county of wealth and prosperity, for despite the efforts of an energetic yeoman



MAP OF WIGTOWNSHIRE.

population, Nature has willed otherwise. The country is bleak and bare, covered with heath and whins, and in the lower parts there are marsh lands and bogs. The moors, of which there is a large track towards the north, are stony, and defy any really successful reclamation, while round the coasts the gravelly soil demands constant manuring to render it workable. Still, despite the lack of sympathy displayed by Nature, the tenacity of the hardy Lowlander, augmented by aids of science, has worked wonders, and to-day a large part of the shire has been reclaimed from its wild state, and the standard of farming is as high as anywhere in Scotland, with oats as the leading crop.

Outside the staple of agriculture, industry is slight, as would be expected, for the population is quite small, and only one town boasts of more than five thousand mouths to feed. Woollens come from Kirkcowan; at Newton Stewart there are tweeds and leather; and at Stranraer, by far the most important town, bricks are made and there are flour-mills.

Wigtown itself, a little county town of fifteen hundred souls, having little ambition to increase, but



[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Photo by]

SOUTH GATEWAY, WHITHORN.

The ancient town of Whithorn claims a certain distinction as the site of the first stone church to be built in Scotland. It was erected by St. Ninian or St. Ringan as he is sometimes called in 397, and dedicated to St. Martin of Tours. This richly carved Norman doorway stands in the south wall of the Priory of Whithorn, founded by Fergus, Lord of Galloway, in the twelfth century.



Photo by

ENTRANCE TO THE PRIORY, WHITHORN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The supporting pillars of this old entrance archway are decorated with oak leaves and each bears a shield. The one on the right has a saltier, and that on the left the arms of the Vans of Barnbarroch, a member of which family was the Prior of Whithorn in the middle of the sixteenth century.



Photo by

BRIGG'S MILL, GLENLUCE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Glenluce, anciently known as Vallis Lucis, "the Valley of Light," is a broad deep valley extending northward from the head of the River Luce. The photograph shows a picturesque old water-mill by the side of the stream.

a most delightful, shady bowling green in the middle of its one main street, a bowling green on which Sir Francis Drake himself would have enjoyed a rubber. There are admirable public buildings, and there is a monument, or obelisk, to the Covenanters of the county. Included in these are two women, or, rather, an old woman and a girl, Margaret M'Lauchlan and Margaret Wilson. It was in 1685 when these two perished, bound to a stake and drowned as the tide of the Bladenoch River rose. Their death, with the manner thereof, is recorded in stone in the churchyard below where they were buried. *Requiescant in pace.*

On the way from Wigtown to Barrow Head, at the end of a branch railway, there is a very ancient town, a royal borough since the days of Robert the Bruce. This is Whithorn, the name derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Hvit-ærn*. It was near here that St. Ninian, at the end of the fourth century, built



Photo by

DUNSKEY CASTLE.

J. Keating & Sons Ltd

The most interesting antiquity at Portpatrick is the extensive ruin of Dunskey Castle, which stands on the edge of an impregnable headland of Castle Bay half a mile to the south of the town. It was formerly a seat of the Blair family, and was protected on the land side by a ditch and drawbridge.

what has always been held to be the first stone church in Scotland. The saint, sometimes called St. Ringan, dedicated the church to St. Martin of Tours. The church became famous, for there was buried its founder, together with many other saints. Later on, to quote Robertson, "the ancient shrine was renowned as a pilgrimage, whither kings and princes, churchmen and warriors, with people from many realms, came by sea and land to make their devotions." Amongst them came James IV, walking the whole way from Edinburgh and back, sometimes twice a year. The little town of Whithorn is justly proud of its relics, ecclesiastical and otherwise.

On Luce Bay, looking across a 15-mile expanse of water to The Rinn, is Portwilliam. Near by, there is a park in which lies a lake: Myrton Loch, it is called, whose peculiarity, so tradition saith, is that the one half thereof "doth freeze by naturall congelation as other pooles and plashes, but the

other is never seen to bear anie yce at all, which "— the writer is Boece—" unto me dooth seeme to be a greate wonder." It is, certainly, a remarkable phenomenon that would puzzle many besides the old historian of Dundee. The M'Cullochs had a castle on the banks of the lake, whose ruins still crown a small hillock. Seafaring folk these same M'Cullochs were, and turbulent "rustlers" of their peaceful neighbours' cattle; for on the Isle of Man the people would cry:

"Keep me, my good cows, my sheep and my bullocks,
From Satan, from sin, and those thievish M'Cullochs."

Wigtownshire is part of the country of Galloway, that is to say, all that corner of Scotland west of the River Nith. The earliest population was a race of small, dark men, possibly similar to the Iberian



Photo by,

CASTLE KENNEDY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Castle Kennedy was built in the reign of James VI and was the seat of the Earls of Cassilis until it passed to the Stair family in the seventeenth century. The castle, uninhabited since a fire in 1715, stands in beautiful gardens, containing a remarkable collection of trees.

Basques. For many centuries it is conjectured that these people held their land against the inroads of the Picts, but in the end they were either conquered or absorbed. Conquest, in these early days, generally meant complete destruction; a clean sweep, and start again. Absorption by a race of fighting men, especially enemies, inveterate and backed by years of hate, would be most unlikely. Whatever may have happened, and of the two, conquest and annihilation is the more probable, the people whom Agricola found towards the end of the first century, and whom Ptolemy described as Novantæ, were Atecott Picts.

Of the Pictish folk and their ways there are ample remains in the shape of cairns and forts, hut-circles and crannogs, lake dwellings such as have been found in the drained lake of Dowalton, near Sorbie. The Romans established a station at Rerigionium, on the eastern side of Loch Ryan, and a camp at Rispaïn. Of the Roman occupation little is known, and it is probable that it did not last long.



Photo by

ROCK SCENERY, PORTPATRICK.

Lawrence & Sons, Ltd.

Pierced as it is with many fissures and caves, the whole of this part of the coastline is very rugged and offers a rich variation of rock scenery. The photograph shows a great cleft in the cliffs known as "Dashers Den."



Photo by]

THE CREE NEAR NEWTON STEWART.

The Cree, immortalised by Burns, is one of the loveliest of Wigtownshire rivers. At Newton Stewart it enters a broad valley, and a little farther on it becomes tidal and navigable to small vessels. The photograph shows a pretty reach known as "Fisher's Legget."

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

WILTSHIRE

THE philosopher once discovered "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything"; food for thought, in fact, in all that Nature's hand has made. Thus with English counties. In all and each one there is beauty to be found, even though the most hideous thoughts of man, materialised in factory chimneys, blacken the sun's rays, and the clang of the railway goods yard disturbs the peace of the night. Devon's unrivalled glories of combe and tor, of dark moorland trout streams scrambling down to the deep-wooded valleys, merge into the peaceful lowlands of Somerset; and beyond are the rolling plains of this strangely beautiful Wiltshire. It is dominated, that goes without saying, by Salisbury Plain, a great undulating tableland bounded, to give it a

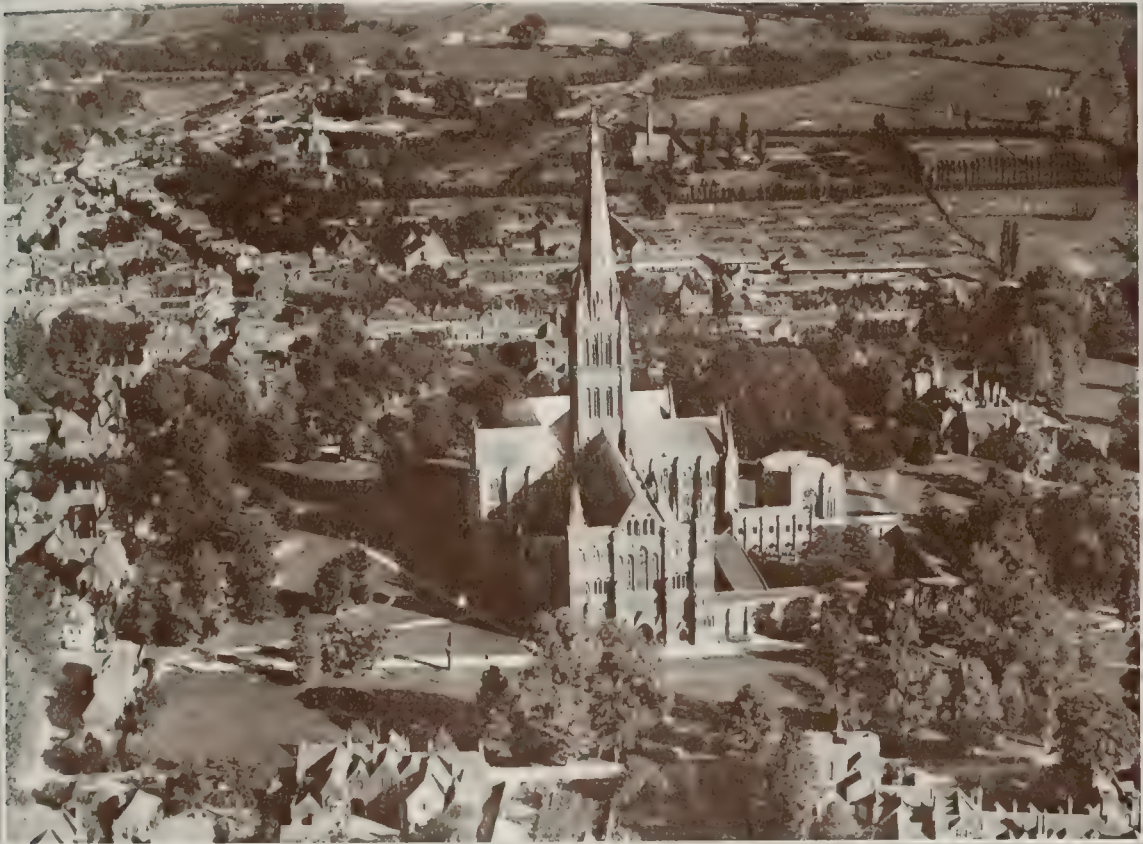


Photo by

GENERAL VIEW, SALISBURY.

Central Acrophoto Co.

The ancient city and county town of Salisbury, or New Sarum, has a history dating from the thirteenth century, when the see was transferred to it from Old Sarum. Standing on the north bank of the Avon near the edge of Salisbury Plain, it is an important agricultural centre and the headquarters of the Southern Command of the British Army.

convenient artificial border, by the South-Western line between Andover and Salisbury, the cross-country line that joins Salisbury and Westbury, the main line of the Great Western Railway running from Westbury to Savernake junction, and the cross-country Midland and South-Western junction line from Savernake to Andover. All Salisbury Plain is in Wiltshire, except for the Tidworth corner. North Tidworth is in Wiltshire, South Tidworth in Hampshire.

To the layman Salisbury Plain used to mean a vague expanse of desolation placed somewhere near Salisbury, a city with a cathedral and a high spire; a huddled collection of monoliths of mysterious origin called Stonehenge, and a place for the exercise of soldiers; its last phase connected, for some reason or other, with Sir Evelyn Wood. However, the layman deemed it necessary to lay aside his umbrella and bowler hat, and assume for a few years the garb and manner of the soldier; and so he

came to know Salisbury Plain, and—who knows?—to love it. *En passant*, the soldier has, generally, only two recollections of the plain: dust and mud.

It is desolate, in parts very desolate: that cannot be denied. Let us recall Ingoldsby's "Dead Drummer," and the weary trudge of the two men across the storm-swept plain:

"Not a shrub, nor a tree,
Not a bush can we see,
No hedges, no ditches, no gates, no stiles,
Much less a house or a cottage for miles."



Postcard.

THE CLOISTERS, SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The large cloisters are separated from the cathedral by a passage known as the Plumberies. They date from the latter part of the thirteenth century, and were restored by Bishop Denison, who died in 1854. They measure 181 feet in length on each side, and the beautiful windows, with six-foiled circles in the head, are a striking feature of the design.

On the turf of these chalk downs the sheep find splendid pasture, and the shepherd of the plain, though much fencing has reduced his numbers, is not extinct. We can picture him, cloaked, and in the brim of his round hat a bunch of yellow hawkweed, as he leads his great flock, his dog beside him; and the sheep follow their shepherd. The arable fields begin from the edge of the downs, "generally," to quote Cobbett, "of very great dimensions, and in some places running a mile or two back into little cross valleys formed by hills of downs. After the corn-fields come meadows on each side, down to the brook or river. The farmhouses, villages, and hamlets are generally in that part of the arable which comes nearest to the meadows." The River Avon, rising near Savernake, has found for itself a way through the range of chalk downs that bounds the plain on its north side at Upavon, and it is in the Avon's valley, and in that of the Bourne, its tributary, joining the Avon at Salisbury, and in that of the



Photo by

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

Rev. W. Mann, M.A.

One of the classics of English architecture, Salisbury Cathedral was begun in 1220 and finished forty years later, so that it is throughout of uniform Early English design. The graceful spire was added a century later, and is 404 feet high, making it the tallest in England. Daniel Rogers, a local inhabitant, asserted in verse that there were as many pillars, windows, and doors in the cathedral as the year has hours, days, and months.



Photo by

CHOIR AND NAVE, SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

The nave, which is extremely lofty, is separated into bays by clustered columns of Purbeck marble, and the fine proportions of the whole design give one an impression of perfect harmony. The brass choir-screen is modern, and the throne and reredos were designed by Sir G. Gilbert Scott.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Wylie, that the villages of the plain lie. It was the upper part of the Wylie valley, near Warminster, that made so strong an appeal to Cobbett's fancy. His "Rural Rides" had taken him far afield, and yet he found this district "the brightest, most beautiful, and of its extent the best of all. Smooth and verdant downs, hills and valleys of endless variety as to height and depth and shape; rich cornlands unencumbered by fences; meadows in due proportion, and those watered at pleasure; and, lastly, the homesteads and villages, sheltered in winter and shaded in summer by lofty and beautiful trees; to which may be added, roads never dirty and a stream never dry." The last remark would amuse the soldier in camp at the foot of Windmill Hill or Tidworth Pennings. This beauty of wooded scenery is not merely to be found round Warminster. It is all round the southern borders of the plain, and



By permission of

OLD SARUM.

Underwood Press, Salisbury.

The large conical-shaped mound known as Old Sarum and situated 2 miles north of Salisbury was originally a British entrenchment. As a Roman fort it was known as *Sorbidunum*, and as a Saxon town its name was *Sarobyrig*. It became an important Norman town after the bishopric had been transferred here from Sherborne, and remained as such until the removal of the see in 1331, after which it gradually fell to ruin. The photograph shows fragments of the great entrance gateway.

especially in the east in the neighbourhood of the village of Ludgershall and the Collingbournes. The terminal "bourne" is curiously common round here. Besides the three Collingbournes on the eastern edge of the plain, there are Winterbourne Bassett and Winterbourne Monkton on the road that runs north to Swindon, skirting Marlborough Downs, and over the Hampshire border you find Hurstbourne Tarrant, St. Mary Bourne, and Hurstbourne Priors; again, there are three more Winterbournes near Salisbury. All this repetition of names recalls to the memory the quaint group of "Burnhams" on the northern coast of Norfolk.

Pepys visited Marlborough, and found it to be "a pretty fair town for a street or two, on one side the great houses supported with pillars which made a fair work." This was in 1668, only fifteen years from the great fire that practically swept the town away. This fire, in 1653, started in the

yard of a tanner in High Street. The flames rapidly spread, and in an incredibly short time both sides of the street and the town hall were gutted. St. Mary's Church and two hundred and fifty houses were destroyed, and nearly a thousand people deprived of their homes. The real meaning of such a calamity—the value, in our money, of the destroyed property, would be something like a hundred and fifty thousand pounds—can with difficulty be realised. Let us remember that then there was no insurance. It means that the people were robbed of their houses and all their precious personal belongings; their shops were destroyed, their stock burnt. They were, in fact, ruined. At Whitehall, the Council ordered that collection should be made throughout the country in aid of the stricken town. Then they set to work and rebuilt as best they could. But the town could never recover its former importance.



Photo by

LONGFORD CASTLE, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

H. N. King

The seat of the Earl of Radnor, the magnificent pile of Longford Castle stands in a large park on the River Avon, 3 miles south-east of Salisbury. It was designed by John Thorpe, and was completed in 1591 from the proceeds of a Spanish treasure. The building has been so much altered and added to that the two round towers on the garden side are practically all that remains of the original castle.

It was partially burnt again in 1679 and 1690, and then, at last, an Act of Parliament condemned the thatched roofs.

Merlin is said to have been buried beneath the Castle mound of Marlborough, and thus to have given it his name *Merlebergh*. This may be so, and the motto of the borough is "Tibi nunc sapientis ossa Merlini." All this is very pleasant and picturesque, but perfectly reliable authorities refuse to dabble in romance, and prefer the Anglo-Saxon "Mærl-leah," meaning cattle boundary. The town appears to have been quite important in the early Norman times. William I had a castle there, and locked up some Saxon ecclesiastics in it. He also had a mint there. Then, in Henry I's reign, Bishop Roger rebuilt the castle. The Empress Maud's champion, Fitz-Gilbert, held it for her. He must have been an uncomfortable neighbour, though, doubtless, a tough fighter. He scoured the countryside, burning



Photo by J.

ON THE BRIDGE, WILTON PARK.

J. & S. Sons, Ltd.

Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, was begun in the reign of Elizabeth, and many famous architects, including Inigo Jones, Webb, and James Wyatt, have been associated with its design. The house contains a valuable collection of paintings by old masters, Greek and Roman sculpture, and mediæval armour. It was here that Sir Philip Sidney wrote part of his "Arcadia," and Shakespeare is said to have acted in "As You Like It" in the great hall. This covered Palladian Bridge over the Nadder was designed by Inigo Jones.

and ravaging wherever it pleased him, to the distress of good William of Malmesbury, who, perforce, had to dub him "the root of all evil, a very firebrand of Hell." The Angevins and Plantagenets were evidently keen on Marlborough. John married Isabella there, and in 1267 Henry III held a Parliament in the town, when Simon de Montfort's Statutes of Marlborough were enacted. The main attraction was the good hunting to be had in Aldbourn Chase and the spacious Savernake Forest. Marlborough's castle saw stirring times, but it has vanished entirely, and nothing of it is left.

Francis Lord Seymour built a house at Marlborough, and entertained Charles II and his Queen there; and later Frances Countess of Hertford lived there, cultivating poets and others of a learned nature, Isaac Watts amongst them. Thomson, the poet, wrote and dedicated "Spring" to



THE CHURCH, FUGGLESTONE ST. PETER.

H. N. King.

Fugglestone St. Peter is a tiny village on the River Wylde, a little to the east of Wilton. The photograph shows the ancient parish church, which is a quaint little building and has a tower of somewhat unusual design.

his hostess, Spring "blooming and benevolent," as he wrote, "like thee." Artificiality was the keynote of the architecture and lay-out of the ground; with, according to the absurd ideas of that time, elegantly contrived ruins, dainty waterfalls, and, of course, the ubiquitous and inevitable grotto, fit bower for the cultivation of the Muse. At least, so they say, the poets found. Then, or some years later, the place became an inn, and a celebrated one it was, too; the Castle Inn it was naturally called. But railways came along, and the inn ceased to flourish. It drooped and faded, and finally withered altogether. Finally, a strange metamorphosis, it became a public school, and, after a hard fight, achieved its present high position. Perhaps "the souls of poets dead and gone" still roam beneath its roof and listen to the hearty voices of boys of a more athletic and less artificial generation.

Among Lady Hertford's poets was Duck, "Thresher" Duck, in sobriquet, a farmer's labourer by trade. Queen Caroline adopted him, and gave him a pension. Besides being a Yeoman of the Guard,



A WORCESTERSHIRE COTTAGE.

If any parts of the country can specially claim to be representative of Old England, surely it is those midland counties, Warwickshire and Worcestershire in particular, that by their association with Shakespeare are linked so directly with the past. In this connection there is nothing so typically reminiscent of that less hurried age as the beautiful flower-girt cottages that still remain to adorn and humanise the countryside.

"Thresher" became a parson, and received the living of Byfleet. Madness overtook him, and he drowned himself in 1750. Swift, who liked a sly dig at all and sundry, lampooned him:

"Tho' 'tis confessed that those who ever saw
His poems think them all not worth a straw,
Thrice happy Duck! employed in threshing stubble
Thy toil is lessened, and thy profits double."

Wiltshire is a wide-reaching county, and up in the north-west are Chippenham and Calne. The former, an old market town, as the Anglo-Saxon name "Ceapen" indicates, was connected with Alfred and his sister Ethelswitha, who married the King of the Mercians, Burhead. Alfred sojourned here



Photo by

AT STAPLEFORD.

Herbert Eaton.

The little village of Stapleford nestles by the side of the Winterbourne, which flows northwards from the Wylde along the foot of a range of hills extending into Salisbury Plain.

after Ethandune Fight and the signing of the Peace of Wedmore. It is a busy place now, a railway centre, and the home of cheeses and bacon. Near it is Maud Heath's Causeway, running from Chippenham Clift to Wick Hill for $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It is a stone path, crossing a low-lying district subject to severe floods. Maud Heath was a market woman, flourishing towards the end of the fifteenth century. Knowing from hard experience the perils that lay in the path of the wayfarer what time the water was out, good Mistress Heath built the causeway from her own savings, and endowed it. Where the Avon crossed its path she built it on sixty stone arches. At the one end of the causeway there is carved on a stone:

"Hither extended Maud Heath's gift,
For where I stand is Chippenham clift";

and at Wick Hill an inscription reads :

" From this Wick Hill begins the praise
Of Maud Heath's gift to these highways."

Calne is a pleasant, unobtrusive little place, lying away from the busier world. Its claim to real solid celebrity is based on bacon, the famous Wiltshire bacon beloved of all. It is said that two great bacon-curing establishments connect porkers into breakfast food to the tune of a hundred thousand animals a year. It was in 978 that a really amusing incident occurred at Calne. St. Dunstan and the newer sect of the Church were ardent advocates of celibacy ; the old British Church had never been



Photo by

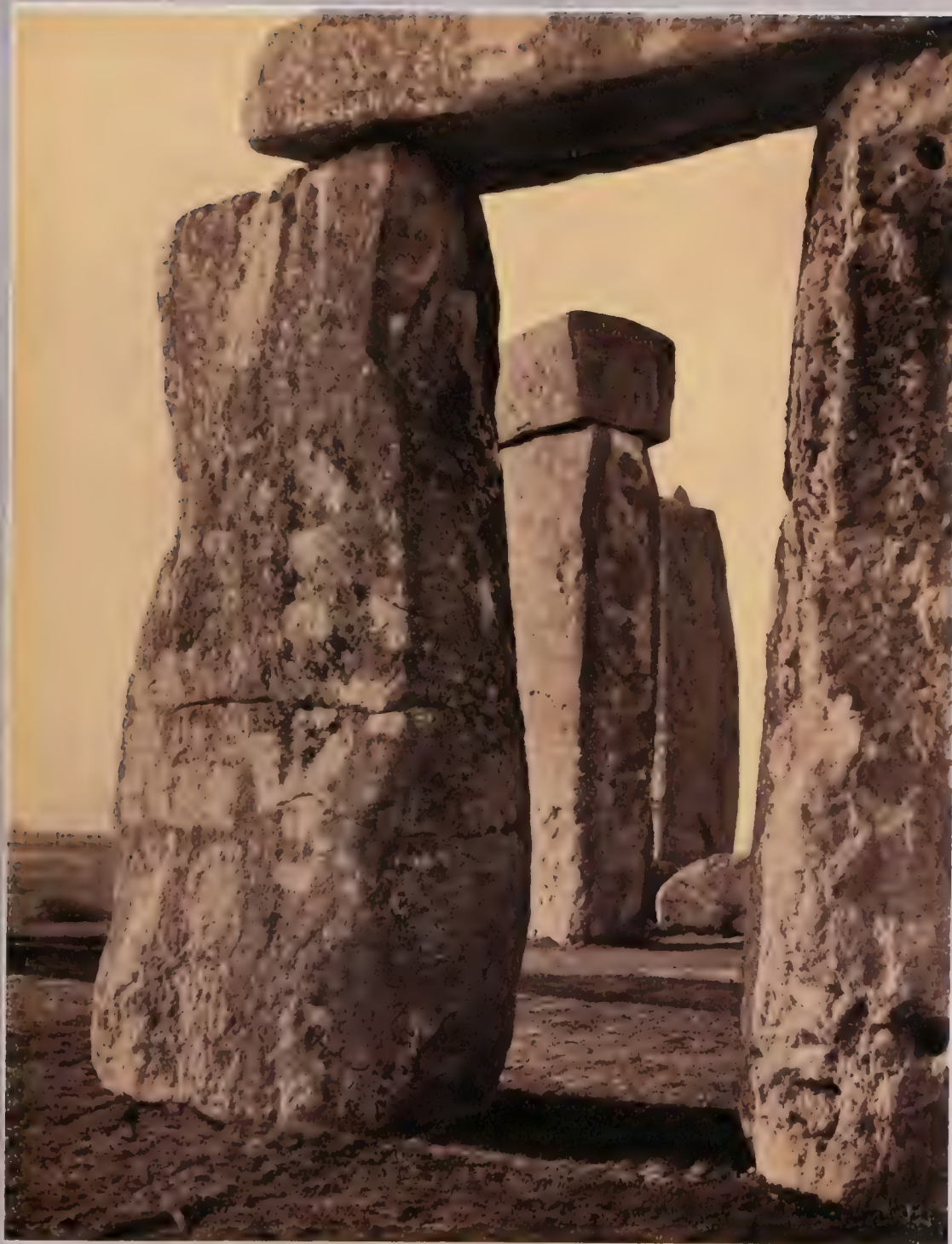
A COTTAGE AT LAKE.

Herbert Felton.

Lake is a tiny hamlet in the valley of the Avon, 2 miles south-west of Amesbury. These picturesque old cottages, with their thatched roofs and white-washed walls, are a characteristic feature of the Wiltshire scenery, and form an essential part of the many old-world agricultural villages in the county.

very keen on it. A witan had been held at Winchester, and was continued at Calne. The great celibacy question was thoroughly thrashed out. Suddenly, without a word of warning, the floor of the building in which the arguments were proceeding gave way. The anti-celibates were hurled into limbo, and the pro-celibates, headed by the redoubtable Dunstan, remained safe. An omen, they cried, that their cause was a right and good one. Some of the bruised and battered "antis," however, had the unspeakable baseness to suggest that somebody had been tinkering with the joists that had so ill supported their portion of the floor.

" The toune of Malmsburie stondeth on the very toppe of a great slaty rock and ys wonderfully defended by nature . . . " says Leland. Nature, too, has been very kind to it in her gentle way, in



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A CORNER OF STONEHENGE.

Underwood Press Service.

There are many legendary accounts of the wonderful monument on Salisbury Plain, but its actual date and purpose have never been ascertained. The belief that it was a temple of the sun built about 1680 B.C. rests upon the fact that on Midsummer Day the rising sun shines almost straight down the central avenue, but more probably Stonehenge was originally sepulchral, and it may also have had ceremonial uses. Some of the gigantic stones are as much as 20 feet in height, and many tons in weight.



Photo by

NEAR SWALLOWCLIFFE.

(F. O. Hoppé.

Swallowcliffe is a small village $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west of Tisbury in the vale of the Nadder, between Boxbury and White Sheet Hills. This pretty waterfall is typical of the fine scenery to be found in the river valleys which radiate through the uplands from Salisbury.

compensation, perhaps, for its ruined state. *Caer Bladon*, the Britons called it, and the Saxons *Ingelburne* (yet another "bourne" to add to the little collection referred to a page or so back in this article). A monastery was built, quite a modest affair, by a missionary, Maidulph—the spelling of his name does not really matter much—in the early years of the seventh century. So learned was he that Aldhelm, later the Bishop of Sherborne, a nephew of King Ina, became his pupil. Aldhelm returned to Malmesbury later—it was then called Maidulfesburgh—and was the first abbot. In 930, as a reward for the tough resistance on the part of Malmesbury's burgesses to the Danes, King Athelstan made them the grant of a fine estate near Norton. The commoners' rights are still in force in the little town. Only the son, or the husband of a daughter of a commoner may be a commoner, and commoners must live in the town.

The abbey must have been a glorious thing in the heyday of its fame. There were two towers.



Photo by]

THE WHITE HORSE OF WESTBURY.

Herbert Leland

The great white horse cut on the slope of Bratton Down, 3 miles from Westbury, is the most ancient monument of its kind in Wiltshire. According to legend it was built to commemorate a victory of King Alfred's in 890. The outline measures 180 feet from head to tail, while the eye has a circumference of 25 feet.

central and western. The central one, with a tall spire, fell at the end of the fifteenth century, and the western, a great square one, according to the faithful chronicles of Leland, fell some years later. Terrible to relate was the fate of the abbey. A rich clothier, Master Stumpe, bought up the church, lock, stock, and barrel, for a big sum, £1,117 15s. 11d., well over twelve thousand pounds in our money to-day. This wicked vandal turned the monastic buildings into a weaving factory, and even ventured to set up his looms in the chapel on the south side of the transept, sacred to the memory of the martyred abbot John the Scot.

Malmesbury's personalities were many. We know of William of Malmesbury, the historian. Oliver of Malmesbury, a monk of the time of the Conquest, or a bit before, interested himself in star-gazing, and even tried his hand at a little flying. Alas, the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak! So the story runs, he gave himself wings, tied to his hands and feet, and leapt lightly from one of the

towers of the abbey. But mother earth, in a stony mood, received him, together with two broken legs. Alas, 'tis a thorny path indeed that a pioneer must tread! In very truth Malmesbury has a storied though stormy past. Perhaps—who knows?—it is happier living the simple retired life it does to-day.

Old Swindon is, and always has been, a market town, and no small one either. Its fairs have been famous for centuries. It has four great fairs a year. Two of these are held under Charles I's charter, and the other two are mop fairs for hiring servants. Near Swindon is a tiny village, Coate, where Richard Jefferies, the nature writer, was born, and in the neighbourhood, on the chalk downs, are many well-known entrenchments and camps.

At Bradford-on-Avon, where every inch of the little town has some historic relic, it is not easy to



Photo. by.

AT EDINGTON.

[W. F. Mansell.]

Edington, about 4 miles from Salisbury, is a place of great antiquity, its beautiful church having been built by William of Edyngdon in Edward III's reign. There are also slight remains of a priory founded concurrently with the church. The photograph shows an old timber and plaster house.

pick out any one thing. Perhaps it is the Saxon church. It is dedicated to St. Lawrence, and is close to the parish church. The great interest in it is in the fact that it is the only complete Saxon church in England. Early churches with Saxon towers, like St. Benet's at Cambridge, are not uncommon; but another complete Saxon church does not exist. At one time, hemmed in by buildings, its real identity unknown, it was called the Skull House. In the eighteenth century it became a charity school. Its "discovery" as a church is really interesting. In 1856 a certain Canon Jones, standing on an edifice in the town, fancied, amongst a crowd of buildings, that he could make out something of an ecclesiastical nature. This proved to be the Saxon church. The rest of its history is well known, and can easily be read in local guides.



Photo by

Herbert Tilton.

A CHARMING OLD PORCH.

If the old Wiltshire cottages lack anything in convenience, they nevertheless have a picturesque appearance that is seldom rivalled in the more utilitarian dwellings of to-day. This photograph of a shady cottage porch shows the charming effect produced by the old-fashioned roof of thatch.



Photo by

BISHOP'S GATE, DEVIZES CASTLE.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Devizes Castle was one of four fortresses built by Bishop Roger, and witnessed much fighting in the reign of Stephen and during the Civil War. Slight remains of the inner moat, keep, and dungeon are still to be seen.

A conical mound is all that remains of Old Sarum, the *Sarobyrig* of the Saxons and the *Sorbidunum* of the Romans, undoubtedly an earthwork of the British, and the cradle of Salisbury. For many years it was a place of paramount importance; then its glories swiftly departed, and, like Lucifer, it fell, never to rise again. A convent had been established there by the Confessor's Queen, Editha, Nuns of St. Mary, and the see of Sherborne was translated there in 1072 by Bishop Herman. Here begins its ecclesiastical importance, which lasted for just under a hundred and fifty years. The religious community were at loggerheads with the military who garrisoned the place, and finally the former were practically turned out. Cried Peter of Blois, "What has the house of the Lord to do with castles? Let us, in God's name, descend unto the level. There are rich campaigns and fertile valleys, abounding in the fruits of the earth and profusely watered by living streams." So the community departed—(they couldn't very well help it!)—and settled down among the rivers that meet where Salisbury now stands, the Avon, the Bourne, and the Wylfe. Pope Honorius III granted the licence and Bishop Poore laid the foundation stone of the new cathedral on April 28, in the fourth year of the reign of Henry III. Forty years later, in the royal presence of Henry and the Queen, Eleanor of Provence, the completed building was consecrated by Archbishop Boniface. The cloisters and chapter-house were next built, and by the beginning of the fourteenth century the spire and the upper part of the tower were finished. The builders were fortunate in having their material close at hand. The quarries of Chilmark, a dozen miles away, in the Nadder valley, supplied Portland stone, and from Purbeck, in Dorset, came marble for the pillars. The cost of the building, which seems to have been raised by a whip-up all over the country, as well as from some generous



Photo by]

OLD HOUSES, POTTERNE.

[Herbert Fellow.

The village of Potterne, two miles south of Devizes, is a place of considerable antiquity, having been a manor of the Bishops of Salisbury as early as 1338. The number of fifteenth-century half-timbered cottages gives the narrow main street a very picturesque appearance.

donations—Alicia de Bruere gave a twelve years' grant of stone—cannot have been less, in to-day's spending power, than half a million pounds.

Of the wonders of the church, the inevitable local worthy, a certain Daniel Rogers, discovered the equally inevitable coincidences (are there not girls' schools in Eastbourne for every day of the year, and a similar number of islands in every Irish lough?). Here are some of the good man's lines:

“As many days as in one year there be
 So many windows in this church you see.
 As many marble pillars here appear
 As there are hours through the fleeting year.”



Photo by

THE VILLAGE STREET, STEEPLE ASHTON.

[Herbert Felton.]

Steeple Ashton, a few miles to the east of Trowbridge, was formerly noted for its settlement of cloth manufacturers which remained here until the sixteenth century. This curious sundial is about 200 years old and marks the site of the market cross, built at the time of the Conqueror. The structure on the right is the old village lock-up.

The cathedral undoubtedly ranks with the finest in the country, and it has, fortunately, a spacious and beautiful close, shaded by limes and elms and cedars. The spire and the upper part of the tower were, as we know, built some years after the main building, and their style is Early Decorated. With the exception of this—and to the average layman the clash of styles is inconspicuous, whatever it may be to an architect—the harmony of the cathedral is perfect. No more complete example of an Early English cathedral exists. The noble and graceful spire, more beautiful in its delicate perfection of outline than any other in the world, the finely proportioned tower that supports it, with the canopied arcades and octagonal turrets, blend perfectly, and merge, as it seems, the one into the other, as they rise higher and higher to heaven. Like many other great churches, the grey stone takes on warmth and light and shade as morning



[Photo by Wilkinson.]

THE BRIDGE, BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

[By permission of W. F. Mansell.]

The ancient town of Bradford-on-Avon was formerly famous as the centre of the broadcloth industry and has a history dating back to the eighth century, when Adhelm founded a monastery here. It is built in a picturesque confusion of terraces up the steep slopes of the Avon valley and commands lovely views of the river scenery. The lower portion of the chapel on the old town bridge once belonged to the Hospital of St. Margaret and was later used as a Blind House or lock-up.



Photo by W. L. L. L.

[By permission of Underwood Press Service.]

THE DOORWAY: SAXON CHURCH, BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

The Church of St. Lawrence at Bradford-on-Avon is the only complete Saxon church in the country. The nave, which is only 26 feet long, was used with the porch as a parish schoolhouse during the eighteenth century.

yields to afternoon, and then to the evening, as the sun shines full on it from the west, or the clouds, dark and stormy, race across the sky, a grim background. There is in the South Kensington Museum a very wonderful Constable picture of Salisbury Cathedral. The greyness stands out clear-cut, drawing-in and exhaling, as it were, the light, and behind and above are the clouds sweeping and rolling across the blue.

To-day our cathedrals are mostly in big towns, or, at any rate, in such towns as show tall chimneys, and gasworks and such like, over which the cathedral appears. But one prefers to picture Salisbury, rising in its perfect grace above the cedars and elms of the Close, among its fields and rivers and streams, sending a message of hope far over the rolling plains and chalk downs.



Photo by Wilkinson

FIREPLACE, WRAXHALL MANOR.

[By permission of W. F. Mansel.]

The old manor house at Wraxhall is one of the most interesting houses of its kind in the country. It was commenced by the Long family in the first half of the fifteenth century and contains some magnificently decorated apartments. The beautifully sculptured fireplace in the drawing-room is adorned with figures representing Prudence, Justice, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Pan.

Salisbury itself grew up with its new cathedral, increasing its population by incursions of the inhabitants of Old Sarum, who, failing, presumably, to hit it off with the occupying soldiery, followed their old ecclesiastics. Henry III made it a "free city," and Edward I confirmed the charters. Its rise was evidently rapid, and the young city soon found itself mixed up with the broils of the world. Here, in 1484, came Richard III from London, where he had received the news of the capture of Buckingham.

Catesby—My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news.



Photo by

THE STABLES, LACOCK ABBEY.

[W. F. Munsell.]

Lacock Abbey is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Avon and was founded in 1232 for Augustinian canonesses by Ela, Countess of Salisbury. The abbey church was pulled down after the nuns were dispersed in the sixteenth century and the remaining buildings were converted into the present private residence by Sir William Sharington.

King Richard—Away towards Salisbury ! while we reason here
 A royal battle might be won and lost.
 Some one take order Buckingham be brought
 To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me.

Buckingham was led "to the block of shame," where "wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of



Photo by

RAY MILL, LACOCK.

[E. H. Binn.]

The pretty village is given a quaint old-world atmosphere by the number of fifteenth-century timbered buildings and ancient stone houses which line the few streets. The photograph shows the fine undershot wheel of Ray Mill.



Photo by]

PORCH OF ALMSHOUSES, CORSHAM.

[Valentine & Son, Ltd.

The one-time residence of Wessex kings, this ancient town has several old buildings of interest in its immediate neighbourhood. These seventeenth-century [almshouses on the outskirts of the Corsham Court estate still retain some good examples of the woodwork of their period.



Photo by,

THE LAKE FROM THE TERRACE, BOWOOD.

The famous seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne stands in a fine park of over a thousand acres comprising part of the Forest of Pewsey, ornamental gardens and a large lake making it one of the most beautiful demesnes in the kingdom. The mansion was built in the Italian style by the Earl of Shelburne in the reign of George III, and contains a valuable collection of pictures and sculptures.

[H. N. King.]

blame," in the yard of the Saracen's Head, then called the "Blue Boar," and his skeleton was found about 90 years ago beneath the kitchen. They called it his skeleton because the head was missing. With the exception of that, there is not the slightest justification for identifying the bundle of bones with those of Buckingham.

Before returning to Salisbury Plain and the contemplation of Stonehenge, a reference should be made to Cranborne Chase. It lies, what there is left of it, along the Dorset border of Wiltshire, south of the road that runs from Salisbury to Shaftesbury, passing through Broad Chalk, where Maurice Hewlett lived, whose romances reflected so much of Wiltshire's great forests and



Photo 15

OLD HOUSES, CASTLE COMBE.

[C. Uchter Knox.]

In early Norman days the village belonged to the Dunstanvilles, from whom it passed to the Scropes, remaining with them for five hundred years. These pretty old cottages are no less a feature of interest than the wealth of prehistoric remains.



Photo by

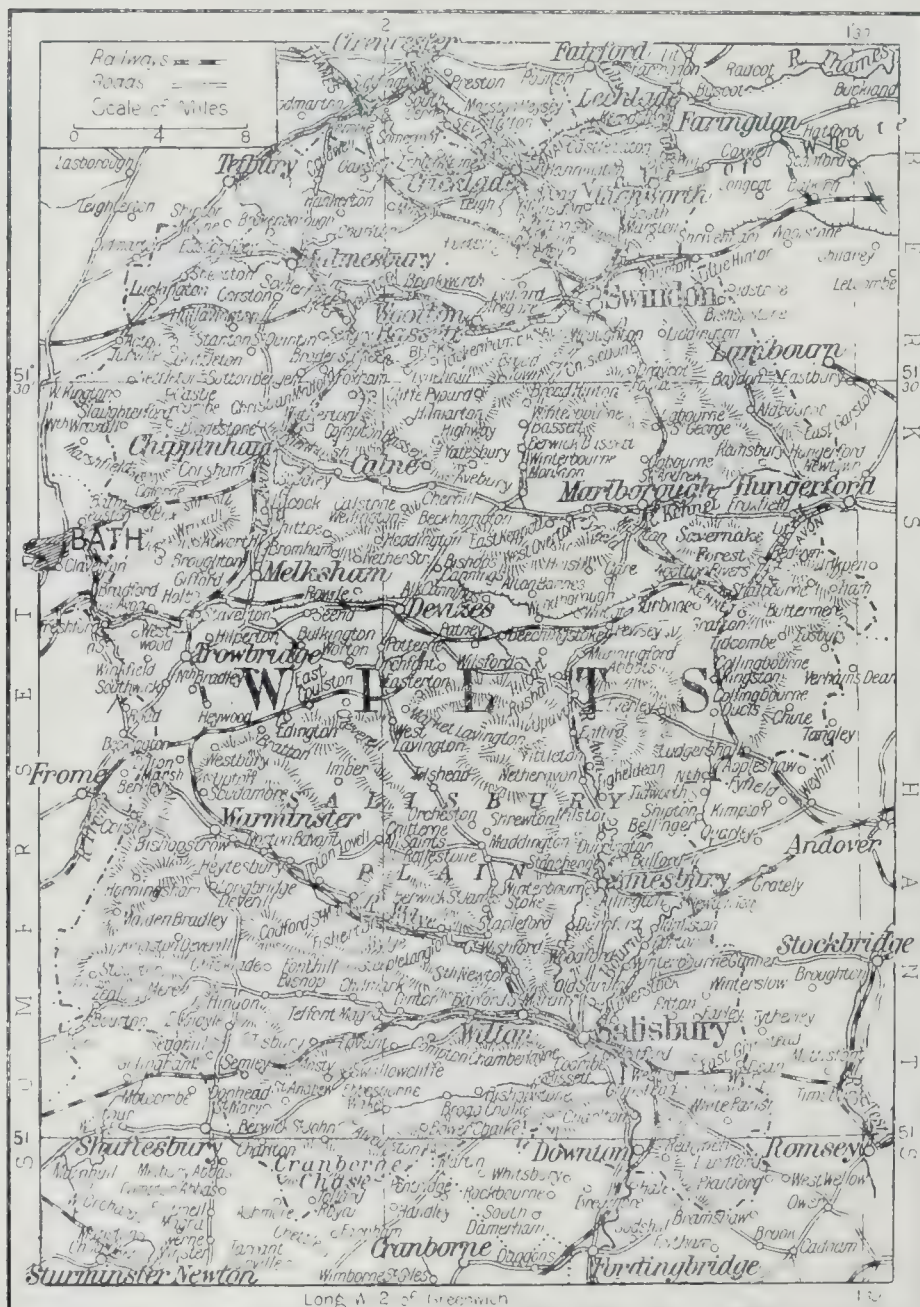
THE MARKET CROSS, CASTLE COMBE.

[C. Uchter Knox.]

Castle Combe, on the Somerset border, is one of the most picturesque villages in the country and is full of interest to the antiquarian and lover of beauty. Among the antiquities are extensive remains of earthworks and ramparts, the ruins of a Norman castle, an old market cross, and several ancient houses.

chalk downs. The Chase was at one time a royal forest, covering many square miles of Wiltshire, Dorset, and even Hampshire. It included as many as seventy parishes. As a "chase" it was held by the Gloucester family, and through the heiress, who was John's consort, passed into the king's hands, and so became a "forest." Seven hundred thousand acres it was in all, and divided into "walks" and "ridings," watched by a gentleman ranger. Naturally, poaching, on scales small and

big, was prevalent, and actually became a sport favoured by the local gentry, degenerating into the inevitable conflicts with the rangers and their men. This continued, getting worse as time went on. The Chase gradually became the resort and sanctuary of half the rogues and vagabonds of the coast towns, and finally, after a more than usually serious collision between keepers and deer-stealers, the matter was taken up by the great landowners of the country round. In the end the Chase was disafforested, with compensation to the then holders of the rights, the family of Lord Rivers. To-day, though robbed of its broad acres, its oaks converted into ships of war or commerce for generations, until wooden walls were replaced by steel, Cranborne Chase is still a beautiful, breezy upland, albeit the deer have departed, and but rabbits and hares remain.



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GEOGRAPHIA

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MAP OF WILTSHIRE.

To the man in the street, who, presumably, represents a large number of persons, Stonehenge is a familiar name, remembered from the pictures in the carriages of the South-Western Railway, as a clumsy, tumble-down collection of great stones, grouped for reasons unknown to him. To the man in the street, then, comes the question of the why and wherefore of this conglomeration of stone. The answers to these questions—complete, definite answers—are not possible, because the



By permission of

MALMESBURY ABBEY.

[G.W. Railway.]

The celebrated abbey at Malmesbury was originally built by Roger of Salisbury in the twelfth century, and from that portion of the nave that is used as the parish church it is evident that the building was of an impressive grandeur surpassing that of many cathedrals. One of the most striking features of the edifice is the richly moulded and sculptured south porch.



Photo by]

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE FROM THE AIR

[Vico Aerial]

The seventeenth-century mansion built by Webb for Lord Seymour, and famous in coaching days as the Castle Inn, became in 1843 the nucleus of the great public school known as Marlborough College. In his romance "The Castle Inn," Stanley Weyman wrote, "In the panelled walls that echoed the steps of Dutch William and Duke Chandos, through the noble rooms that a Seymour built that a Seymour might be born and die under their frescoed ceilings, the voices of boys and tutors now sound."

origin of the circle is only dimly visible in the slowly clearing mists of the past. Experts of several sciences advance their theories from the putting into practice of *their* particular science, but without regard to the particular deductions drawn from the particular science of the next expert. "The astronomer, archæologist, geologist, and anthropologist"—the quotation is from Mr. Frank Stevens' admirable little work on Stonehenge—"have each their share in the solution of the problem, but each also has the bias due to his own special science. The mineralogist solves the problem of the Foreign Stones by suggesting 'glacial drift,' without reference to the geologist, who will tell him that the local gravels contain no pebbles which belong to those classes of stones known as Foreign Stones." Mr. Stevens is probably right when he sums it all up: "Time, and constant careful investigation, will pierce some of the mists which must always shroud the origin of Stonehenge, but the true solution will be for the field archæologist, rather than to the weaver of theories or the student in his library."



Photo by

OLD BRIDGE, AVEBURY.

[Herbert Felton.

Few places in England have such a wealth of prehistoric remains as are to be found at Avebury. The famous Avebury Circle consisted mainly of a great circular earthwork and fosse, three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and three inner circles. The photograph shows a Roman footbridge in the neighbourhood.

The stones come from two sources. First the great trilithons. These, tertiary sandstone, come from Salisbury Plain itself, and are called Sarson Stones, from the word Saracen; in other words, heathen or pagan. The ring of single stones and the inner horseshoe, called Foreign Stones, were brought from South Wales.

So far as the "wherefore" of Stonehenge, it was certainly a place for religious worship, but of what? The sun, perhaps, or Nature. Priests and cults for them to maintain existed in those neolithic times. The careful and systematised methods of burial as shown in the Long Barrows prove this. Thus, if there was a spirit to live after death, in whose respect the dead body must be buried according to some rite, then there must be priests, masters of the ritual, teachers, expounders of these strange, unknown mysteries. The oft-repeated fable that Stonehenge was a temple of the Druids will not hold water for a minute. The Druids, about whom, by the way, there has been an amazing quantity of contradictory literature, existed far later than this rough date, 1700 B.C., now generally accepted as the foundation of Stonehenge.



[In permission of]

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL FROM RIVER SEVERN.

[G.W. Kesteven.]

The handsome cathedral at Worcester was founded by the Saxons, and the Norman building which replaced it was destroyed by fire in 1202, so that the only old part surviving is the crypt built by St. Wulfstan in 1084. The nave was remodelled in the fourteenth century and the noble central tower was completed in 1374, but the whole edifice has been so much restored as to have an appearance of comparative newness.

WORCESTERSHIRE

THERE is one part of Worcestershire with which BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL has little to do and little to chronicle. This is in the northern portion of the county, where the Black Country stretches its hideous arms into several counties; where, if you can have no light or joy or beauty, and if Nature flees as if from the plague, at any rate you may purchase every imaginable article that can be turned out of metal, from a gigantic girder to the hairspring of a watch, and from a two thousand pound motor chassis to a tin-tack. In this sooty part of Worcestershire can be found parts of Birmingham, Halesowen, Stourbridge, and Dudley. With such, commendable as are their energies in the transmogrification of the elements into the conveniences that our overfed twentieth century demands, the search for the picturesque, save, perhaps, for the *bizarre*, would be unrewarded. Of the beauties of the Black Country the chronicler is idle.

Worcestershire, generally speaking,



Photo by]

OLD FERRY GATE HOUSE, WORCESTER.

[R. T. M. L. P. S.]

The old houses are gradually disappearing from Worcester, and this Old Ferry Gate House, within the Cathedral precincts, is one of the few remaining dwellings that have any claim to antiquity.

possesses luxuriant charms, such as you find in Devon and Somerset, in the dales of Yorkshire, and in Oxfordshire, watered by a hundred streams. There are lofty hills, striking in their outlines, wooded on their southern slopes; the Cotteswolds, where first is seen the baby Thames, the Malvern and Hagley Hills, and that far-famed hill on the Shropshire border of Mr. A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Lad":

"In summer time
on Bredon
The bells they
sound so clear;
In all the shires
they ring them,
In valleys far and
near:
A joyous noise to
hear."

Then, in this county, there are rivers—the Severn, the Avon, Stour, and Teme, broad and gracious streams, running through rich and fertile valleys, the Vales of Worcester and Evesham.

In Worcestershire's seven hundred and fifty square miles more than five-sixths is under cultivation, and of this more than half, say sixty per cent., is permanent pasture. Fruit is grown largely, especially round Evesham—(are not the Evesham plums justly famous?); vegetables there are in large quantities, and, a staple of considerable importance, hops. The population per square mile is high, and the towns are many—busy, too, and, which is not to



Photo. by

THE COMMANDERY, WORCESTER.

[Herbert Felton.]

This picturesque example of Tudor domestic architecture was founded by St. Wulfstan in about 1085 as a hospice for travellers and is the most interesting secular building in the city. It was suppressed by Wolsey in 1524, and afterwards came into private hands.

be despised, prosperous. Dudley has been mentioned. Worcester has a population round about fifty thousand. Other corporate boroughs are Bewdley, the birthplace of a very distinguished statesman; Droitwich, famous for its salt; Kidderminster, the great centre for carpet-making; and Evesham, a modest, unassuming place to-day, but famous in its past. Besides these boroughs, there is a handful of towns quite important, but unchartered, content to flourish under the beneficent régime of an Urban District Council.



[R. T. M. Toyn, A.R.P.S.]

THE CRYPT, WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

The many-pillared Norman crypt, described by Willis as "a complex and beautiful temple," comes second in date among the four cathedrals with apsidal crypts in the country. It is entered from the south transept and is an excellent example of the various characteristics of Norman architecture.



Photo by]

INTERIOR, WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

[Herbert Felton.

In the south aisle may be seen one of the few examples of Norman work which remain in the nave. This handsome monument is to Bishop Philpot, and the great organ was presented by Earl Dudley.

William Cobbett, who, in his *Rural Ride* throughout England—undertaken, of course, for political purposes—found time to comment with some shrewdness on the various agricultural aspects, praised the fields and valleys of the Severn and Avon. Some of them, he found, contained more than a hundred acres each, and the number of cattle and sheep feeding in them prodigious: Leicestershire sheep, and the cattle, Herefords, white of face and dark of body, than whom few oxen are more beautiful. The astute old traveller came to an interesting conclusion. "Unless," he says, "we should have very early, and even hard frosts, the grass will be so abundant that the cattle and sheep will do better than people are apt to think. But, be this as it may, this summer has taught us that our climate is the *best for produce* after all; and that we cannot have Italian sun and English meat and cheese. We complain of the *drip*; but it is the drip that makes the beef and mutton"—a judgment admirably delivered, and worthy of Solomon himself.

Towards the latter half of the seventh century a tribe of the Gloucestershire folk, the Hwiccas, having worked their way up the valleys of the Severn and Avon, established themselves in the modern county of Worcestershire, and made what was later to be Worcester itself the see of their diocese. Though the diocese received the blessing of Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury, it had to struggle for exactly a hundred years against the set will of successive Bishops of Lichfield. However, it was at last established, and the first cathedral started. The Bishop's church was St. Peter's. This was absorbed into the Monastery of St. Mary, and the secular canons of St. Peter's became monks of St. Mary's. In 983, Bishop Oswald built the first cathedral. However, its glory was to come with Bishop Wulfstan, after the Norman Conquest. It is worth mentioning, *en passant*, that in 1041 the Dane Hardacanute destroyed Worcester on account of the murder of two of his tax-collectors by the citizens. Wulfstan, who was the only English bishop left on his see at the Conquest, was an energetic prelate, and in all ways above his Saxon brothers of the cloth, especially with regard to the spiritual and disciplinary. He settled down to build a

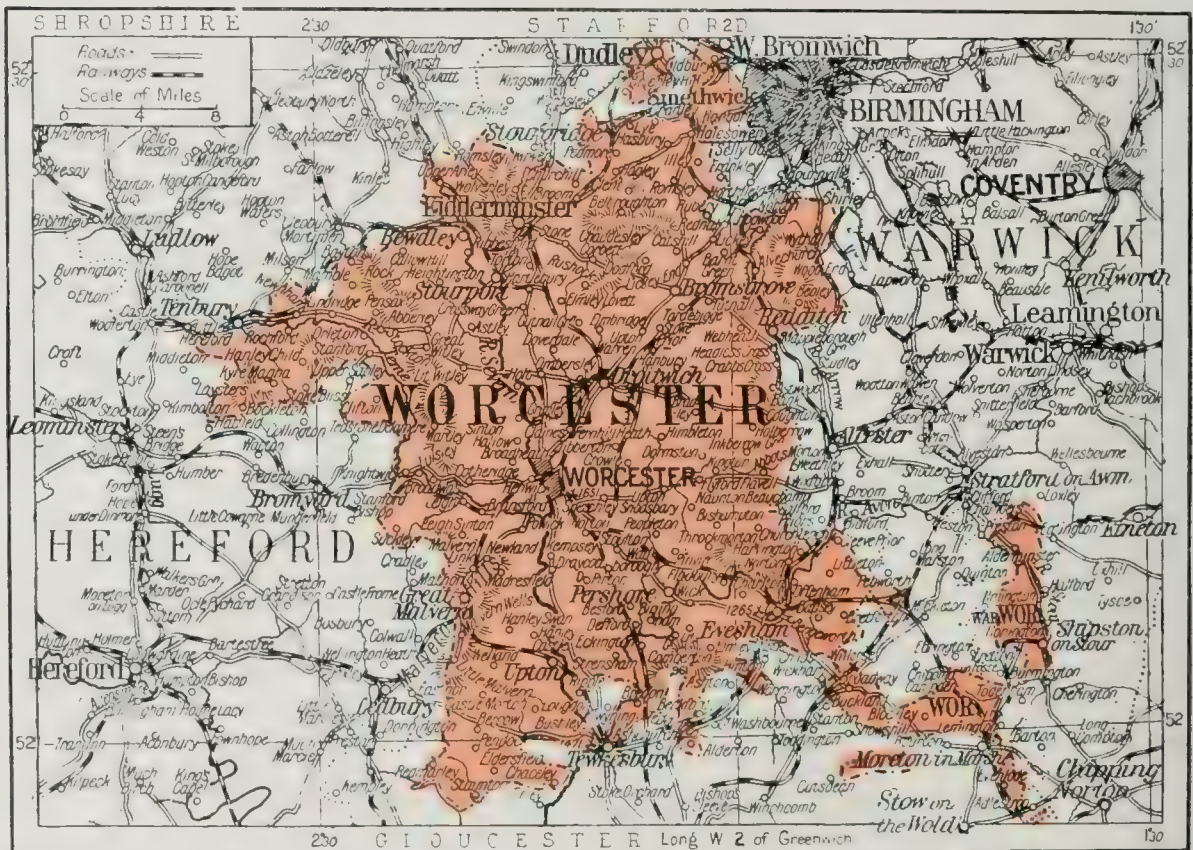


OLD STEPS IN MONASTERY, WEST CATHEDRAL PRECINCTS, WORCESTER.

The extensive remains of the monastic buildings lie to the south of the Cathedral and connected to it by the cloisters. The refectory dates from about 1372 and has Norman vaulted cellars. The photograph shows the old steps to the kitchen.

worthy cathedral to our Lord and the Virgin Mary. He built a good deal, in the Norman style, getting as far as the transepts and part of the nave. In 1175 the central tower fell, and most of the work on the nave was destroyed.

Much that is unjust has been said of Wulfstan. The hundred years from the day of Senlac had seen a merging of Norman and Saxon. Mixed marriages were common, and the manners and customs of an English and a Norman household were similar to a degree. Wulfstan was essentially an Englishman, and was always considered as such. He maintained, however, Norman fashion, a train of knights, and the pages who served him at table had joined his retinue so that they might acquire the polite manners and usages of chivalry. Still, Wulfstan was a convivial man—convivial in the old English fashion. His banquets were prolonged from high noon to the setting of the sun, and, seated at table, the old bishop saw that his guests lacked nothing; still



MAP OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

a temperate man himself. So lived the saintly Wulfstan at Worcester, as he watched day after day his Norman cathedral rising, stone by stone, from its foundation.

By 1218 the cathedral was finished and dedicated, and the body of the newly canonised Wulfstan was placed in a shrine there. This shrine, naturally and rightly, became an object of veneration and pilgrimage, and thither came many, whose gifts greatly enriched the monks. So much so was it that they were thus enabled to build the Lady Chapel and to rebuild the choir in Early English style. In the fourteenth century the nave was restored, or, rather, remodelled, in the Decorated style, with a preponderance of Early Perpendicular work. The Early English choir is very beautiful. The general appearance of the outside of the cathedral is plain, though the tower, of the fourteenth century, close on two hundred feet high, is ornate.

Cobbett found Worcester Cathedral, in comparison with the many others that he had been visiting, to be a poor thing. But he waxed enthusiastic over the town, describing it as one of the cleanest, neatest, and handsomest towns he ever saw. "Indeed," he says, "I do not recollect



Photo by

HARVINGTON HALL, NEAR CHADDESLEY CORBETT.

Herbert L. ...

Harvington Hall is a moated manor house built between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. The earlier part of the building — seen on the left — is built of brick with stone quoins and mullioned windows. The low seventeenth-century building in the centre contains the entrance gate opening on to the bridge over the moat. On the north-eastern side of this has been added the eighteenth-century part of the house. The whole edifice contains a number of remarkable priest-holes and secret chapels.



Photo. by

[H. J. Smith.]

WARNDON CHURCH.

Warndon Church, two-and-a-half miles north-east of Worcester, stands in the fields near a farmhouse and is some distance from the nearest road. The photograph shows the curious old porch and the sixteenth-century timbered tower.

to have seen any one equal to it. . . . The town is precisely in character with the beautiful and rich country in the midst of which it lies. Everything you see gives you the idea of real solid wealth ; aye ! and thus it was, too, before, long before, Pitt, and even long before ' Good Queen Bess ' and her military law, and her Protestant racks, were ever heard or dreamed of." Cobbett was a stormy bird of passage, and even at his then age, close on sixty-five, there seemed to be no lack of fuel stacked ready at his hand to feed the furnace. At Worcester, it is worth recording, Cobbett heard, with grim satisfaction, of the auctioning of, *inter alia*, portraits, framed and glazed, of Pitt, Burdett, and Paine. Pitt, "with hard driving and very lofty phrases," went for fifteen shillings ; Burdett reached twenty-seven ; and Paine, "in great haste," was knocked



[Photoby]

[Herbert L. ...]

AT TROTSHILL.

Trotshill is a small agricultural hamlet two-and-a-half miles east of Worcester. Although so near the county town, it still retains much of that old-world charm associated with the Worcester villages.

down for five pounds, and the successful bidder, Cobbett was informed, could easily hope to secure fifteen pounds for it.

In spite of all his truculence (and, if ever there was a turbulent character, it was Cobbett !), he was a sincerely appreciative traveller. In Worcestershire he paid a gracious tribute to the beauty and charm of the estate of a certain Member of Parliament, Sir Thomas Winnington. The house and estate lay near the Shropshire border, some fourteen miles north-west of Worcester. Cobbett was pressed, against his inclinations, to stay over night, and found himself, at six o'clock the next morning, browsing in his host's well-stocked library, and, incidentally, in a very amiable temper, especially delighted, and possibly surprised, that his host, Sir Thomas, was well acquainted with the insides of his books. All round him was beautiful country ; on one side a fine piece of water, and a distant valley opening between lofty hills. On another side undulating ground, with

groups of trees and on yet a third side beautiful little hills, some in the form of barrows on the downs, only forty or a hundred times as large, one or two with no trees on them, and others topped with trees. Perhaps it was the warm sun and a comfortable breakfast that prompted the devil of laziness to whisper to the old warrior, "Could you not be contented to live here all the rest of your life, and never again pester yourself with cursed politics?" Almost is he tempted. "Why," answers the sage, "I think I have laboured enough. Let others work now. And such a pretty place for coursing, and for hare-hunting and for woodcock shooting, I dare say; and then those pretty wild ducks in the water, and the flowers and the grass and the trees and all the buds in spring, and the fresh air, and never, never again to be stifled with the smoke that from the infernal Wen ascendeth for evermore, and that every easterly wind brings to choke one at Kensington." The temptation to stay and dally with Nature's best and



[F. H. Binney.]

THE LOFT, CLEEVE PRIOR.

[F. H. Binney.]

The village of Cleeve Prior is picturesquely situated on a ridge rising 200 feet from the valley of the Avon. The manor house is a rambling building dating back in parts to the sixteenth century. The photograph shows an old outside staircase leading to a loft.

brightest was doubtless great, but the arena, the sanded floor, the eager seconds, the excited crowd—could Cobbett ever resist the chance of seeing Prosperity Robinson hanging his head in shame, or of ousting with shrewd invective Stanley and Wood! So Nature took a back seat.

Evesham lies in a bend of the River Avon, a bend like the end of a man's thumb. In the extreme corner of this bend, surrounded on three sides by the river, was the garden of the old abbey. The town lay on the right bank of the river, and the road to Wyre Piddle and thence to Worcester ran in a north-westerly direction down by the Avon. To the north the road led to Alcester and Stratford-on-Avon, and a mile along this road, just where a branch turns off to join the Wyre road, was fought the great Battle of Evesham on August 4, 1265. Young Simon de Montfort, lodging in Kenilworth, full thirty miles from the Royalist headquarters, fancied himself



PIRTON CHURCH TOWER.

The isolated Church of St. Peter at Pilton is of various dates from the twelfth century onwards. There are three examples of these half-timbered bell towers in the county.



Photo. by.]

[Herbert Felton.

FLADBURY FERRY.

Fladbury, three miles north-east of Evesham, is prettily situated on a curve of the River Avon, near the foot of the tree-covered Craycombe Hill. This picturesque old ferry house stands right on the edge of the ruin, not far from the bridge, which was built less than 30 years ago.

secure and occupied billets in the town, and not in the castle, where he would have been amply safe. Prince Edward, with the aid of a woman called Margot, who, secreted in the town disguised as a man, gave him all the information he required, hastily marched from Worcester in the night and surprised the enemy in their beds at dawn. Simon and a few of his knights escaped, but the loss was very heavy and the rout of de Montfort's force complete. The next day but one, the Earl of Leicester, crossing the Severn at Kempsey, four miles below Worcester, halted on his march to Kenilworth at Evesham and encamped there, a town surrounded, as has been pointed out, on three sides by the river. The spot was badly chosen. At dawn on August 4 the only bridge across the river was held for the Prince by Roger Mortimer. "Rogerus de Mortimer a tergo vincebat," Hemingburgh chronicles it. At the same time, Edward, who had,



Photo, by

THE AVON AT FLADBURY.

H. C. C. C.

The Avon rises near Naseby, in Northamptonshire, and, entering the county at Harvington, makes a tortuous course south-west to the Severn at Tewkesbury. The photograph shows a beautiful stretch at Fladbury, which is typical of the fine meadowland and wood scenery which is a characteristic feature of the Worcestershire part of the river valley.

according to his custom, moved rapidly, appeared north of the town, and another force, under the Earl of Gloucester, to the north-west. On the west and south, be it understood, the Earl was hemmed in by the river. It was Lewes again, but the position was reversed. "By St. James!" cried the Earl, "they come on bravely, but it was from me that they learned this order. Let us commend our souls to God, for our bodies are theirs." To his son Henry de Montfort, who bade his father not despair, old Simon said, "I do not despair, but it is thy presumption and the pride of thy brothers which have brought me to this pass. Now, however, as I believe, I shall die for God and the just cause."

The Earl and his sons led their forces out of the town and met the enemy a mile up the hill. Llewelyn had provided him with five thousand Welshmen, but at the critical moment, when

a quick dash might there was just the chance, and the Montfortians lacked not courage have turned the day, these men deserted him. A small force of English footmen and a few—a very few—knights and his sons remained faithful to him. Surrounding their leader, they fought stubbornly to the end. Henry de Montfort was the first of the knights to fall. The Earl's horse was killed under him, and standing in the midst of the carnage, whirling his great double-handed sword, he fought on. But the end could not long be delayed. Stabbed in the back, he fell, and was instantly killed. The old king Henry would have followed de Montfort had he not declared himself. "I am Henry of Windsor!" he cried to a knight about to kill him. "For God's love, strike me not; I am too old to fight!" He was rescued by his son and sent off the field escorted by knights, while Prince Edward returned to complete the slaughter. So, in the thunderstorm that blotted out the sun and darkened the day, the great Earl of Leicester went to his appointed



CHADBURY MILL, EVESHAM.

Photograph Co., Ltd.

Chadbury is a hamlet on the Avon, two miles north-west of Evesham. This old mill, with its surrounding trees, forms a picturesque break in the open pasture land.

place with over two thousand knights and squires and footmen, and the Battle of Evesham was fought and done with.

Of the ecclesiastical glories of Evesham not very much is left standing. St. Egwin founded a Benedictine house in the eighth century. A wealthy and widely renowned abbey it became, but at the Dissolution of the religious houses it was largely destroyed. There is a Norman gateway and a bell tower of the middle sixteenth century, in the ornate Perpendicular style. So far as one knows about its early status, Edward the Confessor granted the town certain market privileges in 1055, and its organisation as a town must have been fairly complete from certain distinct records of it in Domesday.

Kidderminster, though actually on the little River Stour, stretches its borough borders as far as the Severn. This borough is tremendously big, eighteen square miles in area. The town grew up round the Church of St. Mary, built some time early in the twelfth century on a hill above



Photo by

ROUSE TENCH COURT, NEAR EVESHAM.

F. O. Hippi.

The old manor house in the picturesque village of Rous Trench formerly belonged to the Rouse family. The garden contains some wonderful old yew hedges



Photo by

COURT FARM, BROADWAY.

F. O. Hippi.

Broadway is a large and attractive village pleasantly situated on the Oxford road to the south of Evesham. Among the several artistic, literary, and stage celebrities who have taken up their abode here is the famous American actress, Mary Anderson, who lives at the quaint old seventeenth-century residence here shown



Photo by

A PATHWAY IN THE MALVERN HILLS.

[R. T. M. Toyn, A.R.P.S.]

The wooded undulations of the Malvern Hills are traversed by many easy paths ascending to the various view-points, the ancient British camps, and other places of interest. The hills were formerly a royal chase and much of them have been retained as common land, so that no one need be denied the enjoyment of the magnificent scenery to be found all over their glorious profile.

the Stour. Fifty years or so later it became a borough, and the cloth trade was soon established there. Carpets, the staple industry of the town, were first manufactured in the eighteenth century. This was at a time when, thanks to the development of the means of water transit, all the local industries were booming. A waterway had been created along the Stour to Stour-bridge. This and canals placed Kidderminster within easy reach of the coalfields of the Black Country, and provided the necessary means of transit for the growing trade. Bewdley, three miles to the west of Kidderminster, was at one time included with Shropshire in the Welsh Marches. It developed in a quiet way and became quite an important place in this northern part of the county. This was principally because it had the fortune to possess a bridge over the Severn, to which "resorts many flat and longe vessels to cary downe and up all maner of merchandise to



Photo by

THE PRIORY CHURCH, MALVERN ABBEY.

Rev. W. Mason, M.A.

The fine Priory Church at Malvern is mainly a fifteenth-century building, but the Norman work in the nave is a relic of the Benedictine priory traditionally founded here by Aldwyn in 1083.

Bewdlay and above Beudeley." Leland's two spellings of the name in one sentence are curious and inexplicable. He seemed to be fully appreciative of the advantages that the town had, apart from the "goodly fair bridge . . . of great arches of stone." The town, he found, was set on the side of a hill, "so coningly that a man cannot wishe to set a towne better." A handsome and striking place it must have been, for "at the rysynge of the sunne from este the hole towne glittereth, being all of new building, as it wer of gold." Shipping, in the "many flat and longe vessels," occupied a considerable part of the interests of the little town, and the making of caps, a compulsory article of dress for all living in the place, with a fine of three shillings and fourpence for noncompliance with this admirable order. The idea of supporting your home industries by means of the penalties of the law is worthy of the notice of our rulers, and might be revived and

developed. At Bewdley Prince Arthur was married to the young Katherine of Aragon, the bridegroom being present by proxy, and it was here that his body rested travelling from Ludlow to Worcester, where he was buried in the Cathedral.

The folk of Bewdley had refused to have the termination of the Staffordshire Canal at Wribbenhall: none of Brindley's "stinking ditch" for them. It was, then, at Lower Mitton, close to the confluence of the Severn and the Stour, that the canal finished, a spot where there was only one house. This was in 1771, and Stourport began to rise, with its quays and warehouses and factories. A bridge was built across the Severn, and the once tiny village settled down as a prosperous little manufacturing town.



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MALVERN HILLS.

(R. I. M. Town, A.R.P.S.)

The Malvern Hills extend nine miles north and south along the Worcestershire and Herefordshire border and command magnificent views over portions of fifteen counties. Worcestershire Beacon in the north, the tallest of the conspicuous heights, attains an altitude of about 1,400 feet. The photograph shows the view looking south over the Wyche Cutting.

Tenbury, a dozen miles west of Bewdley, is another border town. It lies on the River Teme, and has been a market town for a large area of country since it received its first charter in 1249. In 1840 a medicinal spring was discovered, and Tenbury became a spa and a health resort. It was an unromantic period, this of the 'forties. One could have wished that the spring had been discovered in the days of the Regency. Tenbury might have enjoyed a society equal to that of Bath in the days of Beau Nash. The tower of the old church remains, and part of the chancel. The rest was destroyed by a flood in 1770, and a new church built on to it. There are still interesting monuments in the church. For the rest, there is nothing more to say of Tenbury.

The Malverns lie about the eastern slope of the Malvern Hills, which here mark the boundary between Worcestershire and Hereford. Domesday included Great Malvern in the Forest of Malvern,



Photo 1

H. V. Kemp

THE STEPPING-STONES, MADRESFIELD COURT.

The little village of Madresfield lies under the Malvern Hills two miles north-east of Great Malvern. Madresfield Court, the seat of Earl Beauchamp, is a moated mansion in the Tudor style, standing in a well-wooded park of many acres.

at that time a great area stretching from the River Teme in the north down to the county boundary in the south and Tewkesbury. Round the Benedictine Priory a quaint legend has come down with the years. The Danes were attacking the Deerhurst Abbey, and St. Werstan, fleeing from the ruthless swords, sought a refuge in Malvern Forest, guided by angels. There he built a chapel, and there he was afterwards martyred. So much for the legend. Let us get on to something more like hard facts with the chronicler William of Malmesbury. "In that vast wilderness called Malvern" a monk of St. Wulfstan's, Aldwyn, lived, sharing his modest and meagre abode with another hermit. The Earl of Gloucester appears to have granted Aldwyn a site in the time of the Confessor. His monks adopted the Benedictine rule, and attached



Photo by

OMBERSLEY CROSS.

H. Hart Esq. Mon.

Ombersley is a large village standing on the Kidderminster road near the River Severn, five-and-a-half miles north of Worcester. This ancient cross and part of the chancel are practically all that remains of the old Church of St. Andrew, which was pulled down and rebuilt in 1830.

themselves to Westminster Abbey. Practically nothing is left of the old priory; it could not survive the Dissolution. We are referring to the buildings, not to the church, which was bought for twenty pounds by the inhabitants, their old church of St. Thomas being in a ruinous condition.

Little Malvern, three miles to the south in Malvern Chase, is a village of small importance, though its church will give many hours of interest to the architect and antiquary. Charles II is said to have sojourned, after Cromwell's "crowning glory" at Worcester, at Pickersleigh Court, a very pretty half-timbered old house near Malvern. This is, however, not correct. But what is interesting about Pickersleigh is a false floor or hiding-place. This false floor was in a passage leading to a bedroom, and gave directly on to a cellar, or "priest's hole." It is recorded that



From the Painter's View

ON THE HILLS NEAR HARROGATE, YORKSHIRE.

The hilly country in the north-western portion of the West Riding is widely different from the industrial region which surrounds the coalfields. The famous inland watering-place of Harrogate lies on the eastern edge of the beautiful upland country, the pastures of which yield gradually to the wilder districts of the heather-covered moors.

G. F. Nicholls.

some years ago the occupants of the house, two maiden ladies, whose bedroom was at the end of this passage, used to remove the false floor nightly, thus isolating themselves from any unwelcome intruder.

Worcestershire has several houses boasting these secret rooms and hiding-places. One of the most interesting is at Armscot Manor House. It is a gabled house, and in one of the gables there is a hiding-place approached through a narrow opening contrived in the wall. The local story tells that Guy Fawkes hid there. This is merely due to the mixing up of the names of Guy Fawkes and George Fox. The latter was certainly at Armscot, and was arrested in the house. But, far from being in hiding, he was sitting in a lower room when the magistrate, Parker, arrived and arrested him. Then there is Bitsmorton Court, an old house surrounded by a moat.



Photo by

TEME VALLEY, NEAR ABBERLEY.

Herter, Felon.

The western part of Worcestershire, through which the River Teme runs, is undulating pasture land, with orchards and hop fields. The photograph shows the Teme Valley near Abberley. This village is situated in the considerable range of hills running south, of which Woodberry Hill is particularly prominent.

In the oak-panelled dining-room there is a secret chamber, a means of escape from the house, for from it a passage runs beneath the moat, with an opening on the other side. Sir John Oldcastle hid here, so history relates, during the Wars of the Roses. The best example in the country of a house containing secret chambers, etcetera, was undoubtedly Hindlip Hall, three miles from Worcester. Father Garnet, the Jesuit, was captured there, and other dangerous persons, in the January of 1605. A warrant having been issued to Sir Henry Bromlie, and a proclamation delivered "describing the features and shaps of the men, for the better discovering them, he" — this description can be found in the British Museum "not neglecting so weighty a business, horsing himself with a seemly troop of his own attendants, and calling to his assistance so many as in discretion was thought meet, having likewise in his company Sir Edward Bromlie, on

Monday, Jan. 20 last, by break of day, did engirt and round beat the house of Mayster Thomas Abbingdon, at Hindlip, near Worcester."

Sir Henry Bromlie settled down to the job of searching the house with a great thoroughness, despite Abbingdon's strenuous denials that there were any hidden on his premises. Hiding-places were found in the gallery over the gate, three others "contrived with no less skill and industry, were found in and about the chimneys, and one whereof two of the traitors were close concealed. . . . Eleven secret corners . . . were found in the said house, all of them having books, Massing stuff, and Popish trumpery in them. . . ." Three days were spent before any men were found in the secret places, and it was not until the eighth day of the search that they came



Photo by]

ROCK DWELLINGS NEAR KIDDERMINSTER.

[H. J. Smith

Kidderminster is a large manufacturing town standing on the River Stour, fifteen miles north of Worcester. In the neighbourhood there are traces of some curious dwellings that have been hewn out of the solid rock.

across the place in the chimney where Garnet, the Jesuit, lay hidden, and with him another named Hull. " . . . Marmalade and other sweetmeats were found there lying by them; but their better maintenance had been by a quill or reed, through a little hole in the chimney that backed another chimney into the gentlewoman's chamber; and by that passage candles, broths, and warm drinks had been conveyed in unto them."

Reading the quaint description of the capture of these eminently dangerous persons, one is bound to admire the small tooth comb way in which Sir Henry Bromlie set about his work. We may take it that, in colloquial phrase, he had heard of Hindlip Hall and its owner before.



Photo by

OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, KING'S NORTON.

With the gradual expansion of Birmingham, the mediaeval village of King's Norton has grown into an important suburb. This ancient grammar school stands to the north of the churchyard and was in use up to the end of the nineteenth century. The upper storey is half-timbered work, while the ground floor is of seventeenth-century design.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]



Photo, L.S.

OLD PIGEON HOUSE, DORMISTON.

[Herbert Pellon.]

Dormiston is a small village eight-and-a-half miles north-east of Worcester. This curious pigeon house stands in the grounds of the Moat Farm, a picturesque half-timbered building a quarter of a mile south-west of the church.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

YORK MINSTER.

York Minster, the largest of English mediæval cathedrals, is a building of three periods of architecture. The transepts are Early English, the nave and chapel belong to the Decorated period, while the choir and towers are mostly Perpendicular work. The present edifice is a gradual replacement of the church begun by Archbishop Thomas in 1080, but a wooden chapel erected for the baptism of Edwin in 627 was the first building to stand on the site.

YORKSHIRE

WITH a small murky patch in the south-west of the county sliced away—a patch where smoke-blackened factory chimneys proclaim the sway of industry—Yorkshire is a great stretch of glorious England, of moorland and dale, broad acres of green pasture-land and abundant rivers; and where the three Ridings meet, alone and aloof in the isolation of its own Ainsty, stands York, the capital and veritable centre of this great county. The Romans found the British on the site of the present city, and, naming it *Eboracum*, established a station there, the most important in the north of the country. The sixth legion was established in this fortress, close to the site of the present Minster, and the colony gathered round it. The place gained in importance rapidly; it was visited by the Emperor Hadrian, and Severus died there in 211. Then the Romans left, and throughout the fifth and sixth centuries the mantle of forgetfulness fell over the country, until 627, when King Edwin was christened there, and Paulinus, the first Archbishop of



Photo by

[Herbert, London.

ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, YORK.

St. William's College is a Jacobean building standing to the east of the Minster. It was founded in 1461 as a residence for chantry priests, but is now used as a House of Convocation.

York, was consecrated. That was thirteen hundred years ago, and since Paulinus' six years' rule as Archbishop there have been eighty-eight successors. With a few vacant years, prelate has followed prelate in close succession. When Roger of Pont l'Evêque died, in 1181, ten years elapsed before the consecration of Geoffrey, and on his death, in 1207, another nine years were to pass before the see was occupied by Walter de Grey.

To go back to King Edwin and his christening. This, Easter Day, 827, was celebrated in a

wooden church. The king set about building a much finer church of stone. Edwin's church was not very fortunate. There were many troubles after the king's death, and the fabric was mainly destroyed. Later it was burned and again repaired. Once again it suffered, when the city was destroyed by fire at the Norman invasion. Practically nothing remained, except the central wall of the crypt. Thomas of Bayeux, Archbishop of York from 1070-1100, started the reconstruction, and his work was carried on by many hands, until, with the erection of the north-west tower in 1470, the great Cathedral was complete, ready for its consecration, which was performed by Archbishop George Neville on February 2, 1472. Detailed description of the Cathedral is hardly within the scope of BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL. Suffice it to say that there is no English



Photo. by

THE CHOIR, YORK MINSTER.

[F. B. T. 100.]

The present choir was built between 1361 and 1405 and the magnificent Gothic rood screen separating it from the nave contains the statues of English kings from William I to Henry VI. The great fifteenth-century east window is one of the largest in the world.

cathedral of finer design and form, or of greater dignity, than St. Peter's at York. This form is simple—a Latin cross, the choir with its aisles, the transepts, and the nave with its aisles; the great centre tower, and the two towers flanking the west front; and the stained-glass has no rival in the country, and few, if any, in Europe.

York suffered severely at the time of the Conquest. Harold Hardrada had taken it in 1066, and in 1068 the men of the North rose, under Walthoef and Edgar the Atheling, stormed the



Photo by

BOOTHAM BAR, YORK.

Donald McLeish.

The city walls of York, three miles in circuit, form one of the most perfect examples of a medieval city fortification in Europe. They date mainly from the fourteenth century, and the north-west angle, which is broken by the Bootham Bar, here shown, follows the line of the original Roman wall.



Photo. L.

[H. Walker.

ST. MARY'S ABBEY, YORK.

The museum gardens extend along the walls from Lendal Bridge and contain a number of interesting buildings, including the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary. Its foundation dates from the time of the Conqueror, but the edifice was destroyed by fire in 1137, and the present remains are of a church begun in 1271.



Photo. L.

[Herbert Felton.

CITY WALL, YORK.

The city walls include considerable portions of Roman masonry and are from 12 to 17 feet in height. There were formerly six gates, numerous posterns, and as many as forty towers. The walls were restored, paved, and converted into a promenade in 1831.

Conqueror's castles and killed the Norman inhabitants. William at once retaliated by burning the town and laying waste the whole countryside from Tees to Humber.

To-day, the city, with a population of over eighty thousand inhabitants, possesses the variety of interests that go with a great capital and cathedral city. The ecclesiastical interest of the whole of the north of England is centred in York; it is the headquarters of the Northern Command, and a garrison town of considerable importance. The River Ouse is navigable down to the Humber, and the various industrial energies of its people are spread over the railway, some ironfoundries, motor engineering works, flour mills, breweries and tanneries, and several more of the like. But with all this display of industrial energy, York preserves its dignity, and remains, what it has always been, the great capital of the North of England.



Photo by]

WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE FROM THE POND.

[H. N. King.

The magnificent eighteenth-century mansion of Wentworth Woodhouse, three-and-a-half miles north-west of Rotherham, is the seat of the Earl of Fitzwilliam. The great glory of the edifice is the beautiful Italian facade, built in the Renaissance style. The garden front was designed by Delin and incorporates part of an earlier building.

The Yorkshire moors are mainly in the northern part, and stretch from the coast on the east to the western, or Lancashire, border, broken by a few miles of dale land, centring on Northallerton, the county town of the North Riding. The westerly part of the moor is crossed by a railway running from Northallerton to Hawes, through Bedale, and up the valley of the Ure in Wensley Dale. As the moors run east, they climb to the Pennine Range, but there are practically no mountains describable as such in Yorkshire. The pride of this country is the dale; and this is an expression that may mislead the stranger. The term as used in Derbyshire or Cumberland represents a narrow glen. In Yorkshire the dale is a broad valley, a big fertile territory, surrounded by its own hills, watered by its own river, its pastures irrigated by the tributary streams of the main river, and scattered upon its pleasant green face its group of villages. Here

is a community, living its own life, separated from its neighbours by the ridges of moors. Here, in the dales, are the ruined castles and abbeys, and here are those beautiful waterfalls that spring, so to speak, from their retirement as the traveller turns round a bend in the valley. These are all in the mountain lands of the north-west.

The eastern moorland, running from the broad plain that marks the upper reaches of the Ouse to the North Sea, is less mountainous. It is more of a moor proper. Rivers are smaller.

There are, too, in this region, dales, but these are far shorter, and the villages in them smaller, and the valleys lack the rich fertility of the greater dales in the west. On the northern side, separating the moorland from the hilly district called Cleveland, is the valley of the Esk, the river that carved for itself a passage through the cliffs to the sea. But this was in the far-distant past, when England was in the making, before Cymri or Gœdel or Brython inhabited the land. It is a beautiful coast at this point. Further to the south, below Scarborough, the chalk cliffs have dropped down, and smaller, more broken cliffs, have taken their place. Robin Hood's Bay is well worth viewing from the sea. It is surrounded, at the back, by hills stretching away to the moors, and breaking down to the shore, the Peak on the southern side, and on



Photo 1

WYMING BROOK, SHEFFIELD.

Underwood Co., Ltd.

The Wyming Brook, five miles west of Sheffield, is a small stream connecting the Revelin reservoirs. Its insignificant size is compensated for by the numerous little falls which beautify its course.

the north, where the little fishing town huddles its houses together in a valley, the North Cheek. The railway from Scarborough, emerging from the Peak at Ravenscar from a tunnel, winds round the contours of the hills to Robin Hood's Bay station, to climb over the hill to Whitby, where, on a high viaduct, it crosses the Esk Valley.

Whitby, a veritable "haven under the hill," is as picturesque an old-world town as anyone can meet in a day's march. The little harbour is full of bustle, the beach is lined with the



Photo by

ORIGINAL FRONT OF WAKEFIELD CHANTRY.

The beautiful fourteenth-century Chantry Chapel of Wakefield was endowed by Edmund, Duke of York, in 1398, but the building probably dates back to 1342. Other similar chapels existed at one time at Bolton, Eggleston, and Cattarick.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

[Uchler Knott.

Kirkstall Abbey, in the Valley of the Aire, was founded by Henry de Lacy about 1153 for Cistercian monks. The ruins consist mainly of the chapter house, the church, and the abbot's lodgings, and rank with Fountains Abbey in beauty. The church itself is in a good state of preservation, retaining practically in its entirety the original design.

flat-bottomed cobbles that they launch stern foremost, and the fishing smacks, many of the Penzance rig, rock on the waters.

"The captain said, 'Then have no fear,
For there are the lights of Whitby pier' "

—a couplet from some half-forgotten verses, written, one imagines, by a father for his seven-year-old son.

It was in the year 657 that Hilda came to Whitby—Hilda, the Abbess of Hartlepool—and she founded the monastery for men and women on the cliff looking over the river. The place is called by Bede *Streanæshalch*. The "halch," like the Northumbrian "heugh," means a cliff, and the first part of the word is probably a Saxon proper name. Two years before King Oswy had



Photo by]

HAWORTH MOOR

[H. Walker.

Haworth is a small village on the edge of the moors, three miles south-west of Kelghley. The Rev. Patrick Brontë brought his family to the parsonage in 1820, and it was here that the famous Brontë sisters pursued their literary work.

gained a great victory at Winwidfield, and as a thanks-offering had vowed to give sites for twelve monasteries in his kingdom. Hilda's Abbey, on the hill above Whitby, was probably one of them. From its inception it was a great success, and *Streanæshalch* waxed in prosperity and importance, and when it was time for Oswy and his queen, Aeanflæd, to seek a higher sphere, they were buried here. Six years after the foundation a great Synod was held to settle, *inter alia*, two points, the tonsure question and the fixing of the date for Easter. Oswy was there, and his son Achfrid, a king himself, the Abbess Hilda, and Bishops Cedd and Colman and Agilberctus, with many other ecclesiastical notabilities. Colman was Bishop of Lindisfarne, and championed the cause of the Irish custom. His antagonist was Wilfrid, later to become Bishop of York. "Thou art Peter," he quoted, "and to thee I will give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." To Colman, the king put the question, "Was it true that these words were spoken by

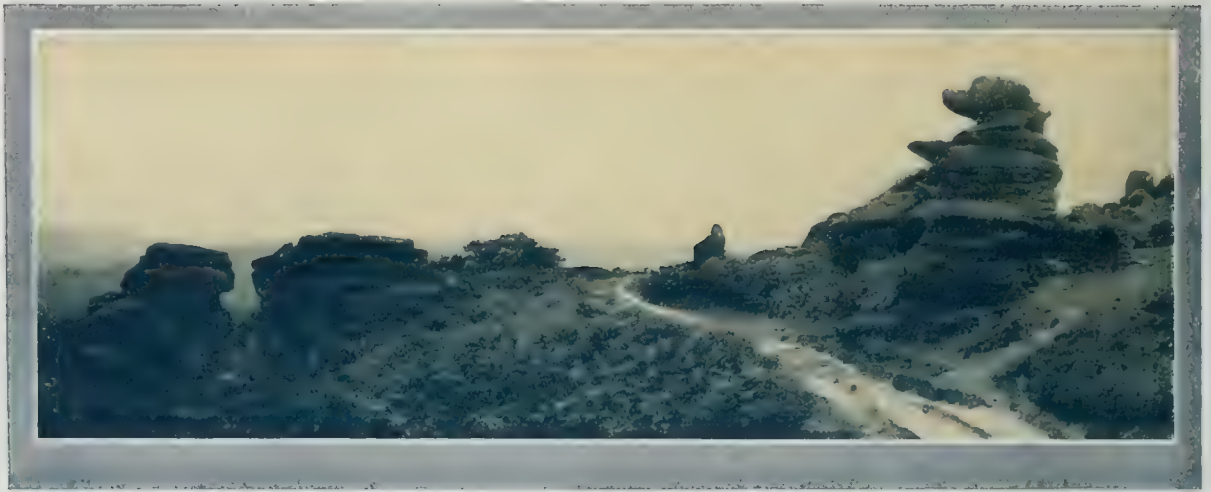


Photo by]

[A. H. Robinson.

BRIMHAM ROCKS, NEAR PATELEY BRIDGE.

About two miles from Pateley Bridge, in the picturesque valley of the River Nidd, stand the rugged and bizarre-looking crags known as Brimham Rocks. They are composed of millstone grit, and are scattered over an area of about 60 acres

our Lord to Peter?" adding, when Colman admitted their truth, "Have you any such authority given to your Columba?" Colman could produce none, and Oswy thereon declared, so Bede tells the tale, that he would certainly obey St. Peter, lest, when he came to the gates of Heaven, there would be none open to him. The Abbess Hilda died at *Streanæshalch* in 680, and the Princess Aelfled took her place. Hilda was a romantic figure in mediæval tales. The ammonites that can be found embedded in the rocks of the cliffs were snakes who were petrified when Holy Hilda prayed, and seagulls found their wings failing them when they circled over the abbey.

Then the Danes came in 867 and destroyed the abbey, and for more than two hundred years Hilda's foundation was a desolate place and a ruin. As for the re-foundation of the abbey, the truth is hard to get at. There are plenty of records available, but, according to the publications of the Surtees Society, these old records are hopelessly inconsistent and irreconcilable with each other. So far as can be gathered by authorities who have delved deeply into its history, a priory was re-established or revived on the old site by Reinfrid about 1078, developing some thirty years later into a well-endowed abbey. The ruins of this abbey stand on the top of the cliff, two hundred feet above the sea, a bare, windswept, treeless spot, with a long flight of a hundred and ninety-nine steps leading to it from the town in the valley below. Centuries



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

BRIDGE AND RIVER, BOSTON SPA.

The village of Boston Spa is an inland watering-place taking its name from a saline spring discovered here in 1744. The view from the bridge over the Wharfe gives a good idea of the fine scenery which is characteristic of this Yorkshire river



Photo by]

THE DROPPING WELL, KNARESBOROUGH.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

This curious well is formed by a spring rising to the top of a limestone rock and discharging itself over the surface in innumerable rills at the rate of about 20 gallons a minute. The lime-impregnated water has a petrifying effect on any substance immersed in it. According to tradition, Mother Shipton, the famous Yorkshire witch, is said to have been born at the foot of this rock.



Photo by]

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL, KNARESBOROUGH.

This curious chapel hewn out of the solid rock is dedicated to St. Robert of Knaresborough, a Yorkshireman by birth who was famous for the miracles which were attributed to him. The peculiar figure in the rock represents a soldier guarding the entrance. Not far off stands the extraordinary cliff-dwelling called Fort Montague, which was begun in 1770.

of salt wind from the sea and driving rain from the moors have worn the dark stones. The ruins of the chancel are left, of the north transept and part of the nave. The central tower fell in 1830, and grass grows on great heaps of its crumbled stones.

North, or rather north-west, of Whitby, the cliffs drop down for a mile or so till you reach the twin villages of East Row and Sandsend. Each one lies at the mouth of its beck, and from Sandsend onwards there is no foreshore, the waves beating the base of the cliffs. In the woods on the cleave that parts the becks of East Row and Sandsend respectively stands Mulgrave Castle, the new and the old, the latter, one need hardly say, in ruins. The Fossards owned it at the Conquest. Thence it passed to Robert de Turnham, and then for two hundred years it was held by eight successive Peters of the de Mauley family. The ruin is, apparently, of various dates, though certain portions are undoubtedly Norman.



Photo by

THE RIVER WHARFE AT BOLTON ABBEY.

J. Bateman.

Wharfedale is famous for its exquisite scenery, but it is perhaps surpassed by the beauty of the Wharfe valley as it approaches Bolton Abbey below Bardin Bridge. Here the river flows through Bolton Woods, which are among the most beautiful in the country.

Runswick Bay, further along the coast, is a deeper and more striking one than Robin Hood's Bay. Kettleness, a broken-down cliff, is its eastern extremity, and the village clusters into a corner of the west end. It is all very picturesque and quaint; the cottages are plastered on to the steep slope. "... a steep and rugged rock, the top of which, projecting in an awful manner, threatens to overwhelm the inhabitants; and strangers are both amused and astonished when, in winding along the narrow paths between the dwellings, they may on one side enter the door of one house and from thence look down the chimney of another." This quotation is from a description of Runswick Bay more than a hundred years ago. Naturally, the place has changed, but the description, accepting it in a generous sense, still holds good. Then, a little further on, in the inevitable valley, the houses built on the sides of its beck, is Staithes. The little bay is guarded by two broken cliffs, Colburn and Penny Nab, and the village is completely hidden

from external view. Staithes, after the visitor has given his meed of praise to its natural charms, should be seen during the fishing season, when the tiny quay is turned into a miniature Yarmouth or Grimsby, men and women busily packing the herrings into barrels, while the banks of the beck are littered with fishing-tackle and nets and fish-heads, smelly for delicate noses, but a paradise for the feline.

Ripon's history in its earliest days was ecclesiastical entirely. Its foundation was ecclesiastical when, at *Inrhyfum*, the then name, Alchfrith started a monastery in 660. The first monks were Scottish, but, so far as can be gathered from Bede, they lasted a very short time. Wilfrid was head of the monastery; he replaced the first monks by others, Benedictines, and rebuilt the abbey on a fresh site. Of Wilfrid's church the crypt alone remains, the rest being destroyed, in all probability in 950, when Eadred wreaked a terrible vengeance on the whole of Northumbria



Photo 1

INGLETON.

J. S. Barlow.

This small village is notable for the beauty and unusual interest of its surroundings. Two streams, the Doe and the Kingsdale Beck, flow through remarkable ravines in the slate rock near the town, which contain some of the most beautiful and unusual scenery in Yorkshire. The underground streams and caves are particularly famous. Ingleton itself has been commemorated by Gray the poet.

for the rebellion. Wilfrid's church must have been, to a certain extent, rebuilt, and remained in commission for a time, until Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury "... had pitie of the Desolation of Ripon Chirch, and began or caussid a new work to be edified wher the Minstre now is." This church number two gave place to Roger de Pont l'Evêque's minster, the foundations of which were laid half-way through the twelfth century. During the next three centuries the work continued spasmodically, and it was not until the end of the fifteenth century that the nave, then without aisles, was enlarged. Leland tells us this, describing the body of the church as of "very late dayes made of a great Widnesse by the Treasour of the Chirch and Help of gentilmen of the Cuntery."

Ripon Minster is not one of the great cathedral churches of the country. It is short and broad, and unimpressive. It lacks, too, the delicacy and beauty to be found elsewhere, and



Photo by

RIPON MINSTER.

A. I. Hambley.

The ecclesiastical history of Ripon can be traced as far back as 660, when a monastery was founded by Bede. In 669 St. Wilfrid built a Saxon church here, which was subsequently destroyed. Ripon thus ranks with York and Beverley as one of the three original Christian centres in Yorkshire. The present Minster was begun in the twelfth century and is notable for the great variety of styles of architecture which it includes and for the great width of its nave and aisles.



Photo by]

[A. E. Colless.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

Built in 1132, this Abbey is probably the finest remaining example of a great monastic house in England. Its nearest rival in this respect in Yorkshire is Kirkstall Abbey. It is interesting to note that these two Abbeys supplement the weaknesses of each other. Fountains represents four periods in its buildings, from 1132-1526, and is of great architectural interest, especially with regard to the beautiful Chapel of the Nine Altars.

in its own shire—putting aside, of course, York Minster—it cannot hold its own with Beverley or Selby Abbey. At one time the three square towers, all of equal height, were spired. However, in spite of its many defects, the church was quite worthy of its rank as a cathedral, when, in 1836, the new diocese of Ripon was formed, or, rather, revived.

Beverley lies in pleasant surroundings—an attractive, old-world place, with its two beautiful churches, the Minster and St. Mary's. Such towns in the country as Richmond and Knaresborough, famed for the magnificence of their setting, might look down on Beverley. But the glory of wood and river, the striking effect of a lofty castle, is not always so satisfying as the simple country land. The eye roams undisturbed over Nature's modest landscapes. The old



Photo by

FOUNTAINS ABBEY FROM THE EAST.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Situated two-and-a-half miles from Ripon, Fountains Abbey stands just within the beautiful pleasure grounds of Studley Royal, in the valley of the Skell, which were constructed about 1720. Across the Bridge from the west gate lies Fountains Hall, a fine Jacobean mansion erected about 1611.

name of Beverley was *Inderaunda*—the Town in the Wood of Deiorum—the later name meaning the Lake of the Beavers.

The *Beverley* derivation is Leland's. Another authority prefers *Pedwarllech*, four stones, quoting again Ptolemy's *Petouaria*. It was a Roman station, and the end of a road from Malton, that ran by Wharream-le-Street and Bainton. One is more concerned, however, with its ecclesiastical beginnings. Here came St. John of Beverley from his bishopric of York, and here he died in 721. It was in St. John's tomb that Athelstan, two hundred years later, placed his knife when marching north against the Scots. The knife was a pledge of a promise to establish a college there if he returned in safety. This promise he carried out, granting, too, the right of sanctuary, extending for a mile all round the church. The sanctuary was in different degrees,

A second circle, marked by crosses, was within the extreme one. The third degree was from the boundaries of the close to door of the church, the fourth degree was in the choir, the fifth as far as the beginning of the presbytery, and the final degree within the precincts of the presbytery, where lay the body of St. John, and where were the high altar and the relics of saints. Of the misdemeanours of those claiming sanctuary the registers show some interesting figures. During a period of sixty years in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there were 186 murderers, as against 283 in the sanctuary of Durham for a corresponding period. At Beverley there were 54 felons—felony covered a very wide field in mediæval times, from robbery and arson to removing a landmark—seven coiners and one traitor, besides horse-stealers, receivers, and ordinary debtors—over 200 in the last category.



Photo by

FOUNTAINS ABBEY. THE CLOISTERS.

[H. N. King.]

The cloisters were rebuilt between 1147-1179 after the burning of the Abbey by the partisans of William Fitzherbert. Attached to the Abbey are many very interesting and beautiful buildings, including the refectory, which was constructed under Abbot Robert after 1150.

So far as Beverley Minster is concerned, there was, naturally, a church built contemporaneous with the early foundation of the monastery. This may be taken for granted; though what the church was like is a mystery. The next thing that we know is the building of a tower by Archbishop Eadsige, between 1050 and 1060. His successor, the last Saxon Archbishop of York, Ealdred, added a presbytery, and decorated lavishly the ceiling. From this time forward little is known of the building that can be taken for gospel. There was, probably, a good deal of replacement by Norman work, and in 1188 the church was partially burned. This is authenticated by an inscription on a leaden plate discovered in St. John de Beverley's tomb. Then came a terrible catastrophe. This was in the first or second decade of the thirteenth century. The canons had decided to increase the height of the central tower, and the builders made the mistake

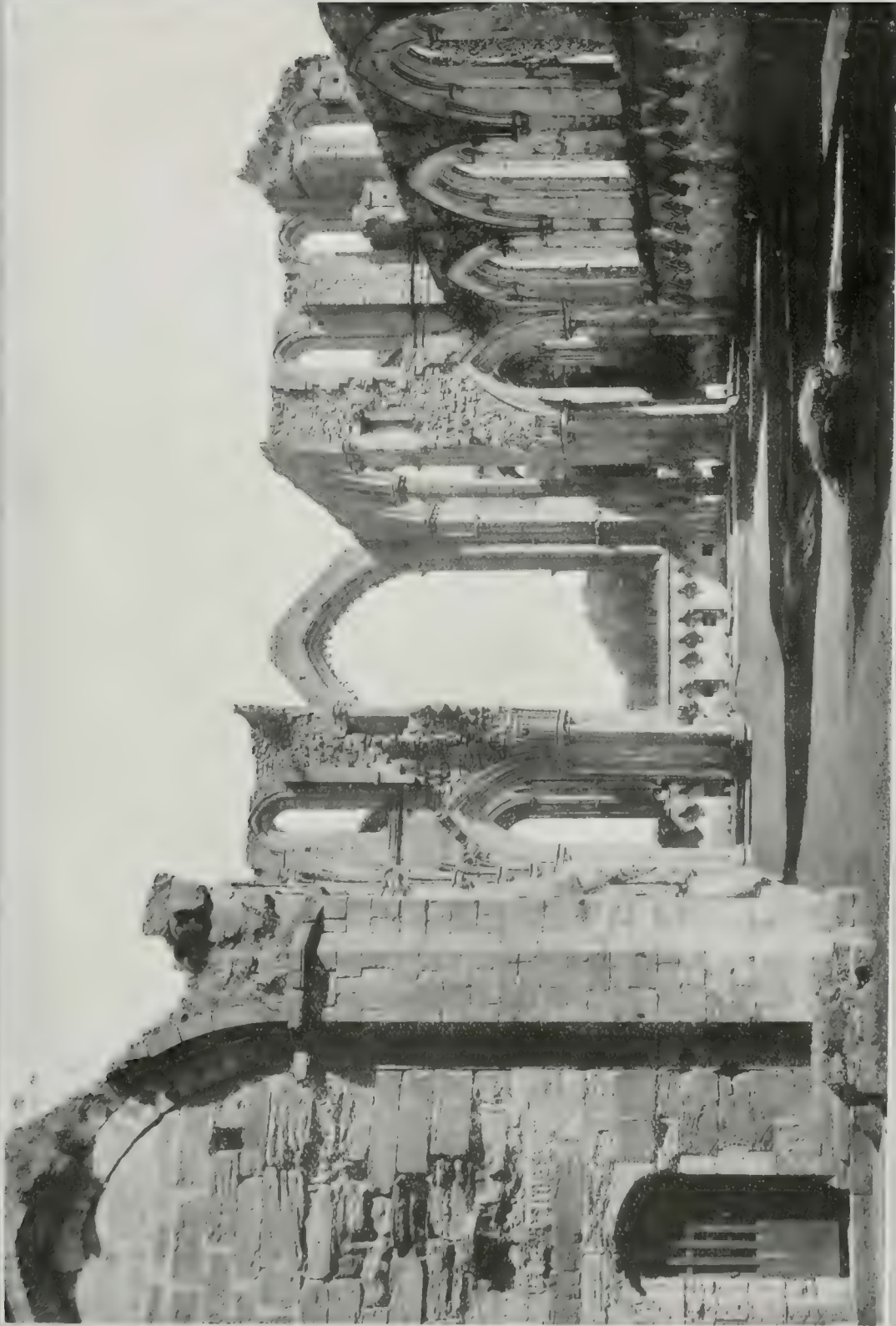


Photo. No. 1.

THE TRANSEPT AND CHOIR OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

The transepts are among the earliest existing portions of the Abbey, and date back to 1147. The choir was not constructed until 1203-47, at which time the beautiful Chapel of the Nine Altars was also built.

[Photolith. Co., Ltd.



Photo by

BYLAND ABBEY: WEST DOORWAY.

[H. J. Smith.]

This famous old Abbey, of which very little now remains, was founded in 1177 on a spot which had formerly been a swamp. The west front is the largest and most beautiful part of the ruins, which are situated one-and-a-half miles from the little town of Coxwold, amid the peaceful seclusion of the Hambledon Hills.

of basing the new structure on the old piers. There could only be one result. The tower, which may or may not have been Archbishop Kinsige's one mentioned before, crashed down, destroying with it the whole of the choir.

The new minster was started, the choir, crossing and transepts, and the first two arches of the nave, in the Early English style. The old nave, which had not been involved in the fall of the tower and the destruction of the choir, remained until the beginning of the fourteenth century, about 1308, when it was rebuilt. Space does not admit of a detailed survey of the present minster. Let us say at once that it is the most beautiful church in Yorkshire. The mother-church at York has, of course, advantages in size, and consequent impressiveness, but, beyond these, it must yield to Beverley Minster in perfection of composition, the pitch of the



Photo by

HELMSLEY CASTLE.

[Valentine & Son, Ltd.]

This Castle is situated on the outskirts of Duncombe Park, the lovely residence of the Duke of Feversham. It was probably built after the design of Robert Fursan, but little remains of the original building, most of it having been destroyed in the Civil War of 1642-49.

roof, the grace of the western towers. One detail should be mentioned here. Beverley possesses east transepts. This is very uncommon, only seven other churches in the country possessing them.

Passing near, though not through Beverley, is the small river Hull, that joins the estuary of the Humber, and at whose mouth has risen the great port that popularly bears its name, the third port in England. In 1801 the town boasted thirty thousand souls: no mean place. To-day that population may be multiplied by ten. The monks of Meaux owned the greater part of a little village called Wick. Edward I, appreciating the possibilities of a port on the site of this village, made overtures to the monks, offering them various estates in exchange for their village. The transfer took place in 1293. Kingston-upon-Hull, the new place became, with Sir William de la Pole as its first mayor. *The Dictionary of National Biography* claims a later de la Pole

as "memorable in English commercial history as the first merchant who became the founder of a great noble house." This particular one started as a merchant at Ravensrod, one of the lost towns by Spurn Head. He moved to Hull—(we may be allowed to follow the custom and drop the name "Kingston")—and there, with a brother, achieved position and wealth. Michael de la Pole, his son, was Lord High Chancellor in Richard II's time, and became the first Earl of Suffolk. He founded a monastery of the Carthusian Order at Hull, and built a big brick house. The *Chronicon Anglie* treated him somewhat maliciously: "A man fitter for commerce than arms."

William Stapleton, with his turbulent followers, besieged Hull in 1537. Sir John Constable



P.

RIEVAULX ABBEY.

[A. H. Robinson]

Were it only for its situation, Rievaulx Abbey would be deservedly famous among the beautiful objects of the county, for the Rye Valley, in which it lies, though smaller and less known than many others, is certainly among the loveliest. Apart from this, however, the ruins of what was one of the earliest Cistercian foundations in the county are particularly fine and, comparatively speaking, in excellent preservation.

defending. The attackers succeeded at last, and marched through the streets. In the Cromwellian War, Hull sided with Parliament, and Sir John Hotham was appointed Governor. In 1642 the King appeared and demanded entrance. Hotham refused, claiming that the place had been delivered to him under the sacred name of trust: "that I could not satisfy Him at that Time without incurring to me and my Posterity the odious Name of a Villain and Faithbreaker." Sir John proceeds to recall how "some of His Majesty's train, with great Earnestness cried out to kill me, and throw me over the Wall." It is satisfactory to recollect that the citizens of Hull stuck to their Governor. Charles had to leave, after proclaiming Sir John Hotham and his stout adherents traitors, which, when you come to work it out, was all that the misguided monarch could do.



Photo by

INTERIOR: RIEVAULX ABBEY.

W. J. S. 1900

The ruins of this Abbey which are still standing are those of the church and monastic house. Of the former, only the chancel and transepts remain, the nave having entirely disappeared. The photograph shows the north transept looking from the choir.



Photo by

BEVERLEY MINSTER.

The beautiful Minster at Beverley is quite worthy to invite comparison with York, and may even claim to surpass in some respects the older and more famous church. The present building dates mostly from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and is specially notable for the clear-cut style and unusual beauty of the Early English work, of which the transepts and choir are fine examples.

[Valentine & Sons Ltd.]

A year later Hotham's ideas changed, and, drifting over to the Royalist cause, he was prepared to betray Hull. However, this treachery failed to eventuate, the town being quietly seized by the Mayor and the citizens, and Fairfax took over command. Hotham and his son were later on executed by the Parliament—"an act of divine justice," according to Clarendon. Hull remained loyal to Parliament, and the siege lasted only six weeks. The enemy had no ships with which to blockade the town and so prevent supplies and reinforcements from being landed.

Three rivers join the Ouse before Selby is reached. The first is the Trent, on the southern, or Lincolnshire, shore of the Humber; then, also on the right bank, the Aire; and third, flowing south from the Moors behind Scarborough, the Derwent. Selby is in a flat country, and the Ouse [there is still tidal. There is nothing really to attract the traveller in search of the picturesque in Selby outside the Abbey. But this Abbey stands high among the great churches of the country. It was a Benedictine foundation of William the Conqueror in 1069. Here is the traditional story of its origin. St. Germain appeared in a vision to a monk of Auxerre called Benedict. "Leave your home, and this community, and the home of your father," the vision spake, "and

come to the land that I will show you." The land was England and the place to which Benedict was bidden was called Selebia, on the banks of the Ouse, not many miles from York. Benedict, wishful to carry out the Saint's instructions, hurried across to England, and came to anchor at, not the Selebia, as he had hoped, but Salesbyria; in other words, he got to Salisbury. This, however, did not deter him, and he eventually found his way to the banks of the Ouse, and planted himself in a hermit's cell, a thing, the story runs, of leaves and branches. Sheriff Hugh



Picture

RIVER URE, NEAR WENSLEY.

The valley of the Ure passes through Wensleydale, the largest of the western dales, which derives its charm from the variety of its scenery, the numerous waterfalls and minor glens, and the number of picturesque villages and ruins. This is the only dale of West Yorkshire which is named after one of its villages. It is perhaps unfortunate for its reputation as a beauty spot that the word particularly associated with Wensleydale is cheese.



PLATE

MIDDLEHAM CASTLE.

[A. H. Robinson.]

This stronghold of solitary and bleak appearance was begun about 1190. Its brilliant history, however, dates from its possession by the Nevilles about 1270. It was once used by Warwick the Kingmaker, and Richard III stayed here. The span between the Norman keep and outer walls is remarkably narrow.

Baldricson (the name sounds pleasantly Danish) saw his cross, and questioned the hermit, taking him to the king, who at once ordered the foundation of a monastery on the site of the hermit's cell. Selby, William's 1069 foundation, was the first great monastic home that came into being after the Norman Conquest. York—St. Mary's—was founded later, in 1089, and Durham in 1083, while the great Cistercian Rievaulx was not established till 1131, more than sixty years after Selby.

Yorkshire possesses a group of magnificent abbeys, in ruins, it is true, but very beautiful all the same. Of these, some mention must be made of Kirkstall, Rievaulx, Fountains and Jervaulx. Kirkstall and Fountains have the advantage of supplying each other's needs, in that where, so far as the monastic buildings are concerned, the one is deficient, has lost this and that limb by Time the leveller, the other can supply the deficit. Thus, by combining the information—by superimposing, so to speak, one ground plan into another—a very complete example of



PLATE

HAWES BRIDGE, WENSLEYDALE.

[A. H. Robinson.]

The village of Hawes, with its quaintly built houses packed tightly together, is situated amid wild and rugged scenery. A little beyond the bridge is a waterfall, which affords a thrilling spectacle when the river is in flood.



Photo

THE OLD MILL, HAWES.

Photo

An old-world atmosphere surrounds the mill at Hawes, and indeed the whole village has about it a flavour of the past, for once it was the centre of a hand-knitting industry, which, with the advent of machinery, has gone the way of many other handicrafts.



Photo by

HARDDRAW FORCE : NEAR HAWES.

J. S. Barlow.

This fine waterfall lies at the western end of Wensleydale. The stream, descending from Shunnor Fell, bursts over a rugged crag into a narrow ravine 100 feet below. A fine view can be obtained behind the Fall.

a great Cistercian house may be obtained. (The analogy is absurd, but did not a talented leader-writer on the *Eatonswill Gazette* produce a brilliant article on Chinese metaphysics by reading up China and metaphysics in the encyclopædia and combining the information?)

Of the two, Fountains is the more complete. An offshoot of the Benedictine monastery of St. Mary at York, it was founded in 1132, forty-three years later than the foundation of its mother-church. The story of the secession of monks from St. Mary's at York is told by a monk of Kirkstall, who got his information from one Serlo, a St. Mary's monk, and, apparently, one of those who assisted at the secession. It was the old story. St. Mary's was an easy-going house of worthy Benedictines, and a group of zealots, thirteen in all, with their prior, condemning the



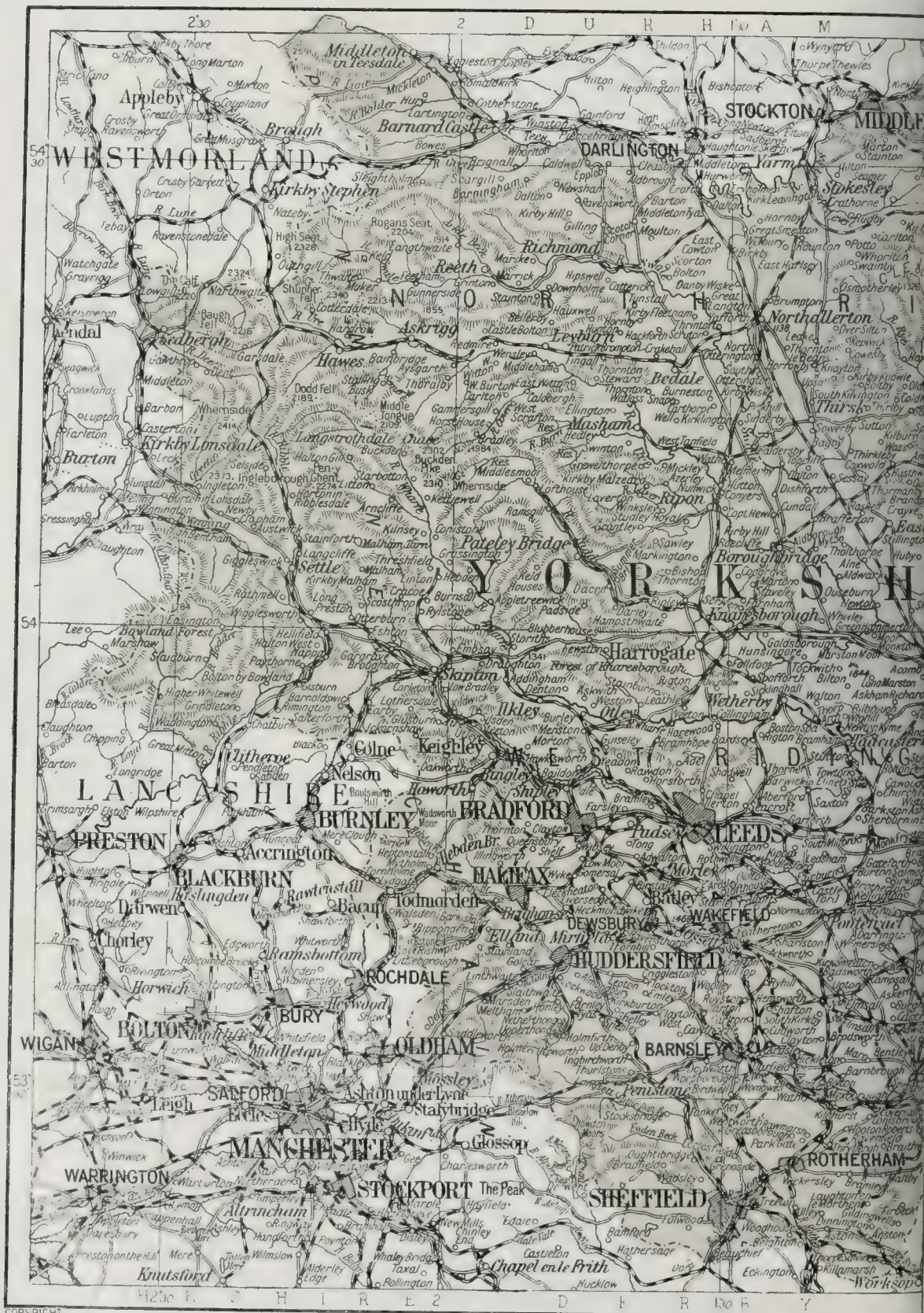
Photo by]

J. GOSWOLD & SONS, Ltd.

BUTTERTUBS PASS: HAWES.

The wild road stretching across the moorland country from Hawes to Muker reaches a height of 700 feet at a spot known as Buttertubs Pass, a name obtained on account of the curious pits in the limestone rock.

general laxity, and demanding the stern, unbending discipline of the new Cistercian rule, determined to found a community more in accordance with their severe way of thinking. Geoffrey, the old Abbot of St. Mary's, greatly concerned, forbade the project. "Remember, my brothers," he said, "your profession. Return to your obedience." The secessionist prior, Richard, alarmed at the attitude taken up by his chief, went to the Archbishop of York—Turstin. Here he found an enthusiast for the great cause. But the old abbot had no intention of taking this desertion lying down. He gathered a numerous army of learned monks from the great monastic houses of England and prepared to meet his Archbishop. Turstin duly appeared at the monastery door, accompanied by a great retinue of clerics of various kinds, but peaceful and gentle withal, as became a great and powerful dignitary of the Church. The tough old abbot, Geoffrey, stood at





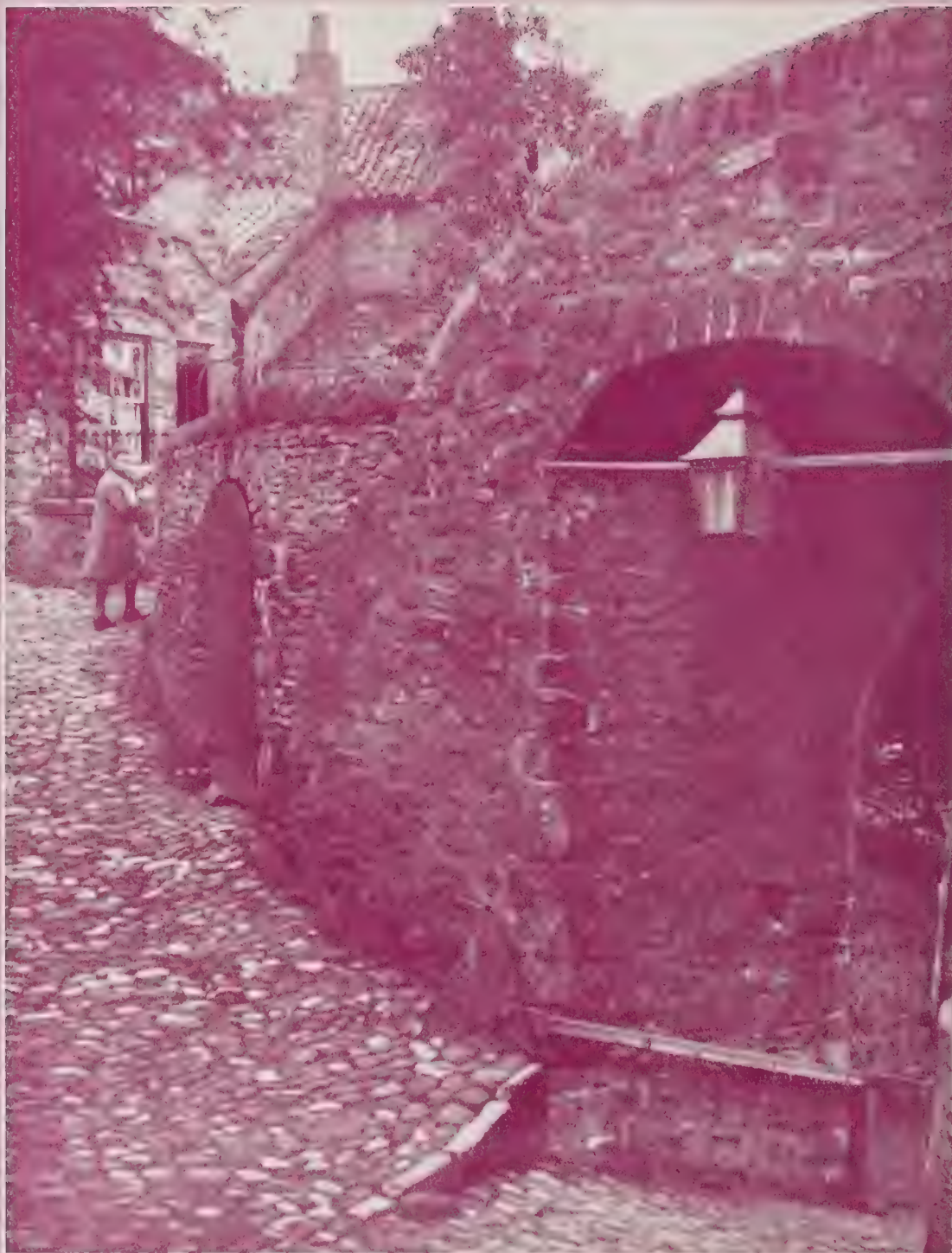


Photo by 1

[Verter Felton

OLD TOWN WALLS : RICHMOND.

The old walls of Richmond make it one of the most attractive towns in the north of England. The original enclosed area was quite small, and several ruined gates are recorded. The town commands a magnificent position overlooking the Swale, with moorland country rolling into the distance.

the chapter-house door, and refused the Archbishop entrance, basing his standpoint on the illegality of the Archbishop approaching with such a retinue and of the presence of any secular person at a chapter. The term "secular" is puzzling, as, unless an exception could be made for the diocesan bishop, the Archbishop himself would be a "secular." However, the point need not be pressed. Turstin was invited to enter alone, but refused, claiming, as a set-off to Geoffrey's great array of learned monks, that he was entitled to his counsellors. Then there was a tremendous "scrum," the one side repelling, the other attacking. Already tonsured heads were cut and plump monks trampled underfoot. At last, Turstin managed to make himself heard, and placed the monastery under an interdict. Then, collecting his



Photo by

H. J. South.

WHITBY ABBEY.

A monastery was founded at Whitby as early as 657. It was restored after its destruction by the Danes in 867. The abbey is approached by a famous flight of 199 steps. The moorland with the sea in the foreground gives the abbey a remarkable setting.

counsellors, somewhat the worse for wear, and the thirteen secessionists, he retired to York Minster.

Thus ended the affair of St. Mary's at York. The thirteen, with Prior Richard, at once unanimously chosen abbot, departed, with the Archbishop's blessing and the title deeds of a parcel of land a few miles from Ripon, deep in a valley, "far from the madding crowd." A noble sight: the departure of the redoubtable thirteen and their abbot, marching, doubtless with chanting and jubilation fit for the occasion, from York. "... These men," declared the chronicler—he who got the story, *ipsissima verba*, from the monk Serlo, who was present in the flesh—"so full of faith and fervour, that neither the severity of winter, the fear of isolation, nor the lack of all good things, could turn them from



Photo by]

[A. H. R. Thompson.

ROBIN HOOD'S BAY.

Though Robin Hood's Bay has not been able to resist completely the encroachments of modernity, it still retains an ancient and picturesque appearance, with its fine background of moorland and hills sweeping down to the sea.

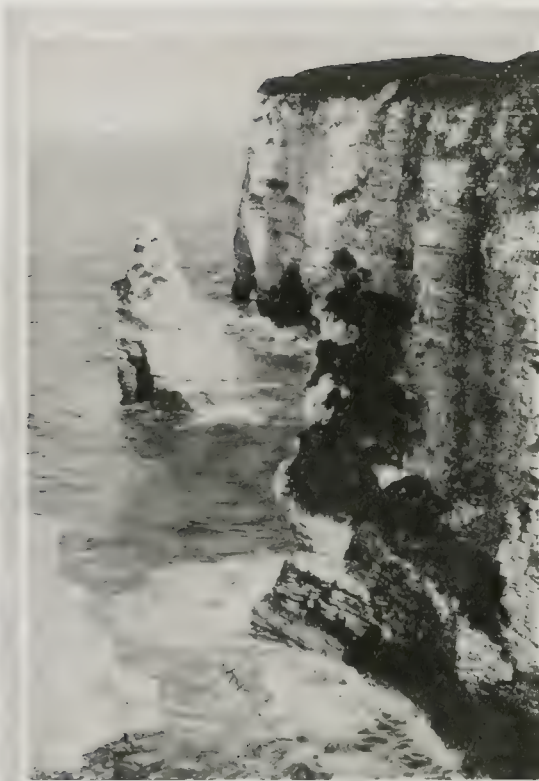


Photo 1.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

[George Whittaker.]

Flamborough, perhaps the most conspicuous headland on the East Coast, lies within an easy walking distance of Bridlington. The chalk cliffs make a fine sight for a long distance along the coast. The promontory is crossed by the Dane's Dyke, consisting of a ditch, one of several relics of primitive fortifications.

their purpose." Even a wide-spreading tree received the fulsome benedictions of this enthusiastic historian. A spreading elm tree gave its scanty shelter to this little band of zealots. Water was close by in the stream; bread they had brought with them, the simple gift of the Archbishop; that was all. Yet from these beginnings—a loaf of bread, a jug of cold water from the stream, the shelter of the spreading branches of the elm tree, white with winter's rime—sprang the greatest and most beautiful religious house in all the broad acres of Northumbria.

Of the foundation of Kirkstall Abbey there are two accounts. Hugo, monk of Kirkstall, quoted Serlo of Fountains, the eye-witness of the great secession that we have just described. The second account is anonymous. They both, however, agree in the main facts. Ilbert de Lacy, one of William's Normans, had acquired many possessions in the north. His grandson Henry, during a great sickness, and being penitent for his many sins—(penitence in those days followed closely upon sin; perhaps sins were very great, or, let us hope, consciences were keen)—vowed to found a house for the severe and strict Cistercians. He did not fail when his sickness left him, and, consulting with the good Abbot of Fountains, colonized a piece of land at a place called Barnaldswick, with an abbot—his name was Alexander—and twelve brothers, together with the lay

brothers. The new community was not very much in love with its property, and especially objected to the local parish church, to which many of the faithful congregated on Sundays. The abbot had the church pulled down, an action wholly and entirely unjustifiable, which caused more than the usual flutter. The whole case was submitted to Rome, with the inevitable result that the Holy See decided in favour of the monks. But these same monks could not have been very pleased with their success or the place where they dwelt. Their abbot one day—it was six years later—travelling past Kirkstall, noticed a little community of hermits, and their leader



Photo 2.

SCARBOROUGH: HARBOUR AND LIGHTHOUSE.

[Charles Hose.]

Though known chiefly as a seaside resort, Scarborough also possesses an attractive harbour which used to be besieged in the herring season by the Gaelic fishing lasses, whose broad accent and humour gave an added interest to the picturesque atmosphere of their surroundings. The harbour is chiefly used by fishing-boats and coasting vessels.



SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.

The Castle at Scarborough was built by Henry II, and, having suffered many sieges during an eventful history, was twice captured in the Civil War. Cromwell is supposed to have bombarded the Castle from Oliver's Mount, a hill to the south of the town. The Norman keep and Barbican are still in a good condition.

Seleth. A voice had mysteriously bidden Seleth to seek for Kirkstall in Airedale. He had obeyed the voice, and had collected his little following. Good Abbot Alexander was doubtless much impressed. Moreover, the situation of Kirkstall was much more attractive than that of his own abbey at Barnaldswick. The valley was charming; the river abounded in fish, suitable for monastic fare; there was plenty of timber at hand should fresh buildings be required. Taken all round, the abbot decided that there were worse places in the world for an abbey than this delectable spot known as Kirkstall. Henry de Lacy was speedily approached, and through his good offices the matter was arranged with the lord of that domain, William Peytvin. The hermits of Seleth were easily satisfied, and Abbot Alexander led his monks from unpalatable Barnaldswick to the charming confines of the Aire. Thus was Kirkstall Abbey established, so far as one can gather, in 1155. We may assume that the first church and attendant monastic buildings were built of wood, the timber drawn from the surrounding forests that had pleased the abbot's eye. The stone structure must have followed shortly after. The Cistercians were ever severe. In their church at Kirkstall there was no triforium; the tower was not high. In the west front, however, the decoration is finer.



Photo.

HOWDEN ABBEY: CHOIR RUINS.

Wideline & Sons, Ltd.

This church, mainly Decorative in style, ranks high among the abbeys of Yorkshire for its beauty of design. The ruined choir, built in the fourteenth century, retains many exquisite details of Decorative work, and is the finest part of the church.

the present one to be built. It was a useful stronghold and attracted visitors of varying degrees of importance. Edward II and his minion, Piers Gaveston, landed at Scarborough. The luckless king went to York, but the favourite stayed for a few months until he was besieged by the Earls of Pembroke and Warrene. As everybody knows, he ended his days on Blacklow Hill. Aske and his wild followers attacked, unsuccessfully, Sir Ralph Eure in the castle during the Pilgrimage of Grace in 1536, and twenty or so years later Stafford took it for a very brief spell. He declared himself to be the Protector of the realm, "and the Queen to be unrightfull Queene." Later, in the Civil War, it saw much service, and was twice besieged. The Governor, Sir Hugh Cholmley, who had declared for the king, was besieged by Sir John Meldrum. This latter had no difficulty in occupying the town, but the castle was another matter, and held out for more than a year. Eventually, it surrendered, the garrison marching, or, rather, hobbling out, so weak were they, with the honours of war, to Meldrum's successor, Sir Matthew Boynton. Meldrum had died of wounds a month before.

THE END.

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| <p>PAGE.</p> <p>26. Lower legend: For "Castle" read "Circle."</p> <p>111. The upper picture should be entitled "Kilbrude Bridge and Church."</p> <p>132. The upper legend is incorrect. Roxburgh Castle has long been demolished.</p> <p>138. The scene illustrated in the lower photograph is at Belleek, in Co. Fermanagh.</p> <p>175. Lower legend: For "brother" read "sister."</p> <p>344. Legend: For "Nant-y-Gwyrd, near Lake Mymbyr," read "The last Leap of the Lledr, near Bettwys-y-Coed."</p> <p>368. Legend: For "North-east" read "North-west."</p> <p>385. Line 44: For "West" read "East."</p> <p>397. Line 15: For "Eastern" read "Western."</p> <p>446. The lower photograph should be titled "Dartmouth Castle from Kingswear (S. Devon)" and described accordingly. (<i>See</i> p. 577.)</p> <p>529. Line 10: For "East" read "West."</p> <p>Line 17: For "Monsal Dale, Millers Dale, Chee Dale" read "Chee Dale, Millers Dale, Monsal Dale."</p> <p>534. Legend: For "Rye" read "Wye." For "to Buxton" read "from Buxton."</p> <p>538. Lower legend: For "owing to the fact that it" read "and."</p> <p>539. Legend: For "Mournful Bride" read "Mourning Bride."</p> <p>543. Legend: For "Flam" read "Ilam."</p> <p>545. Line 18: For "East" read "West."</p> <p>555. Legend: For "the highest point in" read "the extreme length of."</p> <p>643. For "Lulworth Cove" read "Stairhole Cove."</p> <p>644. For "Wool Mull" read "Wool Mill."</p> <p>647. The photograph is of Dorchester, Oxon, and not as described.</p> <p>651. The photograph here titled "Rufus Castle" is of "Pennsylvania Castle" and should be described accordingly.</p> <p>655. Legend: For "Chideock Church" read "Private Chapel, Catholic Burial Ground, Chideock."</p> | <p>PAGE</p> <p>666. Lower legend: For "Straull" read "Struell."</p> <p>672. Upper and lower legend and p. 673 (legend): For "Kilkul" read "Kilkeel."</p> <p>675. Upper legend: For "Follymore" read "Tollymore."</p> <p>736. Legend: For "north aisle" read "south aisle."</p> <p>741. Title of left-hand photo should be "The Chapel of the Nine Altars, Durham Cathedral."</p> <p>The rose window mentioned in the legend of the right-hand photo is at the east end of the Cathedral, not of the Nave, as stated.</p> <p>746. The photograph should be titled "The Courtyard, Durham Castle," and described accordingly.</p> <p>747. Legend: For "completed in 1228" read "begun at end of twelfth century." Bishop Pudsey died in 1195.</p> <p>790. The photograph is of "Hawthornden House," not "Drummond Castle," and should be so titled and described.</p> <p>807. Legend: For "Chelmsford" read "Maldon."</p> <p>810. Title of legend, lower picture: For "Maldon" read "Langford, near Maldon."</p> <p>1085. Legend, lower picture: For "north shore of Loch na-nuagh" read "shore of Loch na Ceilltean."</p> <p>1715. The photograph should be titled and described as "Kelso from Maxwellheugh" not "Greenock from Maxwellheugh."</p> <p>1756. The photograph is of Branxholme Castle, not Roxburgh, and should be so described.</p> <p>1925. The lower photograph is of Compton, not Puttenham, Church, and should be so described.</p> <p>1934. Legend: There is a confusion here between Woodcote Hamlet on the Wandle and Woodcote Green to the south of Epsom. It is in the latter parish that Woodcote Pond is situated.</p> <p>1961. Legend, lower picture: For "Swansmore Lake" read "Swanbourne Lake."</p> <p>2192. The illustration should be in reverse.</p> |
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